



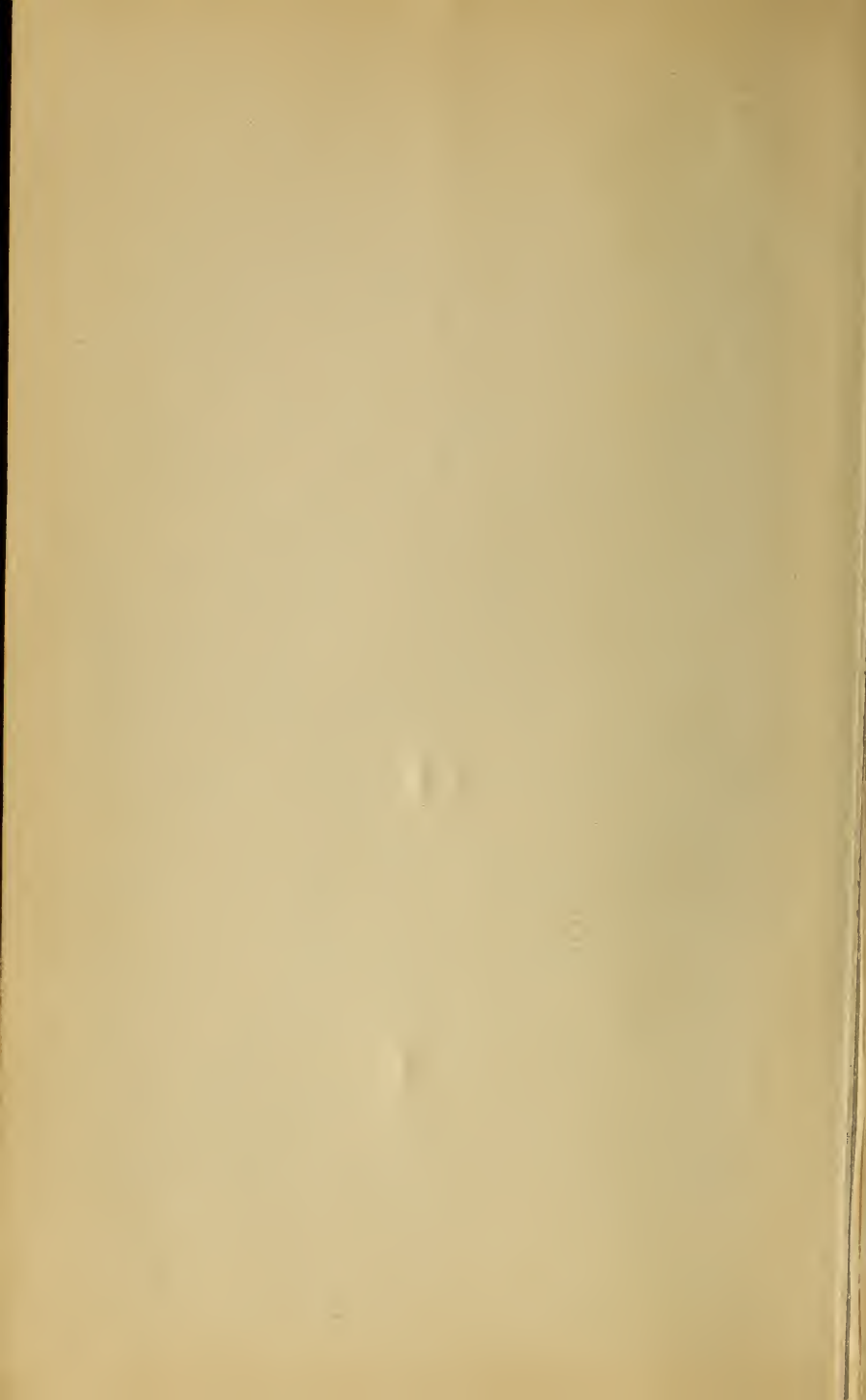
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O. P. Alderman

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

O. P. [✓]ALDERMAN,

FROM

EARLY LIFE TO THE FIFTY-FIFTH YEAR OF
HIS AGE, UP TO JANUARY 1, 1874.

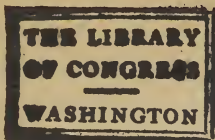
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PREFACE.

WHEN a book is published, I believe it is customary for the author to write a preface, stating some of the reasons why the work comes to the gaze of a criticising public. I have only to say that when I made a profession of religion I felt that I could tell my friends how easily I was led into sin, in such a manner as would cause them to shun evil and cleave to that which is good.

I have not been as successful as I could wish, but feel that I have done something in the cause of religion and truth.

By the request of my friends who have expressed an anxiety to read the work, and knowing it must soon appear if they ever enjoy the privilege, and as I often feel that my work on earth may soon close. I have ventured to pub-

lish to the world some of my best and some of my worst deeds,—also to tell some of my joys and sorrows.

I do not expect the great and noble will be benefitted by this work, but humbly hope that the young and careless may be led to shun the paths of sin, into which I was so easily led. I tell the scenes of my reckless days as they were, not as they ought to have been. In detailing those foolish acts, I hope I have not written in a manner to cause the reader to think that I glory that I have done thus. That all that read this work may be interested and profited thereby, and none think it an honor to excel in wickedness, is the humble wish of

THE AUTHOR.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

In the early years of my life I was credibly informed that the place of my birth was in the town of Colebrook, Litchfield County, and State of Connecticut,—the land of steady habits,—noted for its yankee inventions, such as wooden nutmegs and basswood hams. The time of my birth was the twenty-eighth day of August, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Nineteen. I have no recollection of gazing upon the landscapes by which I was surrounded during the first two years of my life; neither have I any recollection of being interested, either in the works of nature or art.

When about two years of age my parents moved to Prattsburgh, (then called Prattstown,) in Steuben County, State of New York. Here my first recollections of life commence. The family then consisted of father and mother and six sons—myself the youngest of the number. My parents were by no means rich in

this world's goods, but were both professors of religion, —father a member of the Baptist church, and mother a Presbyterian. Among the earliest thoughts that revolved in my mind were those of a religious nature. I believed there was a God, a heaven and a hell. I was the subject of religious impressions from the earliest period of my remembrance. I felt that I must die, and that happiness or misery would be my portion beyond the grave. I listened to the instruction afforded me on the subject of religion, and came to the conclusion that my condition beyond this life was fixed and ordained of God before the foundation of the world; that God had, by firm decree, fixed the fate of every man. I had no means of judging where my portion would be, but could hope that, as my parents were of the elect number, I might consider my chance as fair. At that time I did not know that there were more than two denominations in the world, viz: the Baptists and Presbyterians,—and I supposed that all the goodness in the world was contained in these two churches. Both being Calvinistic, how could I come to any other conclusion than that Calvinism was true.

I heard my parents talk of the sunday school, which, I think, was a new enterprise among the people. I had the privilege of attending it, and well remember the beautiful little primer presented to me to take home and read, when I could return it and get another. One day on my return home I exhibited my beautiful

little book to my brothers and Uncle James, who was on a visit at our home, as they were standing in the door-yard near our residence. I noticed a smile on uncle's face, as he read a few sentences in my little book. This pleased me; but, as I turned to go into the house I noticed he made fun of it, which caused me to feel bad. I afterwards learned that uncle was an Infidel. A man by the name of Mahlon, who, I think, was a kind of general superintendent of sunday schools, would frequently be in our school, asking questions and giving instruction. On one of his visits to our school he was speaking of a good man, and telling the advantages of being good and quoted as follows: "And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in season." He then asked why a tree would be more thrifty planted by the water-side than elsewhere. I thought the time had come for me to display my ability. I spoke out with trembling voice, and said, "Because it is *wetter*." I noticed some of the pupils laughed. Mr. Mahlon said: "Yes, it is more moist and fertile." I was satisfied that my answer did not display any marked ability.

In the district school I made fair proficiency—learned my lessons quite well. In this school we were taught the catechism, which did not at all shake my faith in the doctrines of Eternal Election and Reprobation. On one occasion when questions were being asked, the one that fell to me was, "Who is your neighbor?" I

answered, "Old Judge Prentiss, and Mr. Hopkins' folks," (as they lived near us.) Some of the pupils laughed, and I supposed another blunder had been made. I was corrected by being informed that every-oody was our neighbor. I thought if this be true we have some rather tough neighbors.

Sylvester, my oldest brother, was married before he left Connecticut. Afterward he moved near where we lived, and I wanted him to hire me to work for him, and we made a bargain. He was to pay me a penny a day, and I was to wheel stone off the yard. The work was laborious, and my wages never amounted to much.

Milo, my next oldest brother, was married in Prattsburgh, to Miss Polly Loomis, the daughter of a Presbyterian deacon. She was an excellent woman, pious and devoted. I went to live with them, and while there, received much good and pious instruction. One day when in my chamber, when perhaps not more than eight years old, I took up the Bible that was continually there, and read a portion of the Scripture, and knelt down and tried to pray; asking God to have mercy on me. I thought God heard my prayer, and I felt blest of Him. Sin seemed loathsome to me. I looked out of the window and saw some boys, my associates, sailing upon and playing about the old mill pond. I had no desire to be with them, but thought that I was happier than they. I told no one of my religious state of mind, neither did I continue to pray, and these serious reli-

gious feelings soon wore away to a good degree; but I felt at times that God would truly be merciful to me if I would serve him. Sometimes I thought I would do so at some future day, and then again when I would be somewhat aroused to my condition, thought that I had nothing to do in this matter, that God had arranged this according to his own will and pleasure.

When about twelve years old my parents decided to place me in the high school of the village, known as the Franklin Academy. Here I entered upon my new studies with fair prospects before me. Just before entering the academy there arose quite an excitement on the temperance question, and there was organized what was then called the "Cold Water Society." The members of this new institution were pledged to drink nothing as a beverage stronger than cider, wine or beer. A man one day visited the school with one of his pledges, and got the privilege of passing through the school and taking the names of all those who would become members of the "Cold Water Society." I knew there was much fun made of this institution, and did not want to be laughed at by older ones; but when the man asked me if I would have my name put down, I had not the courage to say no, and so I said, "Yes, sir." This cold water society caused much talk through the neighborhood, some blaming one for this dreadful traffic in spirituous liquors, and some blaming others. After a little a Mr. Beach, who was a merchant and

also owned a distillery, seemed to be the target for all to shoot at. I did not like this much, for I thought Mr. B. was as good as those who found so much fault with him. He had given me money for informing him when it was a good time to catch fish. It was really laughable to see him spear the first sucker that he caught. If he had been going to split a rock he would not have struck with more force. While others were freely expressing their views, I wrote the following lines:—

ON WHOM WILL THE CURSE FALL ?

The Christian who raises the powerful seed,
And sells to his brother, has done a good deed;
He is wanting of cash to purchase more lands,
Or pay to his creditors their honest demands.

Here's a brother who has joined the "Cold Spring Artillery,"
Yet sells the same grain to supply the distillery;
He, likewise, wants cash to replenish his store,
Or pay for the goods he had purchased before.

I'll point to another who is loved, I may say,
Who grinds the same grain, (for extra pay);
He makes this excuse,—“I am somewhat involved,
And to pay up my debts I now am resolved.”

And there's honest B., as good as the others,
He has done nothing more than the rest of his brothers;
He only distils, and sells to the civil,
But they style him a murderer, a child of the Devil.

Now, have not these dear brothers each lent a hand,
To make this decoction that poisons our land,
Which causes so many to die in a year,
And all being pious, *their conscience* is clear.

No, it is not the farmer, the merchant nor miller,
The buyer, the seller, nor the honest distiller,
Who has done this vile deed—shed innocent blood—
Who has murdered his neighbor and sinned against God.

WHO IS IT THEN ?

It's the man who has drunk when he needed it not,
He has drunk to excess;—he is now a vile "sot;"
He has poured down the poison which has pierced him within,
And this is the man, sir, on whom falls the sin.

The academy was under the auspices of the Presbyterians, with Prof. Gookins at the head of the school. Here I formed the acquaintance of wicked associates; some were students in the school, but the majority were boys who lived in and about the village. I was soon swayed by their evil influence. Restraint slowly decayed like a rotting rope, and I broke loose into sin. I soon learned to play at cards, which game proved quite bewitching to me. Instead of studying my books as I should have done, I spent much of my time studying mischief. I endeavored to get my lessons so that I could pass examination, and that was as far as my anxiety extended in this direction. I had lost sight of the great necessity of acquiring an education. I did not intend to become very wicked, but ere I was aware

I became a gambler. Cards had become a favorite game with me for diversion; but now something more was introduced, in a way that I did not know that we were playing for money until the game was somewhat advanced. This scene transpired in one of the students rooms in the institution, at a late hour in the evening, after the students had mostly retired, and all was quiet about the building. The game introduced I was not at all familiar with, and was called "Bluff." It was led by a fellow who belonged at the hotel in the village. He was called the banker and distributed a quantity of checks among the company, giving each twenty-five. I soon learned the game, but still supposed it was being played only for amusement, until one of the party was out of checks. I noticed he gave the banker twenty-five cents, and then received checks again the same as before. Soon others did the same. A slight tremor came over me. The instruction I had received in early life, and the promises I had broken, flashed across my mind when I realized I was seated at a gambling table. I never had intended to be a *gambler*. I shuddered for a moment at the thought, as I only intended a social game. My number of checks had largely increased, and, as long as I was so much ahead, I thought I would pursue the game, but quit in time to return the original checks which I had ignorantly borrowed. I was successful until the game closed at a late hour in the night, when the banker took the

checks, counted to himself twenty-five, then gave me one cent a piece for the remainder. This gave a new impetus to my folly. I became reckless and studied mischief more than before.

The bell which swung to and fro in the belfry on the institution to tell the time of day, and to call the students from refreshment to labor, was turned up one cold night and nearly filled with water, which was soon frozen to ice. The bell rope was pulled in the morning but the usual response was not heard. It was soon ascertained that the bell would give no more alarm until there had been a *thawing* process.

One day some swine had found their way into the school yard, and were devouring some corn which lay upon the grass beneath the window. One of them got a foot fast in a noose at the end of a rope let down from a window in the second story, and was drawn up and suspended with his head just below the top of one of the windows, to be gazed at by the students in the recitation room, while the poor pig, (in his mother tongue), called lustily for help, which sounded to the students and others like the squealing of a large hog. The professor, with others, ran up the stairs, and through the hall to the door of the room in which the rope was fastened, but found it closely "tiled." When the door was opened the room was found vacated, and the rope which held the prisoner, made fast to a bedstead. Of course, the swine was soon liberated. Then the ques-

tion was, "Who pulled up the hog?" As the guilty one was not to be found, suspicion, of course, rested upon those occupying the room; but, as they gave satisfactory evidence of their innocence, it still remained to be told who was engaged in this shameful act.

CHAPTER II.

About this time father moved from Prattsburgh to Tyrone, N. Y. I only had an opportunity to form a few acquaintances, before arrangements were made for me to return to Prattsburgh and spend another term at the academy. This was an evidence to me that my parents were satisfied with my progress there during the previous terms. I now boarded with my oldest brother who lived near the school. I am sorry to say that my habits had not much improved. During this term there were some few expelled from the school, but no charge was preferred against me. The professor seemed anxious that I should make better progress in my studies, and be better prepared for the different exercises required, but I would manage in some way to have the exercises move off in such a manner as not to receive much reproof.

It was rather a trying time to me when I was notified that public declamation would be required of me at a given time. To get up there on the public stage and "speak a piece," or repeat an oration was, I thought, too great a task for me to perform. It would embarrass me very much, and would require much time and labor to commit to memory a suitable selection. I had at my command a few pieces of poetry,

which were thoroughly committed to memory, and as the speaker had the privilege of making his own selection, I decided to use one of those pieces with which I had been so long familiar.

The afternoon for the exercise arrived, and the room was filled with students and spectators. The announcement was made that we were now to engage in declamation. I fairly trembled with hope and fear. As my name begins with the first letter of the alphabet, the first name called was "Alderman." I arose from my seat with trembling—my heart arose to my throat, as I made my way to the stage, then up three steps, and I was upon the platform, when I began as best I could to recite the poem called the "Plow-boy and the Dandy." I had retained this poem so long in my mind that I only needed utterance to make a success of the performance. The spectators and students were soon in a laugh, although it was against the rules, but as the professor joined in the laugh no one was punished for so doing. I was informed that my selection was rather unfortunate, as it was quite too funny for the occasion. Of course, I tried to do better the next time.

The time soon came when I was informed that it was my duty to write a composition and hand it in as soon as Wednesday, that it might be examined, corrected, and handed back to me in time for me to read it in public the next Saturday. I went to my room and

made an effort to write something that would pass. I thought that I could do better in poetry than in prose, but as I had so recently given poetry on the stage I supposed a poetical composition would hardly be allowed. I finally addressed an epistle to the professor, telling him what a kind and well qualified man I considered him to be, and how fully competent he was to perform successfully the arduous duties of his position; that I was highly pleased with his kindness to me, and that I appreciated the same; also, that he seemed fully to understand my anxiety to become a good scholar, and my inability to perform all the duties required at an institution like this, etc., etc. I handed this to the professor as I met him on the walk, at the same time making a low bow. It was never handed back to me, neither was I called upon to read it, or to write another.

When I returned home to Tyrone, I visited the district school. Of course I was looked upon as one who had just come from a high school, and farther advanced than those who had not enjoyed such an opportunity. The school chose sides that afternoon "to spell each other down." I was the first chosen, and felt quite competent for the position, as I remembered that the last time we went through the spelling-book I missed but one word, and that was in the monosyllables. The first word pronounced to me was "almanac." I spelled it according to Webster. The teacher said next. I

thought this quite strange, not knowing that Cobb had added the "k;" so I gained no laurels in this school, but really felt ashamed and perplexed to think, that after coming from a high school I should miss the first word pronounced to me, and especially on an occasion like the present, when I was gazed upon and wondered at by all that were present.

Having closed my connection with the academy and returned home, I became somewhat attentive to the duties and labor assigned me. Father and three of my brothers were engaged in the wool carding and cloth dressing business. This business I liked very well, especially the carding, at which I became quite an adept. During the hurrying part of the season I made the carding room my home night and day, and was so much of a somnambulist that I often worked when asleep, and could do this quite well as long as the sack of wool lasted. When that was gone and the machine began to run empty the increased speed would awaken me, and at once I was ready for duty. When my *tour* was off I had nothing to do but to sleep, which was done on the wool in the room. Should a belt run off, or any part of the machine give way, I was the first at the gate. My brothers and myself often engaged in a game of *cards*. I had become so attached to the game that "High, Low, Jack" was running in my mind much of the time. It was some time before we could find others who would join with us in the game. There had

recently been quite an extensive revival of religion in the vicinity of our new home, consequently *card players* were not very numerous. We finally found some associates who joined with us in the game. Of course we had to conceal this from our parents, and sometimes had to turn some pretty short corners to do so. One day when we were enjoying our game, we heard some one coming up the stairs with hasty steps. What was done had to be done quickly. The cards were hastily gathered and thrown into an empty bag which was lying near by, and the bag thrown down in the corner of the room. By this time father was among our number, "but all was quiet along the borders." Father seemed in quite a hurry, and asked if we knew where there was an empty bag, and began to look for one. My brother, (feeling sure he would find it,) pointed to the corner of the room and said: "Father, there is something which looks to me like a bag lying there in the corner of the room." Father caught up the bag, rolled it under his arm, and away he went down stairs. We watched him, to learn what was to become of our *pictures*, which he had so unceremoniously carried away. We noticed that Elder Stone, the pastor of the Baptist church, was in waiting at the foot of the stairs. We watched the elder and the deacon as they journeyed together until they entered the barn where father kept his grain. We felt quite anxious in this matter, as it was impossible for us to tell what the result of this joke

would be, neither could we decide at once in what way we had better prepare to meet it. Soon we were called to supper,—were all duly ready to surround the table except father. The question was, “where is he?” Mother was sure the church meeting was out, for she saw him and Elder Stone pass by going towards the machine. We brothers looked at each other rather strangely, hardly knowing what to say, or whether to say anything. Finally my brother next older than myself, (who was generally our spokesman), said, “there is something a little suspicious about this matter, and, perhaps the elder and father are over in the barn playing cards.” Mother checked him at once for talking so foolishly, and so much at random,—she wished him to stop such nonsensical talk, and keep truth on his side. “Well,” said he, “all I know about it is, father came over to the machine, got a pack of cards, then went with the elder over into the grain barn.” The next we heard of our cards, the elder had taken them to mill. When the miller put the preachers bag of wheat into the hopper, the kings, queens, and their companions stared him in the face. “Well,” thought the miller; “this is a strange grist to be brought by the parson.” But as those pictures were not strangers to the miller, who loved to shuffle them himself, he thought it best to “separate the wheat from the tares,” so he gathered them together and informed us, as we had for a long time furnished cards for our diversion, he would now furnish a deck.

One day, while at a general training held at Joseph Hause's Hotel, I crowded into a company surrounding a table, for the purpose of seeing what was going on there. I saw the table was covered with beautiful figures, and a negro throwing dice. Some were betting. They looked like clever fellows, and seemed to enjoy the game quite well. I watched the game and soon became so fascinated by seeing so many win money, I thought I would try my luck on the dice board. I had made only a few bets, and was just putting my money on the table again when some one pulled my arm. As I looked around I noticed one of my older brothers had hold of my arm. He was a professor of religion. Of course I immediately left the circle. "Why," said he, "what are you doing?" "Well," said I, "that is what I would like to know too!" Said he, "If father knew this he would punish you, big as you are." "Why," said I, "that is a funny concern, any way. Don't you think it is? I never saw such a thing before. What do they call it?" I was informed that it was a "dice table," to win the money from those who were foolish enough to bet—that this darkey was delighted when he could find white men who would patronize his table. Then I was advised to keep entirely out of such company. I had already some little experience in gambling, and was not quite as *green* as I professed to be. I would sometimes resolve that I would gamble no more, but these resolutions

would only last until an opportunity presented, then I was ready on a small scale to "go in."

I soon began to attend parties and balls, and soon became fond of dancing, which, like card-playing, was to me quite bewitching. O, how many snares and temptations the young and inexperienced are exposed to, all promising pleasure but leading to sorrow.

When quite young I had the privilege of drinking all the whiskey I wanted, as it was kept in the cellar by the barrel, for boys and common people to drink as much as they wished; and when the preacher came then punch would be made. "If a man ever needed anything to brighten up his ideas, it was just before he went into the pulpit;"—then after service,—“if a man ever needed anything to give nature a jog, it was immediately after he came out of the pulpit;”—then another dish of punch. This was the accepted theory and practice in those days. Would it be strange to say, that of six sons raised at a whisky barrel, that one of them became a tipler? Such was the fact with us, and this on a certain occasion well nigh brought me to grief, on a small scale. A friend and myself were at Prattsburgh, and were to return on foot to Tyrone, a distance of about sixteen miles. It was about seven miles to the Crooked Lake, two miles across the ferry, and then seven miles home. The Wayne Hotel was about two miles from the ferry on the Tyrone side. We walked down to the lake, enjoyed the ride across

in a small boat, then climbed the hill to the hotel. At this point we met a party of four or five from Tyrone. This at first seemed fortunate for us, as we could now get a ride nearly home without much expense. I had only three shillings and my friend had none. As a matter of course it would be expected that we would "treat." The manner of doing this in those days, was for one of the company to buy a "shilling bottle" and all share the same together. Supposing we were now to enjoy a ride to Tyrone village, which was within about two miles of our home, I at once without hesitation called on a "shilling bottle," which was drunk by the company. Then I was ready to start for home, but the party were not. They talked about running horses, trading horses, and other matters of like nature. Soon one of the number called on a "shilling bottle," which they could easily drink without me, as I wished to be excused. It was not long before my friend said to me, "Now let me have a shilling, as it is my turn to call on a bottle, and then we will go." It was with some reluctance that I did this, for it was very evident they were getting into a high glee. Time passed on, and here we remained until nearly night, when it was announced that just as soon as that young Alderman would call on another "shilling bottle" they would go, and not till then. I told them to get up the team and we would drink the last thing before starting, and as soon as we drank we

would be off. This was agreed to, the wagon was soon before the door, the bottle on the counter, which took my last shilling, then as soon as the contents of the bottle were swallowed, I exclaimed: "Hurrah for Tyrone! Passengers all aboard!" The party scrambled into the wagon and away we went, hallowing at every one we saw, and running past every team we overtook. I was in fear, as we were some of the time on one side of the road and then on the other. By and by we halted at a tavern about one-half mile from Tyrone village, called "Uncle Joe's Hotel." (This was the place where I played dice with the colored man.) Here my friend got out of the wagon, but would not go without help; he was too drunk to do anything but lie down. Here came in my grief. We were more than two miles from home, and in a sad predicament. I had paid my last money for a "shilling bottle," and now came the tug of war. There seemed to be only one thing to be done, and that was to try my credit with "Uncle Joe." So I related to him in short the account of our journey and the situation we were in. I then asked him if he would lodge us that night, with the promise that I would pay him the first time I came down that way. He asked my name, and where I lived. I told him my name was Alderman, that I lived near Kendall Hollow. "What," said he, "Deacon Alderman's son?" I answered "yes," much ashamed that a deacon's son was in such a condition; at the same time I thought per-

haps it would be no detriment to his keeping us. He replied "yes, it will all be right." I got my friend to bed as soon as I could, and in due time laid myself by his side. My dreams were neither pleasant nor interesting. At early dawn I awoke my friend, and told him it was time for us to begin our journey. As he aroused from his slumber he said his "hair pulled," and that he could not go at all until he had some whisky, which cost three cents, then our lodging was six-pence each, making a bill of fifteen cents. We soon arrived home, pretending that we took an early start, and had walked from Prattsburgh that morning, which was so understood by the family. But there was that debt of "fifteen cents," and how could I get money to pay it? That was more than I could tell, as I had no means of getting money. I could only wait patiently until something occurred by which I could obtain the money, which was a scarce article in those days. It was not long before there was a new grocery opened in Tyrone village,—a cash grocery,—where things were sold very cheap for cash only. Mother had heard how good and cheap, tea, sugar and other articles were, at the new grocery, and persuaded father to make a small investment in that direction. He was a little slow to be persuaded, as he had no time to go down there and money was very scarce,—thought they might as well get those things at Kendall Hollow, which was much nearer, and he might have credit as long as he wanted.

Mother's argument was, that by paying, they could get their trade enough better and cheaper to make up the difference, and Oliver could go down and get the articles needed just as well as not. "Yes," said I, at the same time thinking I would go down as far as Uncle Joe's, too, in case I could manage in some way to obtain the "fifteen cents," which I felt sure I could by some means do. Father gave me a bill to get changed, also a list of the articles to purchase, and away I went to the new grocery, made the purchase, and noticed as the change was handed to me, that I could get the "fifteen cents" very nicely. With a quick step I started for Uncle Joe's. I felt that this was not exactly right, but it was the best I could do under the circumstances. The debt was paid, and my heart felt light in that direction, but heavy when I realized how I got the money. The idea of deceiving my parents when they had so much confidence in me caused me sorrow of mind; then the uncertainty of my getting through with this matter without being detected, also worried me. I realized that the way of the transgressor was hard, but was determined to go through with it, even if I had to quibble a little. Instead of giving the change to father I gave it to mother, in rather a careless way, suggesting that she had better put it away for future use. I was in hopes she would spend it before father called for it. All was quiet for a few days, then father asked me how much change I brought

back from the new grocery. I told him I gave it to mother, and she would tell him all about it. Soon father was wide awake,—he was going down to “blow up” the new grocery man,—he would learn him not to cheat a boy, that he would! The articles purchased had been carefully looked over, and the change was short *fifteen cents*. Well, I thought I would be content, and let the parties settle this matter themselves, in case they would not call upon me. The ghost of that *fifteen cents* haunted me day and night. I was all the time hoping that father would not go down to the new grocery until he got over his excitement, for I feared if he did he might follow me over to Uncle Joe’s, and the whole matter be revealed, which would end up by my being presented with a “tanned jacket.” I heard no more of this matter, but felt that the sin I had committed was hurrying me on in the road to perdition, still I trod “the giddy maze,” striving to think that all was well, but have never forgotten the *fifteen cents*.

CHAPTER III.

While attending the district school in early life, the teacher painted some nice pictures with water colored paints, and gave to the pupils as presents. I obtained a box of those paints and commenced painting vines, animals and birds, and was quite successful in my efforts. My specimens were examined and praised, and some said I would become an adept in the art, in case I could have proper opportunity and good instruction. There was an old gentleman who was a shoemaker,—his name was Aaron Swarthout,—rather a funny sort of a man, frequently called “Uncle Aaron.” As he had no sign to mark his place of business, he wished me to paint one for him. I told him I would do the best I could for him under the circumstances,—that I had neither paint nor brushes, but would show him what sort of a sign could be made without paint or brush. I took for the board a piece of clear white siding, then took some grease from the gudgeon of one of the large wheels which propelled the carding machine. It was as black as any paint could be,—perfectly black. I marked the letters with my pencil, then with my fingers and a small stick the grease was applied, much to my satisfaction. When the sign was finished many spoke in its praise, saying that it was a good job. It

read as follows: "I MAKE GOOD SHOES HERE." This sign attracted the attention of many passing by, and did not long remain over his shop door. It was stolen in the darkness of night, carried about four miles, and placed upon another shoe shop. It was soon taken again and carried a few miles farther and put upon another shop; and thus it went from place to place. This advertised me as a painter,—doing good work without paint or brush.

When in my fifteenth year some men came from the East to engage in manufacturing chairs on quite a large scale; and an excellent painter was soon to come to ornament and finish the chairs for market. I was anxious to see him, also, to examine his work, and I soon had the privilege of doing so. I was much pleased with his work, and thought if I could be a painter I should enjoy it hugely. This best painter did not tarry long, but soon returned East. Then the painting was to be done by a man whose name was Samuel Wilder. I soon became quite intimately acquainted with him, and exhibited to him some specimens of the vines, birds and other paintings which I had done, with which he seemed much pleased. One day I asked him if he would like to take an apprentice, to which he replied: "If I could get a lad like yourself, I would like to do so, and would give him a good chance." I then asked him to talk with my father about the matter, and, if possible, get his consent and make a bargain with him, as

I would like much to learn the trade. Soon father informed me that Mr. Wilder thought I would make a first class painter, and would like to take me as an apprentice,—would pay some wages and do well by me; at the same time saying that he would not be able at the best, to give me much when I arrived at the age of twenty-one;—that perhaps it would be to my advantage to learn the painters trade, but could hardly see how they could get along without me through the hurrying time of carding. I told father I should like much to live with Mr. Wilder and learn to be a painter, and presumed the matter could be arranged so that I could be at home when I was needed there. I thought it would be nice to enjoy, occasionally, a vacation from painting, and engage again in my old business that I loved so well, and once more stay day and night in the carding room, sleeping on the wool. Father said he thought Mr. W. a very nice man, and I might make just such a bargain with him as I thought best. The bargain was soon made. For three years' service I was to have my board and clothes, and one hundred dollars when my time was out; and also to have three or four weeks each year for myself. I was much pleased with my new home. Mrs. Wilder was the first lady that I ever accompanied as a *beau*. She was much older than myself, I being but a little boy by her side; but she seemed to enjoy the association quite well. When I asked the privilege of accompanying

her home, she replied: "Yes, with all my heart." She was nearly old enough to be my mother, but a lady of whom no one need be ashamed; so it was not like going to live with entire strangers. My boss was not much opposed to card playing or dancing, although I do not know that he did either himself. I gave close attention to my business, was quite steady, and enjoyed life well; but, alas! how changeable are the scenes of human life. I had not finished my first year at my new home, when the news came that the father of Mr. W., my boss, was dead, and it would be necessary for Samuel to return East, to take charge of the old homestead and settle up his father's business. This was not at all pleasing to me, as I would have liked to remain in my present home, that I had enjoyed so well.

Mr. Wilder wished me to go East with him, but this I declined, as he did not expect to do much at painting there. Neither did I wish to leave my associates, for whom I had formed an attachment, especially a young lady whose name was Martha M. Conklin; who I had thought was just about right, and with whom, when a few more years had rolled away, I intended to talk with regard to her becoming my wife. Mr. Wilder and myself arranged for our separation, very agreeable to ourselves. He was kind and liberal with me, and gave me nearly as much as he was to at the close of the third year. An opportunity soon presented itself for

me to form a copartnership with a popular house painter, a methodist man, whose name was Willis. I commenced with him in the early part of summer and worked with him till fall. I continued to enjoy the company of my former associates. Miss Conklin and myself were the youngest couple of the number who attended parties, balls, and other places of amusement together. The matrimonial fever began to rage among our number and made nearly a clean sweep. The youngest couple alone was left to tell the story of the past, while in the state of single blessedness. Thus we were left nearly alone so far as our public associations were concerned, unless we joined in with those who were quite young, and not yet moving much in the circles of life; but just coming, as it were, on the stage of social life. This caused me to feel rather melancholy. Feeling that I was too young to marry, and with no surety that an effort in that direction would prove a success, I decided to leave the neighborhood, travel in strange lands, form new acquaintances, and enjoy myself for a while in this way. I told my friends that I thought of going to Ohio to seek my fortune. I was impressed with the idea that I might buy some goods and peddle along the road, and in this way pay my expenses, and, perhaps, make a little money. I did not think that peddling, and especially on foot, was a very high calling, and would, by no means, have my friends suppose that I had any such idea; hence

my future operations were concealed from my best friends.

I took leave of my friends at Kendall Hollow, and went by steamboat to Geneva, where I bought a pair of tin trunks and goods to fill the same. As I was inexperienced in buying goods to sell again, I presume the parties of whom I purchased did not in all respects find me a very pleasant dealer. I had little or no confidence in what was told me with regard to purchasing, neither was I backward to inform them that I thought they would represent things as they thought would be to their interest, and put the most money in their pockets. I passed from one store to another, bantering different ones, and occasionally buying a few articles. There was one dealer by the name of Stagg who talked so candidly, and who seemed to manifest such a desire for my success, that I listened to him with some degree of confidence, while he related to me some incidents in his past life. He inquired which way I was going to travel, and when I informed him that I was going west, he said that on a certain road in that direction the inhabitants were mostly Methodist, and they would doubtless buy Disciplines if they were offered, and also hymn books; that he had a large quantity of the former on hand and could sell them at a low figure, so that I could realize a large profit from the sales. I finished up my purchase with Mr. Stagg, putting in a good quantity of Disciplines, together with some hymn books.

I bought me a pair of pocket pistols, not knowing what I might find to contend with, and thought best to prepare myself for any emergency. I packed my goods into my trunks, then hanging them on the neckyoke already placed upon my shoulders, I started for the West. I was in continual fear that I would meet some of my old acquaintance. This was one of the times in my life when I did not wish to see any one with whom I had been previously acquainted. I soon commenced stopping from house to house, offering my goods,—making the Disciplines my leading article. The impression made by Mr. Stagg was correct. The Disciplines sold very readily, as also did the hymn books, and doubtless helped me to sell other articles. I did, however, occasionally find a person who did not wish to buy a Methodist Discipline, neither would he purchase anything of a man who carried them, and said, that all he wanted to know of a peddler, was that he carried Methodist Disciplines. The first night after I left Geneva I slept with my pistols under my pillow, but as nothing alarming occurred that night, I gave myself no farther uneasiness about being disturbed while sleeping,—think I never loaded my pistols again.

After a few weeks my new business began to be tiresome. I had become “home sick,” and decided that I would enjoy a vacation, and go home. I turned my course toward Old Steuben, determined to divest myself of my peddling equipage before I came within the

circle of my acquaintance. Accordingly I left my trunks and goods at a hotel on Allen's Hill, in the town of Richmond,—a long way from home. The next morning I started on my way, and traveled all day without seeing any one with whom I was acquainted. I found that I was not yet very near home. It would have been a pleasure to me now to have met with some old friend or acquaintance, as I had met none but strangers since I left home. Night came on and I was yet a stranger in a strange land, far from my home. I put up at a private house. The next morning I pursued my journey onward, and before the setting of the sun I found myself among my relatives and old acquaintances in Prattsburgh, then in a few days at my father's house in Tyrone.

My friends greeted me on my arrival from "Ohio" with a seeming degree of satisfaction. I did not like to be questioned too closely about the beautiful plains of Ohio, for I was not well enough posted to make this subject very interesting. I could tell them it was a beautiful country, and I thought that was sufficient. I soon called on Miss Conklin, and found her the same pleasant and amiable lady that she was a few weeks before. It seemed to me that I could enjoy life in her society, and I determined to make her my companion for life, in case such a co-partnership would be agreeable to her. After talking around and about the matter, my conviction was that I would be successful,

so I "Popped the question." After due consideration on her part, the answer was favorable; accordingly on the twenty-fourth day of November, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-six, we were married.

CHAPTER IV.

At the time of our marriage my wife's father was keeping a hotel in the place,—Kendall Hollow. I made my home with the family through the winter, acting as bar-tender a portion of the time and making myself as useful as I could in my new relation. I would occasionally engage in gambling—on the sly, and on a small scale. In those days many were engaged in lawing, and as I frequently attended the law suits, I thought it would be a fine thing for me to be a lawyer, or at least a pettifogger. I obtained a few books, such as Edward's Treatise, Blackstone, etc., and turned my attention somewhat in the direction of the Law. I was soon called upon for counsel, and also to conduct suits.

The following spring we commenced keeping house. I opened a small grocery store, which was tended the most of the time by Isaac, my wife's brother, who, I believe, was as honest and attentive a lad as ever lived. I found, by practice, that I had some tact for selling goods at auction, and would occasionally have an auction at my little store. I painted some, and traveled, and sold goods a portion of the time,—was so successful as an auctioneer that I had no trouble in getting business of that kind whenever I wished to engage in it. Could always draw my share of the crowd.

The habit of gambling was continually growing upon me. At seasons of the year when there were trainings, shows and horse races, I would spend my time selling goods, or gambling, just as circumstances seemed to dictate. My gambling thus far was on a small scale, but I was, like wicked Cain, hurried on to greater crimes, until gambling was almost my constant employment. I no longer tried to conceal the fact that I sometimes made small bets, and continually grew bolder in the practice until I played openly, both at home and abroad. I supposed that I could play the game of "Old Sledge," about as sharp as any one. I was one day in my grocery, engaged in my favorite game with one of my associates whose name was Maynard. We were betting small cakes of sugar, worth five cents each. We both thought we could play the *strong game*, and were not afraid to try our skill with any one who felt disposed to engage with us.

While we were enjoying our game at five cents a corner, an elderly and peculiar looking man entered the room. I paused a little from the game, giving him an opportunity to purchase goods in case he wished to do so, remarking to him, that as friends we were engaged in a game of "Seven-up," for our diversion. He said, "all right,"—that he sometimes played that game himself, and as he was in no hurry, he would see us play a little while, if we had no objection. I then told him we were playing for the small wager of five cents,

in the form of a cake of maple sugar, and that he could join in the game if he wished to do so. He said he would prefer to see us play a little before venturing anything himself. He watched us during a game or two, and then said that he commended us for staking only small sums,—that those who knew no more than we did, ought not to bet much,—that we were quite too green to play for large sums, and the less we staked the better it would be for us; rather hinting that he could easily beat either, or both of us. I thought his remarks quite bold, as though he thought he could scare somebody. I told him at once, that he could have the opportunity of playing with either of us for one dollar on a side,—that I would bet a dollar that either of us could beat him, and that I would play with him, or Maynard might, just as he pleased. He said he would not be guilty of taking money from those who knew so little what a pack of cards were made for as we did. He was informed that he need not hesitate at all on that account; that we had the money, and it would not hurt me to lose a few dollars, and that the easier he could beat us, the easier he could get the money, and it was his privilege to “go in.” He finally said that he was going on the hill to visit an old friend there, and to satisfy me in the matter, he would play with me for one-half pound of tea; that he would like to take a little on the hill, as he could so easily obtain it. He looked at the teas, then said he thought the

dollar tea was very good, and we would play a game, and if he beat me he would take a half pound of the tea, and if I beat him he would give me one dollar for the same. No quicker said than done. He took up the cards and looked them over, half shuffling them, saying: "Boys, these cards are not marked, are they?" I told him I presumed he could see all the marks on them. After looking closely at them, both on the face and backs, he placed them on the counter and said: "We will now cut for deal." The first deal fell to me. I shuffled the cards slightly and placed them on the counter for him to cut them, which he did very calmly and genteelly. I dealt his portion to him, took mine and turned the trump, then waited his decision. He said his were good, very good; yet he would ask me to give him one in the game, or run the cards for another trump. I raised my hand,—it abounded with trumps, so I gave him one on the game without hesitation, then, to my astonishment, he made, high, low and the game, the Jack was not out, so I made nothing. He made three, and the one I gave him made him four. It was now his deal. He shuffled the cards in rather a peculiar manner, making some flourishes, and then placed them on the counter. I cut them, and he dealt them off very carefully, as though he feared he might make some mistake, and turned up clubs for trump and waited my decision. My hand being mostly diamonds, I told the stranger I was under the necessity of asking

one of him. "Well," said he, "my hand is good, but I will run the pack for diamonds, and will turn up the Jack, which will make me five on the game, and then high and low will carry me out." I thought, nonsense, what is the old dunce talking about? Only give me diamonds and I am all right. He dealt the cards very carefully, and, to my astonishment, turned up the Jack of diamonds. "Now," he says, "this counts me five toward the seven, and as I hold the ace and the deuce, I am sure of high and low, which will carry me out." And there I was, a "skunked man;" and it was done so quick that it made my head *swim*. I weighed the tea and gave it to him at once. I noticed Maynard was giving a token to not play with him any more. I did not much like to give it up in this way, neither did I feel exactly safe to play with him any more. He thanked me for the tea, saying: "If you was as much of a sportsman as old Sam Harpending, and had as much money, I would play with you more, but as it is, I guess I will be going." I told him not to hurry,—we would use him well while he stayed. Maynard remarked that he thought Alderman and himself had better play their own games, and not venture much with such expert players as his honor. The old man smiled, and said that was his opinion too,—that he would leave us, advising us not to bet large sums with strangers, until we knew what a pack of cards were made for,—then, bidding us a kind good bye, he left.

As he withdrew Maynard said,—“That old chap knows something that we never thought of.” Said I to Maynard, “How is this? What is there about it? Was it just his luck, or did he cheat a little?” M. replied, “I watched closely, but could see nothing wrong. He seemed to be fair in the play, but I’m satisfied that what he says is true,—that we are pretty green.”

We noticed that he went into the tavern. Said I to M., “Let us go over and see if he will not take a social glass. Maybe we can get him a little mellow, and learn something from him.” “I was thinking of that very thing,” replied M. Thinking, perhaps, the stranger would take a drink and then go on his way, I told M. I would hasten over at once; saying, “you happen over in a few minutes.” When I entered the bar room, I judged from appearances that he had just taken a dram, and was about ready to start on his journey up the hill. I commenced conversation with him at once, and he seemed quite willing to talk for a little while, then said it was time for him to be a going. I remarked to him, that it was a hard hill to climb, that if he ever *smiled*, that is to say took a social glass, that it would be a pleasure to have him drink with me before he left. This proposal was readily accepted. Soon after we had taken our dram, M. stepped in, feeling very nice and pleasant, and commenced talking to the stranger in a manner which interested him. When the stranger spoke of going again, I remarked that perhaps it would

be a pleasure to M. to offer us something to drink before we parted. In as much as he looked on while we played the game in which I lost a half pound of tea, and the stranger won the same, that he could well afford to treat. Maynard said it would please him much to have us join with him in drinking a social glass. As we were about to enjoy this luxury, I remarked to the stranger that this was good liquor,—that we did not often find as good,—that we did not know when we should meet again, and urged him to drink hearty, but was careful not to drink much myself. This stranger had doubtless taken a dram or two before he came into the grocery. He now became quite talkative, telling what wonderful things he had done, and what he was yet able to do,—that if he had the time to spare he would tell us something that we never thought of. We told him not to be in a hurry, that it would be cooler by and by, that we had good horses and carriages, and would give him a ride up the hill in time to take supper with his friend; that it would be a satisfaction to us to help him on his way, and that if he would just step over to the grocery and enjoy a few nicknacks with us we would then see him safely on the hill. This was mutually agreed to. We entered the grocery, and the articles we desired were on hand for us. The cards were taken and shuffled, he telling us what he could do. “I think you had great luck in beating me so easily, for,” said I, “it was all luck and

chance." "No luck about it," said he. "It is all in knowing how." "I would just like," said I, "to know how you happened to beat me so quickly." "No happen so about it," said he. "I could do that with you all day; why, I just came the 'whole stock' and the 'half stock' on you so nice that you didn't even dream what I was doing." "The whole stock and half stock," said I, "that must be something rather queer. I don't understand how a person can do that. Can you do it just when you please?" He then began to tell us how it was done. We soon learned it. Then he told us how to prepare the cards to play other games,—said he, "Make stringers and strippers of them,"—showing us at once how to do it. We were now satisfied that we had been *green enough*, not even knowing what cards were made for; that now we were prepared to win all the money our sporting associates had; that it was with us no longer a game of chance, but "a sure thing." I now gave much of my time to gambling, and found it an easy matter to win money of those who were as green as I had previously been. I thought I could now travel, not as a gambler, but a peddler.

CHAPTER V.

Soon I had a fair peddling wagon got up in the latest style, thinking I would sometimes sell goods for myself, and sometimes for others, but would spend the most of my time in gambling. I could go out with or without my peddling establishment, just as I pleased. When I wished to take a trip mostly to gamble or sell for others, I would travel with some other one, as there was no trouble in getting conveyed from one place to another. In the course of my travels I formed many acquaintances, mostly peddlers and gamblers, who expected all who joined them to do as peddlers and gamblers do. There was one quite an aged man who sold gingerbread, I think his name was Bush. He was a very honest appearing fellow, doubtless a church member. I noticed him at different times, but did not get much acquainted with him. He was always scowling when the gamblers were near him. Some called him the Deacon, and myself Dow. They gave me this name from the fact that some who had heard Lorenzo Dow preach, said that when I was selling goods at auction I reminded them of Dow when he was preaching; that there was a similarity in our voices and manners. Some really supposed my name was Dow, and never knew the difference. One evening when on our way

from one training to another, some of the peddlers were pretty wide awake, and as soon as we had stopped for the night and called for our suppers, I noticed the gingerbread peddler, whom we will now call Bush, was among the number. Well, thought I, my old friend, you are in a pretty tough place to-night, as it was evident some of the company had set in for a "bender." Liquor was freely drank, and all invited to participate. Soon we were seated around the table to enjoy our suppers, and two of the company started around the table, (which was large enough to accommodate twenty-five or more persons), with decanters of liquor, giving notice that each one must drink, and if any refused they must have the bottle broken over their heads. I felt sorry for Bush, as I was certain he did not enjoy this way of doing business, and I had a regard for him, because I believed he was a good, honest man; but there was no respect for name or profession in this company. All must drink or suffer the penalty. When they came to Bush, he begged to be excused, thanking them for their liberality, and stating that he never indulged in drinking liquor, but all his entreaty was in vain. One of the two things must be done: he must drink or the decanter must be broken over his head. I think he finally sipped a little, just enough to save his head from the bottle. Poor man! I inwardly felt much sympathy for him, but would by no means make any demonstration of that fact in this crowd.

After supper the spree increased, and there was a prospect of things being smashed up generally. The landlord tried to prevail upon them to be more quiet, as he wished to keep a good house and use everybody well. Charley Acre, one of the peddlers, told him there was no use of talking; that he might just as well remain quiet himself; that there was one chance for him, and only one; that was, to charge, and that would make it all right; that the performance must go on, saying: "We have advertised to show, and we are going to do it." By this time the straw from the beds in the chambers was coming into the bar-room down through the crock now vacated by the removal of the stovepipe therefrom. As the straw descended in a copious shower, and was kicked and thrown about the room, I said to my particular friend "Sam," with whom I was traveling: "There is nothing interesting to me in such a parade as this, and I think we had better call for our rooms and retire, for the prospect of a 'high glee' is at hand." We called for our room, which was shown to us, and we were soon in bed, the door being securely bolted; but not much chance for sleep, as the noise seemed continually to increase. The hall was soon filled with frantic fellows, who were calling for "Dow! Where is Dow?" "Hurrah! Dow, come forth!" There was a loud rap at the door, accompanied by a voice, saying: "Is Dow here?" After they had paused a moment for an answer,—down came the door, and we were both jerked

out of bed as though we were not of much importance. My watch flew across the room as though it was a football. The strawtick was emptied, the straw going through the crock in the floor, into the bar-room, which, by this time, was pretty well filled with straw. I told Sam I liked a high time, but this pleased me most too well; that we would take a quilt or two as soon as there was an opportunity, and go into the barn, prepare us a bed and take lodging for the remainder of the night. We accordingly did so, and climbed to the top of the highest mow, and then worked our way over the height of hay, and there found a comfortable place to make our bed and lodge. Soon there were voices heard in the barn calling for Dow, and diligent search was made in and about the building; but Dow was not found. They climbed the ladder and came upon the mow, but not over far enough to disturb us in our newly pitched tent; so we enjoyed our couch till morning, when we made our appearance in time to pay our portion of the bill, which, by the way, was no very small affair. Some who were ready to enjoy the glee and smash things, were also ready to sneak out without paying any portion of the damage. The landlord charged, as Charley told him to the evening before. Although the bill seemed like a large amount, I presume he charged no more than he ought. All being settled we started on our journey toward Jasper Five Corners, as this was the day of General Muster there.

CHAPTER VI.

I decided to take a seat, from this point to Jasper, beside a peddler of some importance, and one who smoked cigars quite freely. Although I felt that I was quite a smart, forward fellow, there were two matters yet for me to attain to, before I could be accomplished: one was to use tobacco, the other to deal in counterfeit money. As I felt the necessity of these things, and was now sitting by the side of a competent and almost constant smoker, I thought it would be well to take a lesson or two in this direction.

I lit a cigar, put it in my mouth, then commenced drawing, puffing, blowing the smoke, and turning my head continually to watch the smoker at my side, that I might progress in this new art as fast as possible. I cannot say there was anything very delightful or delicious about it, but I supposed, of course, I would enjoy it better after a little, as there must be something pleasant about it, or so many smart men would not practice it. Occasionally I would take the cigar from my mouth, and with a peculiar, graceful movement of the hand and wrist, would hold it between my two front fingers as though it were some precious boon that should be highly honored; thus imitating this old smoker, who seemed to take so much comfort while

puffing and blowing the curling smoke away. Thus I puffed, laughed, talked, and looked at the smoke as it rolled about my head, and tried to appear as though I was enjoying it much; but I could not go it,—must succumb,—was not smart enough for this; neither could I find any satisfaction in the process. My eyes began to roll, my head whirled, my stomach heaved, and a death-like sickness seized upon me. O! how sick I was. On our arrival at our destination I was unfit for any business, as I could neither sell goods at auction nor turn up Jack. A solution of saleratus, also some peppermint, was prepared to settle my stomach. I drank some of it, then made my way down into the yard of a sawmill near by and lay down among the logs, there to enjoy my first degree in the sublime enjoyment produced by the use of tobacco. I was more moderate when I took the next degree—did not go in with such a rush, and found that I got along better. Soon I could show off to pretty good advantage as a smoker. I soon learned the art so well that I could manage a pipe or cigar with the grace of a good smoker. Oft-times it caused me to be sick, but all this must be endured for the sake of becoming a fashionable smoker. But I had not yet learned to chew the quid that an ox would not chew, that would sicken a dog, or kill a cat; but I could smoke like a tar-kiln. It was evident that a man was not much unless he could chew the cud. How could a man be fit for all classes of society, unless

he could squirt tobacco juice from his mouth, upon whatever might surround him—the seats in the church, (if he should happen to go there), or besmear the walls of his sleeping room, or cover the ladies' carpet with puddles of the narcotic poison. By perseverance I soon attained all these accomplishments, and could appear with both quid and cigar in my mouth at the same time.

O, Tobacco ! how lovely thou art,—
How good thou hast been to me ;
In all my troubles thou hast taken a part,
And caused me much shame and sorrow to see.

It was an easy matter for me to get into the counterfeiting business, as professional counterfeitters always have their eyes on such chaps. The first I did in this direction was to buy some bogus half-dollars, which I passed quite freely for a while, and then became more cautious as I saw the danger to which I was exposing myself. Soon after the spurious money was purchased I went to Geneva to buy goods to replenish my grocery store, and took some five half-dollars of the bogus coin with me, passing one of them at a hotel at Hurd's Corners, about five miles from home, on my way to Big Stream Point, where I took the boat. Another was used at the Point before going on board the steamboat, also, one on the boat to pay my fare. Three had gone ; taken without any hesitation, or questions being asked. Soon after my arrival in Geneva I offered one

of my fifty cent pieces. The fellow looked at it, then looked rather sharp at me. I felt that this one was not going off as nicely as the others had. The fellow asked me if I had any more like this. I told him I had plenty of specie, and could change him a five dollar bill if he wished me to. He said he would like to get a few of these fifty cent pieces, if I had them to spare. I was sure he knew it was bogus, and for my safety must appear as innocent as possible, and keep my other bogus half out of sight. I told him I had halves and quarters, and could give him about such change as he desired. I took special pains to exhibit my specie, (save the other bogus), also some small bills, assuring him I was ready and willing to change a bill for him, as I plainly saw he was determined to know whether I had any more spurious money or not. After looking over my specie and finding it all right, he said: "That half dollar is bogus, and you had better not offer it again, or you may get arrested. Our town has been filled with this kind of stuff. If you know where you got this, you had better take it back, otherwise you may get into trouble." I trembled in my boots, but don't think he noticed it. I now had only two of them, and I wished they were in the lake,—one of them at least. I then saw how easy it would have been for him to have taken that piece, and then followed me along until I passed the other,—think he thought I was honest, or perhaps he would have caught me in that way.

Great fear now came upon me, and thoughts like the following, coursed through my mind: Suppose the landlord at Hurd's Corners, who knew me, had found that I passed a bogus piece on him, and had followed me to Big Stream Point, where I had used another; and then came on the boat, and thus followed me up; or, waited till my return, and then arrested me. Suppose this landlord, or the boat captain, had happened in the store at the time I offered the one on which I was quizzed so closely. How easy it would have been to have had me confined within the walls of the state prison. It then seemed as though everybody was watching me, and I was sure to offer no more bogus, and felt a degree of guilt for what I had done. Fear now came upon me that on my return I might hear of those I passed on my way down,—thought I would put on a bold front, and if I heard anything from them I would arrange the matter in some way, so that all parties concerned would be satisfied, unless two, or all of them should be waiting for me, then, of course, there would be trouble. On my return it seemed that the boat captain looked very sharp at me, but I knew he could find no bogus money about me now. When we landed at Big Stream I went at once into the store where I had used the bogus half on my way down, and also into the hotel at Hurd's Corners, so that if there was any suspicion I would try and reconcile the matter; but I heard nothing from my bogus money, and

returned home all safe, but still feeling a little fearful. I soon concealed the rest that I had on hand where I felt sure it would not be found.

The next interview I had with the fellow who sold me the bogus halves, I informed him that it was quite risky to offer that class of specie, especially in our cities or large villages, as they had already been flooded with it, and some parties had been arrested for using such money. "Well," said he, "those halves have had a big run all through this country, and perhaps it will not be safe to use many more of them, but we are getting up some quarters now, and will soon have a large amount on hand. They will be something new. Nothing of the kind has ever been offered, and they will go like hot cakes, and we can soon shove off a large amount of them. We will let you into the trade in such a manner that you will run no risk. There will be no danger of being arrested; and even if you should be, they cannot convict you. It is not the makers, nor leading dealers, who "play chequers" with their noses through the grates of the prison windows. We have the matter so arranged that there is little or no danger of being caught. It is the greenhorns that sometimes get into the boat and glide along very nicely for a little while, but soon become so careless and daring, that they get picked up by the sheriff, who conveys them to the court room, where they hear the testimony which bears them down; and then have the privilege

of hearing the judge talk when his conversation is directed particularly to them, and winds up his remarks by telling them they must go to prison for a given time. But we will put you in where you can act your part in safety. The quarters which are soon to be coined, will be well executed, and will have a large run before there will be any noise or excitement about them, then there will be a new issue of "silk," (meaning counterfeit banknotes), and in case you wish to go in there is a large deal in store for you.

I will tell you the secret of the matter. You will be on the alert for some one who wishes to engage in the counterfeit business. When you find such a one, (and there are plenty of them), you can tell him you have heard that some bogus dollars, or quarters, or bank bills, just as the case may be, will be out in a few days, which will be *right*; and if he wants to make an investment to be on hand at a given point, that you may introduce him to a gentleman who, you have reason to believe, will let him into the secret of the matter, and furnish him with all he wishes to purchase. At the same time ascertain about how large an investment he would like to make, in case he finds an article that pleases him. The fellow is on hand at the time and place named, and there receives an introduction to a stranger, who immediately invites him into his carriage to take a ride, and away they go. The new customer is quizzed with regard to the class of money he wishes

to purchase, and a sample of each is shown him. In case he has his genuine money with him, and is ready to close up a bargain, he is conveyed to an adjoining town, where he is introduced to another stranger who takes him in a hurried manner to another place, and there sells him the "stuff." The purchaser is now returned to the point where he was introduced to the first stranger, and there left to go on his way enjoying his new purchase. Now, in case he passes his new bought money freely and gets arrested, he alone must suffer the consequences, as he cannot turn state's evidence, nor in any way convict other parties. He knows not where his counterfeit money was made, neither can he tell of whom he purchased it. All he can possibly do is to swear that such a man referred him to a stranger, and he to another stranger, of whom he received the stuff which now causes him so much trouble. Or when a new customer is introduced to a stranger, who perceives that the new dealer is rather fearful and shrewd, and would not be likely to purchase a large amount of pewter or washed brass, but wishes only to make a small investment to try the trade, he is informed that the kind he wishes is not yet out, except in small quantities; that it is a very nice imitation, so nicely executed that it will deceive the best of judges; even the bankers themselves have pronounced it good; at the same time handing him a few pieces, which he is informed are a correct sample of the large amount

which will soon be in market, and the man that bought the most would make the most money ; and if any one of their customers wished to purchase the whole amount made, he could have the privilege of doing so. The new customer is now instructed to use or test the sample given him, and report at such a time how much he would like to purchase ; then, if no one has decided to take the whole, he can have what he wishes. There is no danger of his getting into trouble with the samples, for they are genuine, often costing more than the real value of genuine money ; but the purchaser who buys only gets the imitation of the sample. New customers, thus instructed, and finding their sample money will pass anywhere, are generally on hand with all the funds they can raise, or enough to purchase the whole amount in market ; and after he has been introduced to a number of strangers and conveyed from place to place, he finds the man who will lead him to the " golden stream, which is quick and violent," abounding with pewter, washed brass, or worthless rags. After it is ascertained how much money the new customer has, he is informed that if he had a few hundred dollars more, say about what his horses and carriage and watch are worth, that he could buy the whole amount of spurious coin, then have it all his own way, and soon make a fortune. Sometimes the bargain will be closed in this way, and the new customer finds himself minus all his money and other valuables, but rich in all the pewter

or washed brass that he can buy, worth from ten to fifteen dollars per hundred weight; or large rolls of "silk," worth at least the common price paid for paper rags.

One Summer, when I was engaged in painting, I was called upon to go to Penn Yan and sell some "Oswego Twos" that had been contracted by another party. I left my work and went. I was accompanied by an associate, who had arranged the matter with the purchaser, so that my part was easily accomplished, as I had only to sell to a man who was an entire stranger to me, who supposed I lived hundreds of miles from Penn Yan, when in fact the distance was less than thirty miles. We made a successful trip, and I returned the next day to where I had left my four men painting, so that I had a visible means of support, and could not on that account be called a disorderly person, or even be supposed to be such. It was only a few days before the newspapers gave notice that a new counterfeit "Two Dollar Bill" on Oswego Bank was in circulation, that Penn Yan was filled with them, and the people were every where cautioned with regard to these counterfeit bills.

For a long time I endeavored to conceal my irregularities from the people in the community where I lived, professing to be an honorable man, a painter by trade, and also engaged in running a grocery store; and at some seasons of the year I would peddle some. Occasionally

I would attend church and seem somewhat religious, professing to believe Universalism with all my heart, when I would have given my best horse to know that it was true. I was a believer in Calvinism while professing to be a Universalist. I grew more and more reckless, and no longer tried to conceal the fact that I was a gambler. I went on in this direction for some length of time, gambling on quite a large scale, and occasionally doing something with counterfeit money; but was rather shy in this trade, fearing I might get caught and have to suffer the penalty of the law. I never intended to become a drunkard, although I frequently drank liquor,—sometimes to be social, and sometimes to soothe my troubled conscience, especially when I retired for sleep, after spending the most of the night in gambling. The scenes of my childhood would sometimes rush upon my mind; the past, present and future would all appear before me. I would think of that father whom I had so often heard call upon God in prayer, and ask for the blessing of Heaven to rest upon his family. I would then think of the advice of my mother, the affection of a true and loving wife, and it would sometimes seem that the very pains of Hell were rolling in my breast. I would try to believe that this mental anguish was the punishment for my sin, and would soon be over. In my wickedest days I had some regard for the pure, the good, and the holy; and would try to believe that if people chose to gamble it

was their own business. If they lost they ought not to complain ; and I would use about the same argument with regard to using counterfeit money. I was not licentious, neither would I steal—that is to say for the profit of it—but would sometimes take small things of but little value, for the purpose of playing off a smart joke.

A fellow by the name of Harford informed me that a lady who made it her home at his house was working for a family who lived near by ; and that the parents being absent, the daughters and son would not allow her to eat any cake or pie ; that she had that day made five nice mince pies, and put them in the leanto adjoining the house, and told Harford that she wished some one would steal them. She then told him just where she had put them, and all the difficulty there would be in taking them unnoticed was the terrible noise made by opening the door, which was hung on wooden hinges. If it was pushed instantly open it would not make much noise, but it would be impossible to open it slowly without arousing the whole family. Harford wished me to aid him in carrying off the pies, so that the maid who made them could have the privilege of helping to eat them at his own house. Thinking this would be a nice joke and not very sinful, I enlisted to help him. When the darkness of night was come we made our way around through the field and came up in rear of the house, gazed through

the window into the room, which was well lighted, where the family were sitting. Abram, the son, was reading; the daughters, with the hired girl, were busy at work. The hired girl often glanced at the back door, as though she supposed that some one was near. The door opening from the room was some six or eight feet from the noisy door enclosing the pies. After taking a fair view of the family, and the location of the doors and windows, we stepped back a few rods and arranged our plan of action. I was to step to the door, take hold of the handle, and hold the door, while Harford passed through the noisy door and took the pies, and as soon as he came out I was to let loose and run. The night was dark; we had selected our run-way, and had no fear of being overtaken in case there was courage enough in the family to follow us, which we much doubted. We did not suppose that Matilda would be much alarmed, nor had we any fear that she would hurt us. I stepped up carefully and took a firm hold of the door handle. I could at the same time look into the window, which gave me a full view of all in the room; then gave Harford the token to proceed. Creak! Creak!! went the door, as though it had been opened by electricity. The family were at once startled. One of the girls sung out: "Abe! Abe!! there is a dog in the pantry! I heard the door open; run quick." Abram dropped his paper, jumped up, ran to the door and siezed hold of the latch; but as

the handle was on the outside in a stronger hand than his, the effort to open the door was in vain. "By thunder," said he, "what does this mean?" The girls were all excited, the hired one jumping and screaming as though she would go into fits. "O, Abe," she exclaimed, "don't, don't, go out there; you'll get bit! O, dear, dear, what shall we do?" By this time the pies were out among the trees of the orchard, and Abram had relaxed his hold and started for the front door. By the time he opened the front door, we were not near enough to have any fear of being hurt. I asked nothing for what I had done, but Harford insisted that I should take at least one of the pies. This I put away in an old tea chest sitting beneath the bar, without tasting it at all, and there it remained until it dried and mouldered, and was then thrown away.

CHAPTER VII.

Gambling seemed to predominate with me, and in process of time I traded my horse and wagon for a roulette and some other gambling apparatus, and made gambling almost my constant business ; sometimes rich and sometimes poor, sometimes sober and sometimes a little intoxicated.

There was an arrangement made for a horse race on the ice of Crooked Lake, near Penn Yan. I intended to be on hand at those races with my gambling apparatus, and started from home for that purpose ; but before I got there I learned that the ice was not sufficiently strong, and the races were abandoned ; so that I could return home or spend my time elsewhere. I fell in company with a man by the name of P——, who kept a tavern two miles south of Wayne Hotel. He was a fellow who would gamble and use bad money, and pretty *green* at either. On this occasion he was full of game, and invited me to go home with him and spend a few days, and if I could beat him playing "Old Sledge" I could carry away a pile of money. I knew that could be easily done, for I well knew his strength in this direction. He said he could take me home with him as well as not, but could not carry my trunk. I made arrangements with the stage

driver to take my trunk to Wayne Hotel and leave it there subject to my order, and I went home with P——. This was on Saturday. We engaged in our favorite game of "Old Sledge," and before the sun gilded the eastern horizon on Sunday morning, I had won his money, his pocket organ, and his fiddle. I gave him back a small portion of his money, so that he would not feel that I had entirely robbed him, and left him dead broke.

After slumbering a little time, I arose from my couch to behold the sun in his beauty as he sent forth his glory over the landscape. All nature was beautiful, but there was an unpleasant load resting upon my guilty conscience. How changed the scene from those Sunday mornings when I was the pride of a mother's heart and a father's joy, when in the innocence of childhood they gazed upon me as I went trudging along with quick step to the Sunday School, after the family had enjoyed their morning devotions. The scenes of later life also arose in my mind. I thought of those Sunday mornings when I held our little son upon my knee while my wife was preparing breakfast, and I could occasionally aid her in the performance of the domestic duties of the house. I realized that I had not in other days been exactly right, but far less guilty than now. I could truly say that "the way of the transgressor is hard." I was now about six miles from home, by the way of Tyrone village, which was

four miles distant, and then two to my residence. While seeking to bring some comfort to my mind, the thought occurred to me that this was the day that Mr. Wisner, the Universalist minister, preached at the village; and, if so, I would go that way and hear one of his good, argumentative sermons, which would doubtless relieve me of (at least) a portion of my burden, and I could go home with a lighter heart; perhaps go on my way rejoicing. I asked Mr. P. if this was the day the Universalists had their meeting at Tyrone, and he replied (with an oath) that he knew not, neither did he care, for he never troubled himself about religious meetings of any kind, and thought that I would be a pretty subject to go to church.

After breakfast I wrapped my fiddle in my handkerchief as well as I could to conceal it from those I might meet or fall in company with; wound up my little organ, which was capable of playing a few beautiful tunes, and started on my way, enjoying the music of the innocent instrument as well as I could. Feeling anxious to hear Mr. Wisner explain the Bible in such a way that all men, "especially myself," would be saved, and, at the same time, give the orthodox "*fits*," I hastened on my way with quick step, that I might be there in time. As I drew near the school-house where the meeting was to be held I was informed that this was the day, but that it was early yet,—not certain that the preacher had yet arrived, and that Bro.

———, and Mr. ———, and Uncle ———, were over to the tavern, but would soon be back to meeting. I had intended to pass on to the tavern, which was only a few rods beyond the schoolhouse, before service, for the purpose of slaking my thirst and leaving my baggage. On entering the bar-room I was somewhat cheered by meeting a number of our citizens, who were also fond of hearing Mr. Wisner's demonstrations of Bible truth. After placing my musical instruments in the care of the landlord for safe keeping till after meeting, I was ready to take a dram with my friends, and then sit down and enjoy a little conversation with them on the topic of the day ; and, as it was Sunday, and we were going to a religious meeting, there would be no harm in talking a little on the subject of religion, and tell how foolish and inconsistent those people were who supposed that a great and good God would punish any of his creatures beyond the grave ; that all sensible men ought to know that we got all our punishment for sin in this world. There would now, probably, be time enough for us to take about two drinks before meeting, which would prepare us to receive and profit by the discourse we were soon to hear. When the time for meeting was fully up, we made our way over to the house of worship, where we found a number in waiting. The minister had not yet arrived, and we joined with others in waiting for him ; but as he did not come, we were all disappointed of the

blessing we expected to receive. I went home with rather a heavy heart, although it did me some good to meet with those who were considered good citizens, who believed that all men would go to Heaven when they died.

On my arrival home I wound up my organ and placed it on a tumbler on the table. The music was fine, but I thought others who were less guilty than myself enjoyed it better than I did. It was some time before my mind became easy. It seemed to me that my cup of iniquity was nearly full, yet I had not lost all regard for God and his goodness, or for my fellow-men. Whenever a death occurred among my relatives or friends it produced strong conviction in my mind. My imagination would follow them either to happiness or perdition, just as I thought their case to be. It was fearful to me to think that I might soon be called to die, and unprepared to meet my God.

There were two of my associates living in Naples, N. Y., who were confirmed gamblers, also tiplers or drunkards. One of them was taken suddenly sick with a fever, and was for some time dangerously ill. I did not go to see him, but thought much about him, and hoped he would not die while he was so wicked before God. I heard that he had confessed that he was a great sinner, and finally obtained a hope in Christ, and felt that it would be well with him in case he should be called away by death. This was rather

good news to me, and still I was afraid that this death-bed repentance was not just the thing after all. It seemed to me that men ought to prepare to meet God while in health and strength. He recovered from his sickness, and had the opportunity of doing as he had promised,—to serve God; but as soon as he was well again he broke all the good promises he had made, and I suppose that he was more wicked than ever before. His name was Kelly. The other, whose name was Niles, died with delirium tremens. After a time Kelly was taken sick again, and again called upon God for mercy, but his prayers did not seem to avail, and he finally died as did the other, in the fearful pangs of delirium tremens. When I consider how they were taken and I was left, I feel to adopt the language of the poet :—

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

I believe if my associates had turned from their wickedness and obeyed God, when they had time and opportunity, that it would have been well with them; and had I continued in sin, my case would have been the same as theirs.

I had ever believed that there was a God, and that the Bible contained His truth to the children of men; and was often under deep conviction on account of my

sinful life. I clung to Universalism, hoping it might prove to be true; and yet I could not see how that and the Bible could both be true. What a specimen of human depravity I was; and yet there was a heart in me that desired better things. Just think for a moment,—a man of a family, whose house was furnished with Wheels of Fortune, Roulettes, Faro Banks, Dice Boards, and various packs of cards, prepared for different games. It is true I had a Bible, but that was purchased with money won at gambling. Yes, one day after spending a little time at cards, I went into the house and found there a colporteur with Bibles for sale; or, in case the people were not able to purchase, he would give them one. I told him I was able to buy. I had just returned from a game of cards, and had won money enough to pay him for the book, and made the purchase, telling him I thought it a good investment. He gave me a slight reproof, and went on.

CHAPTER VIII.

I continued gambling when and where opportunity presented. Notwithstanding my wickedness, I had many friends who used me well, and would sometimes talk to me about following this low and unlawful calling. I told them it was all right; if people chose to gamble they ought to have the privilege of doing so, and the law ought not to prevent them; that it was really just as honorable as other pursuits in which people were engaged to make money.

One General Training day, at the village of Addison, N. Y., I opened a game of dice, for the purpose of calling sporting men around me; knowing that those who continued to bet on the dice figures would lose their money. Soon a brisk game was worked up, and I was moving the money to my side of the board, when some one tapped me on the shoulder saying: "See here friend, I have a word to say to you." I stepped a little out of the crowd, and he said to me in a whisper: "There has been a complaint entered against you fellows, for disorderly conduct, and soon every gambler on the ground will be arrested. I tell you this as a stranger and a friend, and would advise you to close up and get out of sight as soon as possible," at the same time remarking, "I have seen you before and would

like to show you some *silk*," (meaning counterfeit bills.) I closed my trunk and put it in a wagon where it would be safe, then thought I would step on to a wagon and sell goods at auction for some of the peddlers that were near by, as almost any of them would employ me and pay me well for selling; but thinking that might be unsafe—that perhaps they would arrest me, knowing I had been gambling—I concluded I had better make myself a little scarce. I asked if there were any "Seven Up" players in the company who would like to step out one side and try his skill with a stranger, who knew just enough to lose his money and not whine about it. I found a customer at once, and we went into a grove near by, where we spent most of the day unnoticed by the authorities. I found my customer a very good one for me, as he had plenty of money and knew just enough about cards to lose it. Being fearful if I beat him too fast, that he would back out and give up the game before he lost much of his money, I baited him along till he was satisfied he was a full match for me, then luck seemed to turn in my favor, so that when we parted, he thought if we could play a little longer that luck would turn again in his favor, and he could win back some of the money he had lost. I thought he had lost about as much as he would without flaring up and making a fuss, so we closed the game in friendship, thinking we might meet again the next day.

It was nearly night when I returned from the game

with the stranger. I noticed the gaming tables were all removed, and the gamblers all missing—could not see one. Said I to my friend, "Where are they all?" He replied: "Over the River in the Justice's office, where you will soon be unless you get out of sight; they have been looking for you all day." I told him to take good care of my trunk and other things, (which I was sure he would do,) and I would start on and wait for him after I got a little out of town, or else get a ride with some one else. I started with a quick step. I had to cross the bridge near where my fellow gamblers were resting themselves in the court room, and while making my way on as fast as I could, through hope and fear, a stranger put his hand upon my shoulder, saying: "You are my prisoner; it is my duty to arrest you." I told him that was all right, that I believed in every man doing his duty. "Yes," said he, "that is correct, and I presume those fellows up there will be glad to see you among their number; perhaps you can get them clear." "Well," I replied, "what is going on? What does all this mean?" "Well," says he, "we will go up and see." I said, "I don't know how it will be with the rest, but I am sure they will not hold me long, and will be glad to let me go in peace; yes, in short metre." I did not, seemingly, feel the least embarrassment whatever; all I feared was the jail—money was no object with me just then. As we entered the room, there sat a number of sorrowful looking

fellows awaiting their trial, or examination. Perhaps it was the first time some of them had ever gambled, as they looked as though they had just come from their mother's smile, and they would never smile again. Then there were others who were doubtless more hardened in sin, and perhaps had ought to have been in jail long ago. I made myself as cheerful and bold as circumstances would allow, thinking I would make the best of the matter. A fine, I cared nothing about; but thought if the court should say go to jail, that I would a little rather be at home; but was determined to show a bold front as long as I could. I was presented before the Justice of the Peace, (or rather the piece of a justice) who asked me my name. Bowing good naturedly, I told him I wished to be excused from giving any answer at present, as I was under an arrest, and my counsel had told me if I was arrested, to answer no questions until he was present, and I simply asked him to let this matter rest until I could get my lawyer here; that as I understood the matter, all prisoners had the privilege of appearing with their counsel. He then asked me who I wished for counsel. I told him Delazon Sunderlin, Esq., of Barrington; that I would have him on hand by the time they would wish to open the court the next morning; that if they refused me this privilege, of course I should submit to their decisions; feeling assured that I could have the privilege of a rehearing. The Justice, Poor Master, and another fel-

low who I supposed to be the District Attorney, put their heads together as though they were in thoughtful counsel. I really thought they appeared as though they were more afraid of me than I was of them. This gave me courage to be still more bold and undaunted. I told them I requested this matter to be put over until eight o'clock the next morning; that I would pay the board bill for all the prisoners, and also pay all extra charges that such an adjournment would make to their honors. I also stated that, "these fellows who are under arrest are strangers to me, and whether they are guilty or not guilty I know not, neither do I know whether they are rich or poor, but in case they need means I intend to see that they have a fair trial. As for myself, I have no fears; if I have done an injury to any one, I am willing at once, to make the matter all right; that if I should be falsely imprisoned I should expect to have full satisfaction; that I was willing to sleep under the Sheriff's key, and presumed my associates were also; all that I wanted or expected, was that justice should be done to both parties, and I was fully satisfied that such would be the case, sooner or later."

I noticed there was some excitement prevailing with the Justice, the Complainant and the Attorney, while in consultation together. The Justice finally told me that it was my privilege to have counsel; that there were good counselors in the place, and one competent lawyer

in the room, and it was their opinion that with such counsel I should be content. I told them my lawyer was engaged by the year, and it would, therefore, cost me nothing to have him on this occasion; that I was willing to satisfy the honorable gentlemen for all the indulgence granted me.

About this time, some one whispered in my ear that the lawyer present would like to see me alone, and if I desired, the sheriff would conduct us to a private room. I accepted this proposal, and told the Justice I wished the privilege of counseling a few minutes with the lawyer who was present. We were shown to a private room, where I asked this counsel what the result of this matter would be. He replied that he did not think it would amount to much if properly managed. I told him I cared nothing for a fine, but did not like the idea of being sent to jail. He said there was no danger, that they were already scared, and he could close up the matter on short notice; that there was a real deficiency in the warrant, which, when clearly pointed out to them, they would not dare hold us another minute; that if they did, they would do it at their peril. I told him to "go in" and burst it up, and he should be remunerated for so doing. He said: "As soon as you are liberated you had better leave before they have time to get out another warrant." I thought his advice was good, and told him to go ahead; that I would not leave until all was right with him. We returned

to the court room and he informed the Justice that he now appeared as counsel for the prisoners, and should at once ask for their discharge; that whether they were guilty or not guilty, the warrant by which they were held was not legally executed, and he should insist that they be immediately discharged. He then pointed out the defect in the warrant, which he told them they could not fail to see, and the prisoners must be liberated, or they must proceed with the case. There was a paleness on the countenance of the Justice, and after whispering a little with his associates, with a trembling voice he said the prisoners now before him were discharged.

I then told my associates to put for home as fast as possible, and not tell their mothers what had happened, and ever after this be good children. Some of them offered to pay a portion of the expense. I told them there was nothing for them to pay, that it was all right, go ahead, and after this to keep in good company, so that they would not again, like poor Tray, have to suffer for being found among gamblers. I then returned with the lawyer to the adjoining room, and asked for his bill. "Well," said he, "under the circumstances about five dollars," which was paid at once. I then stepped out through another door, into the street through the crowd who surrounded me. The street was filled with carriages, and among them I saw a peddler, with whom I was not much acquainted, driving in

the right direction for me. I asked him if he could take a passenger. "Yes," said he, "with all my heart; you are the fellow I want to carry." I talked with him about the *music* of the day, and found him ignorant of what had been going on, and also a little *green*, so I thought I would not trouble him by relating the exciting scene I had just passed through. I asked him if the Woodfords were ahead or behind; he said "ahead." "Then," said I, "hurry up your old nag, and let us overtake them, and enjoy supper with them and we will have a fine time; then we'll call for 'Yaller legged chickens, butter on two plates, and sugar all over the floor.'" He asked if it would not be better to stop with some farmer; that it would not cost as much as at a hotel, and then we would have a quiet place. "O," said I, "peddlers ought always to patronize the hotels, get acquainted with the masses, and be a live man among them; that is the way to make money." "I think," said he, "that you are one of the Woodford's auctioneers. Your name, I think, is Dow—Lorenzo Dow." Said I: "Put on the junior, then you have the second edition in full,—that is what the people say; my parents don't know anything about it. He then said: "If you are not permanently engaged to the Woodfords, I would like to hire you to sell for me a few days." "What," said I, "sell gingerbread at auction? O, yes, I will do that for ten dollars a day. Will sell one card with the privilege of the load; per-

haps we may get hold of some *greenhorn* and sell him the load, then we will fill up with something else and have a big time making money." "Why," said he, "I am not a gingerbread peddler." "Was it not you that was hooting over a card of gingerbread, telling the people how sweet, how thick, and how good it was, and said it was made of very costly materials?" "No," said he, "that was not me. My leading article is friction matches, then I have some other notions which I think you can sell to good advantage, but I did not expect to pay an auctioneer ten dollars a day; is not that pretty high?" "O yes, too steep for anything but sweet cake. I will sell your matches for less, or what will be still better, I will learn you to do it, then you can make money so fast that you will need help to count it. Now before you commence selling take about two good drinks of black-strap, get an expert lad to make change, then straighten yourself up on your wagon; put your mouth on top of your head, and then commence halloing with all your might; tell the people you 'have found one more box of those Loco Foco, Thunder and Lightning, Fire and Brimstone Matches, such as were never known before; that they will strike fire at both ends and in the middle; that they were manufactured by the white squaws, on the plains of the Rocky Mountains; that this is their first trip through America, also that it is five hundred dollars fine and six months' imprisonment to burn a house or barn with

anything but these matches; that there is enough in this box to set the whole world on fire if you only begin at the right corner.' The people will come rushing around you, and, perhaps, will give you a dollar a box for those you ask only twenty-five cents for."

We soon came to the hotel where the peddlers and others had put up for the night, and were now about eight miles from Addison on our way to Jasper, the point for the next training. As soon as we arrived I joined with others in calling for such luxuries as we could afford,—paid no more attention to the match peddler, but associated with those who were more congenial. The supper bell rang, and the table was soon surrounded by hungry fellows. I had eaten nothing since morning, and my appetite for the extra chickens was quite good.

The scenes of the day had been rather exciting to me, so I indulged as freely as usual in the social glass, and was rejoicing at my good fortune in getting myself and others clear from fine or imprisonment after we had been arrested. I was enjoying quite a glee, when I saw the sheriff coming. I thought perhaps he was after me again, and, if so, I might not come off so well next time. I was quite fearful just now, but decided that I would not run, but make the best I could of the matter. I met the sheriff before he entered the room and asked if he had another warrant for me. He replied, "No sir. I guess they decided to do nothing

more about it." That "No sir" sounded good to me, for I supposed I would have to go back to Addison again; but finding all was quiet in that direction, I asked the sheriff who the complainant was in the case of those disorderly persons. He said he presumed it was the Poor Master. I took his name, thinking it might be duty to do something for him at some future day.

This was the first time in my life that I ever felt like doing any one a private injury. I felt revengeful toward this complainant,—thought he was a scamp, and ought to be punished in a way that would learn him to not arrest young sportsmen, until he had notified them that gambling was not allowed, then if the offenders would not withhold, let them be punished, but not for the sake of one-half the fine, pitch into those little fellows in such a brash way. But before it came in my way to do anything for him I embraced the religion of the Bible, and had no enmity in my heart.

CHAPTER IX.

After the trainings, horse races, and doings of this kind were passed for the year, I returned home to spend the winter with my family; thought I could occasionally attend a shooting match, or something of that kind. As it was a time of some religious interest, I prepared myself as well as I could for any campaign that might be engaged in. I made an extra effort to believe Universalism; visited my old friends of that order, and heard them talk. I borrowed and read their books. I read every author on that subject who came within my reach, such as Hosea Ballou, Adolphus Skinner, Balfour, Murray, and others. I would often visit those who were well posted on the subject and get all the arguments I could in favor of the doctrine. I tried to believe it, and at times it would seem to me to be all right; then doubts would arise in my mind, and I could not satisfy myself that it would do to trust in Universalism. While professing to believe it when conversing with its enemies, I would, when conversing with its friends and advocates, express my doubts of its truth. A doctor, who was quite a noted man, was my principal adviser on the subject. He told me that I would not become a Universalist at once; that it needed time and meditation; that they

did not make converts with a rush, as the Orthodox do. I finally became a strong advocate of the doctrine, helped to sustain its preachers, and invited them to our place to preach. An arrangement was made with the friends at Andrews Hollow to have Mr. Miles, who was preaching there regularly once a month, come over and spend a Sunday at our place (Kendell Hollow). The appointment was given out to be at the schoolhouse, as the trustees of the meeting-house refused to let such men occupy the pulpit. I supposed, of course, that Mr. Miles himself would be there, and would probably come over on Sunday morning with the friends from the Andrews Settlement; and as he was engaged there by the year, I did not suppose it was going to cost us anything extra to have him spend a Sunday with us.

On Saturday in the afternoon some friends were at our house who were rather wide-awake, and we were making quite a noise, when a rap was heard at the door. I became as quiet as possible, and opened the door, when I was met by a large, portly man, who asked me if Mr. Alderman lived there. "That is my name," was the reply. "Well," said he, "my name is Ackley. I am a Universalist minister from Geneva, and have come to fill some appointments which I understand have been made for Brother Miles." He was welcomed and his horse cared for; then I was ready for religious conversation. I listened to all he

had to say, and watched him closely to see if I could discover any real, vital piety about him. Before we retired the Bible was handed to him, with the request that he should read a chapter and pray with us, which was done without any seeming hesitation on his part. The same exercises were repeated in the morning. I asked his views on some of the parables and other portions of Scripture which I thought did not favor Universalism. He said that all these seeming objections to the final happiness of all men could be swept away.

Sunday morning was clear and beautiful. My anxiety for a good attendance of the right kind of people was great. Soon the people began to come together for morning service, and soon a company made their appearance composed of "rag, shag and bobtail," with Billy I. Coon (a man of low and reckless habits,) at their head. This grieved me, as they were not exactly the class that I wished for, and yet they had the appearance of those who were "coming up through tribulation and sorrow." Soon, however, there were others coming in their carriages from Tyrone Village and Wayne, who were people of rank and standing; and then came the friends from Reading and Andrews Settlement.

This array of carriages and persons was splendid, and I then thought that I was surrounded by friends of whom no one need be ashamed. I was soon informed that this preacher had not come merely to fill

Mr. Miles' appointment, as we had expected, but was on his own expense, and it would be our duty to pay him. It was proposed that a collection be taken for that purpose; and as I was young in this cause, I told my older friends that they might excuse me from taking any active part in this matter, and arrange it as they thought proper. The collection was taken, but I was quiet in the matter.

The preacher made some very good remarks in his discourse, some rather happy points and turns, and some peculiar applications; but it all failed to fully satisfy me that Universalism was true. Before the preacher left he informed me that he had not received as much as he really ought to have; but notwithstanding, whenever we wished him to come again, and could raise the same amount that he had now received, and give him timely notice, he would visit us again; then taking his leave, left me to ponder upon what had been said and done. A few weeks later, I was in Geneva on business. There was a circus there that day, and I noticed among the people who were assembling to witness the exhibition, our old friend Mr. Ackley, who seemed to be as merry and as much interested in the doings of the day as others who were strolling about, prior to the opening of the exhibition. I really thought that was not a proper place for a minister of the gospel, and passed by without stopping to tell him that one of his brethren from Steuben County was

there. This circumstance did not at all strengthen my faith in the doctrine I was advocating.

Afterwards, when I met my special friend, the doctor, I remarked to him that I had tried hard to become a true convert to Universalism ; but must confess that I did not make much proficiency ; that when compared with those passages of Scripture which had been selected by their leaders, it looked quite reasonable ; but when compared with the Bible taken as a whole, I could not reconcile it to my own satisfaction. He remarked : “ You read the Bible too much ; you ought to read that less, and other books more, and exercise your own judgment by meditating upon the subject.”

I thought as my fate, with all others, was fixed, that I would still advocate my favorite doctrine. Sometimes, when in warm discussion, presenting arguments that could not be gainsayed by my opponent, I would almost feel that it really was correct ; then when alone in meditation, I felt my arguments were plausible, but not sound. I courted controversy with all who wished to talk upon the subject.

A cousin of mine from the East was at our place on a visit. He was a ready talker, and I often felt that I would like to draw him out on the subject of religion. I knew well enough that he was not a professor, but was anxious to know what peculiarities he might have in this direction. One day I presented some of my strong points in favor of Universalism. He laughed at

me, and said that he had something better; that this religion was all "bosh." I found him to be an infidel of the Tom Payne school, and well posted. He said I might name any paragraph I pleased in the Bible, containing a statement, and he would find something on the next page to prove it false. I listened to his arguments and ideas against the Bible, and found that he was a match for almost any one who would oppose him in argument. There was not difference enough in our theories to make us enemies, or for us to quarrel about; therefore we were hale fellows, well met, and were able to compete with the pious and godly in all the arguments they could present. If I could not whip my antagonist with Universalism, he would open his batteries of infidelity upon him, and *vice versa*, if he could not succeed in affirming that the Bible was false and contradictory, I would acknowledge its truthfulness, and try to show that it taught the salvation of all men.

In the midst of our glory there was a revival of religion in our place. The three denominations there, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist, all joined in a union effort for the salvation of souls. I paid but little attention to the meeting, but braced myself against its influences, defending myself, of course, when I was interrogated upon the subject. I played cards one afternoon with Mr. Harford (the man who stole the pies) when we were so near the church that we

could hear the congregation sing and talk, while they were exhorting one another, and warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come. I soon won Harford's money and his jack-knife ; then lent him money and won that, till I was satisfied that he owed me more than he would ever pay.

He seemed rather sad about his afternoon's work, and told me to keep his cards until he paid me. As we parted, he said : "I am going to meeting to-night and get religion." "All right," I replied, "remember me in your prayers," supposing it was all a joke. The next morning I heard that Harford got religion—come out all clear and bright. This produced a rather peculiar sensation upon my mind, as I expected every minute that he would be down to preach to me, and, under the circumstances, I was not anxious to see him ; but instead of his coming where I was, I noticed that he rather shunned me. This gave me reasons to think that his piety was not very deep.

About this time my wife was taken ill, by some supposed to be dangerously ill. I did not think that she would die, yet I felt a little uneasy about it. One day one of the ministers called on us, in company with Mr. H., who still owed me, and whose cards I yet retained. This was the first opportunity I had had of speaking with him since he had become pious, and I thought there was more hypocrisy than piety about him. The minister talked very pleasantly for a few

minutes, then asked if there would be any objection to his talking with Mrs. A. I assured him there would be none on my part in case he would say nothing to excite her, as the physician had directed that she should be kept as quiet as possible. The minister said that he only wished to speak a few words with her, as he did not think that she ought, at present, to talk much or get excited on any subject. He spoke a few words with her in a kind and social way. I began to like him pretty well, but had no more idea of embracing religion than I had of going to Joppa. He asked if I would have any objection to his praying with us. I replied not any. He then asked me if I would kneel down while he prayed. "Yes," was my reply, "if that will be any accommodation to you." I presume I should have knelt if he had said nothing about it.

After he closed his prayer, he asked me to pray. I told him that was out of my line of business, and I should do no such thing. Said he: "Say our Father Who art in Heaven." I arose from my knees feeling that he was pressing the matter quite too far according to my notion of the way to serve God, and told him if he wanted any more praying done to set Harford at it. H. refused to pray, and thus this scene ended, and the visitors left. I noticed the preacher went across the way to where my father was, and had some conversation with him. By-and-bye father came in smiling, and said he had heard some good news.

"That is good. What is the news, father?" "Why," said he, "I have been told that you and Martha are going to engage in the service of the Lord, and be good Christians." "Who told you that? Did that minister who called on us tell you?" The answer was that he did. This made me mad. I told father I had made no such promise; that I used the preacher as well as I knew how, and if this was their style, to go away and lie about a fellow, I did not want them to call on me very often. I had, seemingly, all sorts of feelings towards that man but pleasant ones. A few days later, as I sat reading the Bible, this same minister opened the door a little way, as if he was about to enter. With a broad grin upon his face, he says: "You are reading a good book." I remarked: "Truly!" He then exclaimed: "I feel that the Spirit of the Lord is here!" This remark stirred my feelings, and my reply was perhaps too rash and hasty. I told him "if the Spirit of the Lord is here, all right; but I don't want you here." He asked if I meant that. I told him, "Yes, sir," and he quietly withdrew. I have never been able to really satisfy my mind why a man professing so much goodness should conduct himself in this way. It only strengthened me in my skepticism, and furnished an argument against the validity of professed Christianity.

Thus scenes moved along about as noted above for a year or two. During the time I bought a small house

and lot adjoining the one where my wife's parents lived, of which I had owned a share. We were now in our new little home, with our little son, who was about two years old. The little fellow had some idea of cards, for not much else had been brought before his mind, and I was learning him to play as fast as his infant mind could comprehend the matter.



TAKEN AT THE AGE OF 24 YEARS.

CHAPTER X.

During the winter of 1842 there was another effort made by the religious people of the place, for a grand revival of religion ; and the prospect seemed fair for a great work in that direction. A man called Crazy Adams, a great revivalist, had recently held a series of meetings at Tyrone Village, where many had made a profession of religion ; and some rather strong and influential men, living in and near our place, had been down to the meeting and come out pious, who were now ready to give their testimony in favor of Christianity, and against the way they had been living, and in which I was still living. I revisited my Universalist friends to get all the new arguments I could ; also re-read their books in my possession, to prepare myself for the campaign. I heard that one evening, in my absence, my wife went forward in the meeting. I did not mention it to her, but used my influence to keep her away, that her head might become settled and level. Father Conklin had purchased and moved on to a farm, about one and a half miles from our little town. My infidel cousin was with us again, but now spent the most of his time with my brother next older than myself, who lived one mile from us, on the road to Tyrone Village. As for him, he never said much for or against religion.

(Allow me here to say that, years afterward, my cousin professed religion, and joined the Baptist Church somewhere in the western part of the State.) I attended the meeting often; was as bold as a lion, and as saucy as a rattlesnake; was in for argument with the best of them, and, in fact, think I become rather a nuisance, as they did not seem anxious to say much to me, but rather passed me by with contempt, as though I was "joined to my idols," and they would "let me alone." The revival continued to spread all through our region of country. I braced myself up the best I could, preparing myself for any emergency. Thought perhaps the minister would call on us, to look more especially after my wife, for I concluded by this time they would have no hopes of her without making farther effort, and I decided in my own mind if they came I would use them well, but if they stayed long, would tell them I had to work for a living, and would give them an invitation to cut a little wood from some hard and knotty logs; but they did not call on us, so my reputation was saved in this direction.

While thus standing out against the truth, and pointing out all the imperfections and inconsistency of church members, thus shaking their black sheep at them; and magnifying the honor, kindness and uprightness of many who made no profession of religion,—often pointing to Father Conklin, John Washburn and others, as examples of honesty and integrity—the news came that

there was a revival of religion at Hall's Corners, about two and one-half miles from us, and one mile beyond where father lived, among the Christians; that father and mother, Uncle Abe Clark and wife, and others, had gone forward in that meeting, and some of them had already professed religion. I thought this was rather brash, as I had perplexity enough before, and now what was to be done? I concluded I would just go up there and upset that arrangement, that I would! I asked my wife if she would like to go up to her father's; she replied that she would be very glad to, if we had a conveyance.

There was a merchant living in the house that we had formerly occupied—a Methodist Class Leader,—who had recently come from the East, who kept a horse and buggy. As he could do nothing more than refuse, I asked for the horse and buggy, but there was no refusal. As soon as I told him where I wanted to go, he said at once that I could have it. "For," said he, there is the place that I want you to go to meeting; those preachers up there will riddle you through and through!" This did not ease my mind at all. "Why," said I, "they are nothing more than 'Whitewashed Infidels,' are they?" He replied, "I am acquainted with those people East, and they are a good people. Their preachers have got the vim in them, and if they are the same here that they are there, they will soon start your ideas, and set you a going in the right direction." This

did not cause me to feel any better, but I was still determined to go up there and "kick up" some sort of a dust. I looked over my arguments, as I may say, "packed up my kit," put in my Devil Killer so that I might be able to "destroy the Devil and all his works," then put in my Pontoon Bridge, so that I could run across the gulf, and started on my way; feeling, I presume, something as did Saul of Tarsus, when he started for Damascus to persecute the followers of Christ. I was for war; was not going to wait for them to commence at me, but was going to "pitch in" as soon as I got among them. The idea of their taking such a course as this, when we were having good meetings regularly at Andrews Hollow, and they among the chief supporters of said meeting. I thought that it was neither noble nor manlike to take such a course as they were then pursuing, and that they ought to be rasped a little, and I would give them "Hail Columbia," then go up to the meeting and let those fanatics know there was one fellow yet, that they could not fool nor scare, if they were strong men from the East.

When I drove up to the door of father's house, (that is, my wife's father,) he was absent, but mother was there looking so pleasant and good natured, and seeming so glad to see us, at the same time treating us so kindly, that it required some one with a harder heart than mine, to declare war under such circumstances, so I concluded I would be pleasant, too, till father came,

then I would tell him what was what, in a hurry, and try to learn him better than to be so hoodwinked by those shallow, fanatical preachers, as to renounce such a glorious doctrine as he had previously advocated. But the tug of war had not yet come with me. Bye and bye father came in, just as pleasant as a man could be, smiling as he approached me, and shaking hands, perhaps for the first time, with me. My courage failed me; my heart was not hard enough to pitch battle with such friends as these. I thought my best plan was to retire and lie in ambush awhile, until there was something said by them that would afford me a good opportunity to open my batteries on them.

But why should I wish to injure the feelings of those who were so kind to me? Because the spirit of the Evil One had possession of my heart. I thought, of course, we would not talk long before something would be said about the meetings at Hall's Corners, and then I would have an opportunity of freeing my mind. After a little talk father said they were having some excellent meetings at the Corners and perhaps we would like to attend. This I thought was the time to do my duty by showing that I was ready for battle. "Yes," I remarked, "they say they are turning things all topsy turvy up there; don't think I had better go, for I don't know much now, and don't want to be deprived of what little I do know, and become a shallow fool." I thought I would now wait and see what he would say to that,

supposing of course, there would be some reply made by which the way would be opened for further remarks, such as I should feel disposed to make, or else I would have the privilege of listening to an exhortation by a new-born babe. I did not much care which it would be, any way to get the matter a going, but to my surprise, there were no harsh words said, nor exhortation given. I did not suppose the combat was going to end here, and thought if nothing more, I would be urged to attend the meetings; but nothing of the kind.

Father pleasantly replied that we would all stay at home and have a good visit, as we had not been there in a long time. Here I was beaten again at my own game. I had come expressly to attend the meeting, the horse and buggy had been furnished for that purpose, and now it was all smooth and nice for us to stay at home. What course to pursue now I could not tell, as I found it was not an easy matter to fight with those who had no fight in them. As the evening drew nigh I remarked to father that I guessed we had better go to meeting, that Martha would like to go,—in fact, we came up for that purpose, and I had decided that I would go along to. “O well then, if you and Martha want to go, we will hitch to the ‘carryall’ and all go together.” I was not at all satisfied with my afternoon’s labor, but could not, as yet, see a chance to make any improvement. At the time appointed for meeting, we were there. I took my seat back in the “Sinner’s

Corner,"—braced myself up, folded my arms, and felt to say: "Now fire your big gun as soon as you please, you can't phase me, and after meeting if there is any chance I will say a few things to—enough to let you know that you are not yet wiser than all the nations of the earth." The preaching had not yet commenced and there was a man standing in front of the desk wearing a blue coat with large metal buttons, singing "Babylon is fallen." He sang well, but did not look to me as though there was much preach in him. This man, as I afterwards learned, was Benjamin Haines.

When the preaching was to commence, the tall, noble form of Elder Ezra Marvin, appeared in the desk. He announced for his text the following words: "These are they which come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb"—Rev. vii. 14. He preached the sermon through without saying Hell or Devil. I had no use at all for my weapons of warfare, as there was nothing for me to fight; had no use for my Devil Killer nor Pontoon Bridge. I knew I was whipped, but determined not to own it. While passing through his remarks he said: "Those who are now rejoicing in white robes were once the inhabitants of this earth, as we now are, but their robes have been washed, and they were now singing with the Angels and waving palms of victory amidst the triumphant harpings of the blest." When he uttered this paragraph there was something seemed

to strike me like electricity, that I was not fit for such a place as he described—no, far from it. When the meeting closed I thought we would call this a “draw game,” and if they would let me alone, I would them; that I would now go home about my business, and if the people all wanted to become pious, let them “go it.” On our way down after meeting, I was asked how I liked the sermon. My reply was that I had heard better ones, but I did not try to tell when.

The next morning I went home, but that sermon seemed to be preached to me; the echo still sounded on my ears. There was an arrow in my heart. I considered this matter candidly when alone, and well knew that I ought to be a different and better man, and why should I be so stubborn, so unwise, as to reject mercy when it was so kindly offered? What would all my honor, pride and egotism prevail in the dying day? My mind became tender, even to tears, when I reflected on the love of Jesus and what he had done for those who, like myself, had “sinned with a high hand, and an outstretched arm.” I felt that I was “almost persuaded to be a Christian,” and thought I would go into the house and speak one encouraging word to my wife, by informing her that I thought it would be well for us to be Christians, but when I entered the house I did not say any such thing, but was careful to conceal every serious feeling and appear as though my mind was not exercised on the subject at all.

The next morning I commenced to sing, "O that my load of sin was gone, etc." My wife looked at me saying, "I wish it was." I then commenced sputtering at her, saying it was strange that I could not hum an old hymn in a pious tune, without her making such an application of it, and bringing it so near home, when I was only in fun.

My conviction increased, and it was with some effort that I could hold up my head or conceal my seriousness. In fact, my head was pretty well down and, perhaps, my face covered with my hands, when in came my brother who made no profession, accompanied by Cousin James, the "Tom Payne" man. Surely I must now straighten up and be cheerful, or they will notice my seriousness. I put on as cheerful a countenance as circumstances would allow, that they might not notice that I had been in deep contemplation with regard to my soul's salvation. "Well, Ol.," said one of them, "they say you have been up to the big meeting at Hall's Corners; how are things looking up there?" I replied that there was no chance for game there; then to let them know that I was "true blue" yet, I swore. Never in my life did an oath sound like that before. It seemed as though it might be heard at least half a mile. They soon left, but had gone only a few rods before I wished they knew my feelings in full on this subject, but I had not courage enough to call to them, so they passed on and were soon out of sight.

The crisis had now come with me, and something must be done. The honest inquiry of my mind was, "What shall I do?" The thought suggested itself to my mind that, after all, there might not be any reality in religion; that if there was, Universalism must be correct, as it looked more reasonable than any other doctrine; at the same time I had become satisfied that it was less scriptural. Now it is a fact that some preachers have been base hypocrites, and may be they all are; if not, they may be woefully deceived; then the imperfections of professors were again spread out in my view; but all this did not save me, nor give me a hope of salvation beyond the dark grave, that I could feel was true and steadfast.

I finally came to this conclusion: that I would go to the meeting again; that I would go that night; would take my wife with me if I could get a conveyance; I would go forward and would do every thing they requested of me; then if I found that consolation that they told so much about, or experienced a hope that I could rely upon, all right; but I would be careful not to be deceived in this matter, and suppose I was a Christian when I was not; but if there was any visible change, so that I could be satisfied that all was well with me, I would be thankful and give God the glory; but if I did not experience anything of the kind, I would just tell them what I thought of them, then quietly take my leave and trouble them no more,

thinking this would satisfy my mind so that it would be at rest, so far as religion was concerned.

I feared if Joseph was asked to furnish horse and buggy for me to attend the meetings again, that he would give me another stab under the fifth rib, and I would not know what to say. I then asked Martha if she would like to visit her parents again and attend the meetings. Her reply was that she was willing to go, and she seemed pleased with the idea, but thought we would have an opportunity of informing father of our wishes, when he would come down and convey us up. I did not feel much like waiting; was like Bunyan's Christian when he would escape out of the City of Destruction,—anxious to be on my way, as I felt there was no time to be lost. I ventured to ask Joseph again to furnish conveyance, to which he replied: "Yes, and I will send up a boy to drive the horse back, and you can stay as long as you please; hope you will come back all right."

We were soon on our way. Found our folks bright and cheerful as before. The evening came and we were at the meeting again, I in the Sinner's Corner, but with a determination to go forward when the invitation was given. As I looked around the room I noticed Mr. Haines was there, but saw nothing of Elder Marvin, who was the man I wanted to hear preach; did not think that Haines was the man to interest me; had no anxiety to hear him, and feared the meeting, so far as I was concerned, would be a failure.

The time for preaching came, and Elder Marvin took the desk. My anxiety was great to hear what he would have to say this time. He arose and read the following text: "And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent; because he hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given full assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead."—Acts xxx., 31. I felt like rising and telling him that he had read his text wrong. I thought I knew all the passages where the judgment was referred to, but this sounded to me different from anything I had ever read. "Appointed a *day* in the which he will judge the world." This must surely be a new version, for God is judging the world all the time,—every day. As he proceeded with his discourse, the judgment appeared in a different light to me from what it formerly had. He dwelt a little upon "the day," remarking that it was not *days*, but "*a day*." I wondered who had been telling him about me, and thought that it was not gentlemanly for him to preach his whole discourse to me when there were so many others present who ought to have a portion.

Soon after the meeting commenced in came Wm. Hill and sat down by my side. I thought at that time I would rather see any other man in the world than him; had much rather he had stopped at some other place.

Only a few days had passed since we were together at the races at Liberty Corners. He appeared like a mountain to me, and I began to think I would not go forward now, but would wait till a "more convenient season," when my old associates were not present. While these thoughts were revolving in my mind, the resolution I had formed also arose, and I renewed it, in the language of Rebecca to the servant in pursuit of a bride for Isaac, "I will go." Supposing I would feel ashamed and be embarrassed when I made the move, I only wished that I was there, and thought if I could move in such a manner that no one would see me I would be content; but how could I get forward through this crowded house without the congregation all seeing me, and some of them would say: "There, just see; there goes Ol. Alderman! He is just going forward to make fun." This was quite a cross to me. In looking over my route I thought that when the congregation arose to sing that I would pass up between two seats until I was opposite the seat I wished to occupy, then I would pass through the crowd so that few only would notice me. The sermon closed, and the invitation was given for all those, "however wicked they have been, who wish to become Christians by seeking the Lord and obeying Him, to come forward and kneel for the benefit of prayer." It seemed impossible for me to get up, I was so heavy; it seemed that I weighed a ton. I made the effort, and arose

without shame or fear, neither was I any longer embarrassed. I walked to the place pointed out in front of the desk, and sat down with as much composure as though I was in my father's house.

In a moment Wm. Hill was by my side. Well, thought I, some good done, for I have influenced Hill to come forward after he came so near influencing me not to go. I am here, but what of it; shall not get any religion this time, for my conviction is gone. Then I tried to feel bad, but could not; was glad the effort was made, but what the result would be was more than I could tell. By this time I had entirely given up the idea of "blowing them up" by telling them they were hypocrites or wofully deceived; felt that it was all right,—that I should not go back at any rate—but how I should become a Christian, or whether I should ever be one, was for the future to reveal; felt that "the way of the transgressor was hard;" that I did not wish to continue in sin any longer, neither would I. When the time for prayer came we were all asked to kneel before God and seek his saving grace; in humble penitence to ask, in the name of Jesus, for the forgiveness of our sins. I knelt with others. The first prayer was offered by a Mr. Ensley, called by many Father Ensley. No doubt but he was a good man, but I did not like him; thought he was no advantage to the meeting, as he was so slow of speech, lengthy in his remarks, and peculiar in his manners. I

listened to his supplication before the Throne, which was commenced something after this manner:—"O Lord Jehovah of Hosts, Thou who destroyed the antediluvian world, led the children of Israel through the Red Sea, and burnt up Sodom," etc. Well, thought I, that is all true no doubt, but it is not what I want just at this time. My desire was to be led in the way that Jesus went,—the way to glory. After a few prayers were offered we arose, and the converts spoke in honor of the cause of God. Some of them seemed to be happy. Some of the seekers expressed a desire for salvation. I thought I ought to arise and tell the people that I was sick of sin, but something seemed to say, that will do no good; don't try to talk till you have something to say. I did not know at this time that this was a suggestion of the Satanic Majesty. The meeting closed without my saying a word. Had I at that time told the people I was sick of sin, no doubt it would have been a benefit to me; perhaps I should have "went on my way rejoicing." Night after night I attended the meeting and went forward, but not a word did I say either in or out of the meeting with regard to the cause I was pursuing. Sometimes I thought I was such a great sinner that I could not be forgiven; that I had sinned away the day of grace and must be lost. At other times I felt that if I would do my duty and obey God, that all would be well; that I had better put this off for a while; that it would be easier bye-and-

bye; that I would then know better how to proceed. There was a speculation that I had been considering previous to my attending the meeting, and it was suggested that it would be better for me to go and effect that; then I would have a few more dollars to help myself with, and would then attend to the salvation of my soul. I had nearly made the decision to attend to the speculation first, and was thinking about getting ready to start, when there was an impression on my mind that this might be the last opportunity I would ever have of preparing to meet my God in peace. It seemed that the impression was as strong as though I had heard an audible voice saying: "This speculation will cost your soul." I halted, considered a moment, and was then ready to say: "God be merciful to me a sinner!" As the day passed I renewed old resolutions and formed new ones, and felt deeply the necessity of salvation,—felt my nothingness and wickedness before God. The evening came and I was at the meeting again, feeling that my destiny was sealed; that I could never sing songs with angels around the throne of God, nor rejoice with the General Assembly of the Church of the First Born in heaven; but down to ruin I must go, where the dark billows of death are continually rolling, and there take up with the sad lamentation: "The harvest is past, the summer ended, and my soul is not saved." While this dark and dismal thought seemed to bear me down, there was a light

came flitting across my mind, when the words of Paul were quoted, as follows: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." If the chief of sinners can be saved, why not I? I will still strive to seek and love the Lord; and if I am lost, will go down to ruin asking God to have mercy upon me. I felt to adopt the language of the poet:—

I can but perish if I go
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

The meeting passed without my making any public demonstration of my feelings or resolutions. I felt that I could not say a word. I retired to enjoy the slumber of the night, and after sleeping awhile awoke, praying to God for mercy. My prayer seemed to be, "Lord show me my situation, that I may know how vile I am." It seemed that darkness, like a cloud, rose up before me, continuing to grow darker and darker. I thought what a mountain of sin rolls up between me and God, and hides me from the smiles of the loving Saviour. I exclaimed, "It is enough! God be merciful to me, and, if possible, in the name of Jesus forgive me all my sins, that I may adore thy great and holy name." A light seemed to break forth above the cloud, and there appeared Jesus, the friend of sinners, and my sins were forgiven. "Old things had passed away, and behold

all things were new." My mind was calm and serene, and, for the first time in my life, I felt willing to die. Soon I dropped into a slumber and felt that I knew what it was to sleep sweetly.

When I awoke, the darkness of the night had passed away, and the morning had dawned; everything I beheld looked lovely, and I felt that I ought to give glory to God, to fall upon my knees and praise His excellent name for what He had done for me; "that my feet had been taken from the miry clay and placed upon the rock;" that now a song of praise should be given to the great and good Lord. But here came the tempter saying: "Don't make any fuss about this matter just yet; wait awhile till you find out what all this means; you know you said you did not mean to be deceived in this matter, and think you had religion when you had not, and not only deceive yourself but others. You have had quite a pleasant dream; the vision of the night has been sweet to you, and if you want to thank God for anything, let it be for your pleasant dreams. How you would look down here on your knees, when you have so often thought that many who are hypocrites, are seen praying. Have you not often said that you would make no pretensions to religion, until you were sure that you enjoyed it? Are you willing so soon, to accept of this, which is no more than a vision of the night, and tell the people you are converted?" "No," said I, "I will do no such thing; I will make no profession

till I have something more than a midnight dream." I arose, dressed myself and went out of the room without bowing before God, as I ought to have done. As I stepped out of the house and looked upon the face of Nature, it appeared more lovely than ever before. It seemed that I could look beyond Nature up to Nature's God. I hoped that, by and by, I might be brought into the kingdom of God. As the day passed, I had some hope and some fear, but my heart was fixed: I was determined to not give over the struggle, but continue to seek God until I found mercy and peace, and could say that "Christ's yoke is easy, and his burden light." Thus another day passed in neglect of duty.

When the evening came and the people assembled, I felt that I did not wish to sit in the Sinner's Corner any longer, nor back with the Congregation of the Unrighteous, during the service. I seated myself among the Saints near the desk. O how much I wanted to be a Christian; how I desired to have this hard and obdurate heart melted down in humble contrition before God. I wished that I could feel as I did in the morning when I first awoke from my slumber; that if I could feel thus again, I would say something in favor of God and his cause. I now felt that I did wrong in the morning; that I ought, at least, to have thanked the Lord for the preservation of my life through the night, and also asked him to have mercy on me. Great drops of perspiration stood on my brow, and my soul yearned

for the living Christ. A change came over me. I felt that my load of sin was gone and that I now had faith in Jesus; that he was "The chiefest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely." I wiped the perspiration from my face, and as I looked upon the people, I thought it was the best looking congregation I ever saw. Never in all my life did I see people look so good. I looked up at Elder Marvin. There he stood, the man of God, telling the truth of heaven to the people; it seemed that God was talking through him to those who listened. "His face shown as the face of an Angel." And there was Father Ensley, how good he looked—that man that I had hated with a perfect hatred. His beard was long for those days, but he looked like a new man. Sure, thought I, there is a change somewhere, for Father Ensley don't look as he did before. He either looked different, or else my vision was somewhat changed, and I believed the change was in me. Yes, my eyes were opened, and I could see clearer than ever before. I felt to say, "Bless God," and thought as soon as the sermon was closed there would be a witness on the floor for Jesus.

When the sermon was finished the congregation immediately commenced singing. How sweet those voices sounded as they joined in singing praise to God. I struck in to sing with those who were tuning their voices high, with melody to the Lamb who was slain for us, when all at once it seemed that I had made a

great blunder by singing. Then came the tempter again, saying: "What, you singing? You are a pretty fellow to get up here among the saints and try to sing, and thus disturb the public assembly. You ought to be ashamed." Well, I was ashamed, and sat down at once and looked all around the room to see if the people were not laughing at me. Then I covered my face with my hands and handkerchief, thinking I had done very wrong to disturb the meeting. Under this state of feeling, of course, I had nothing to say.

I knelt in time of prayer, and the minister and others prayed so that I knew who they meant. They seemed to say, "thou art the man." After prayer many arose and spoke of the goodness of God, but I was not among the number; had nothing to say. The minister, for the first time, spoke directly to me. Putting his hand upon my head, he said: "Friend, you have been forward here a number of nights, and, we trust, for good. We have tried to instruct you in the way to everlasting life, and have prayed that God would have mercy on you. Now if you have found favor with God and peace in believing, it is your duty to speak in honor of his cause; if you have not, by arising and telling your feelings and determinations, you may be blest at once." I shook my head, and the minister passed on without farther remarks. After meeting was closed, Bro. John Sellon spoke to me as he took me by the hand, saying: "How are you get-

ting along?" I told him I was making out big; guessed I should come out all straight, and tried to turn the matter off as though there was nothing uncommon with me. "Why," said he, "I thought once this evening you were converted; you looked so good when you raised your head and wiped the perspiration from your face. I certainly thought God had blessed you." "Well," I replied, "that is so, but the Devil has cheated me out of it." How strange it seemed to me that I should be talking about the Devil in this way. Bro. S. remarked: "He is an old and great liar, and has cheated me out of many blessings. Now go to praying again and do your duty, and you will overcome all his temptations and suggestions, and get a complete victory over the powers of darkness." "Praying again." How does he know I have been praying? I replied that I would do the best I could, then passed on and out of the house. I then felt all right—light as a cork; thought I would like to run, clap my hands, and praise God as I went. I hurried on ahead of my company, as I wanted to be alone with Jesus. Now I felt sure when an opportunity offered I could readily speak of the goodness of God, and tell of the love of Jesus. Mother did not attend meeting that evening, so I thought I would hurry home and tell her what God had done for me. Yes, she should be the first one to hear the good news; the first to hear me speak forth the praises of God.

I enjoyed this train of thought until I stepped upon the stoop. There I was met again by him who goes about like a roaring lion. "Hold on, don't go in now and tell your wife's mother a lie the first thing after you come from meeting; hold on a little now. You have thought two or three times before that you had experienced religion, but it proved to be nothing but imagination; nothing real about it." I thought that was a good idea. It would be awful to tell a lie after I had started out to seek Jesus; so I entered the house and held my peace until mother asked where the rest of the family were, and if we had a good meeting. I told her the folks would soon be along, that the meeting was very good, the interest increasing, and that others were coming forward. Soon father and other members of the family came in. "Well," said father, "this meeting is doing a world of good. Many came forward to-night for the first time, and they had to prepare another seat for the seekers." I wanted to express my feelings, but feared if I made the effort I should say something that I ought not to say; perhaps would weep, and thus betray my weakness; but thought I would let them know in some way that I felt that I was upon the Lord's side. The water pail stood on a bench in the corner of the room; thought I would go there and take the dipper near my mouth, then would speak if I could; and if I could not, would make them believe I had choked myself endeavoring to

drink. When the cup was in a proper position, I spoke and said : "Some of those fellows may have my anxious seat now, as I shall not use it any more." Mother said, with a look of sadness, "Why, Oliver ! I am sorry." Said I, "What are you sorry for ?" "O," she said, "you have been so rude and wild I was in hopes you would go on in the good way in which you have started." I told her I guessed that would be all right. I soon retired, feeling that God had pardoned me ; that I now had a hope beyond the grave. I said to my wife, "I have experienced religion." She replied : "So has the old dog, just as much ;" then she said, "I wish you had." I then talked to her in such language that she was soon satisfied that her once wicked husband was now a child of grace,—“that old things had passed away and all things had become new.” She called out to her father, saying, "Oliver is converted, I am sure." "Bless the Lord," said father ; "give God the glory." I then felt that I would like to get up and praise the Lord aloud for his wonderful works to the children of men, and especially, for what he had done for me. Soon I was in a sweet slumber, and when I awoke the Eastern horizon had opened her windows and sent forth the light. It was truly a peaceful and blest morning to me. All was calm and lovely, and my peace was like a river. When I arose from my couch I bowed upon my knees and praised the Lord. After my short devotion before the throne, I

passed out at the door. It almost seemed like a new world. Nature never appeared so lovely to me before ; everything, seemingly, was praising God. I no longer hesitated to tell all I saw, that I was happy in Christ, my Saviour.

The news went as on wings of the wind that Ol. Alderman was converted ; as it were from Dan to Beersheba, the echo sounded. I was not ashamed of it, for I wanted the world to know it. I was afterwards informed that no one had any confidence in my sincerity ; that they all, with one consent, said he means nothing good. Elder Marvin was informed that I was such a scapegrace that I dared to do anything ; that I was just going forward in the way I did for some selfish object, they could not themselves tell what.

After breakfast I went over among my old associates at the Andrews Settlement to tell them that, "Whereas I once was blind, now I could see." I went across the lots and through the woods, often bowing before God in prayer and praise. It seemed that the enemy fled before me ; my path was clear, there were no lions in the way. It sometimes seemed as though I could almost see the enemy before me, but he would keep out of my way. It was a great satisfaction for me to talk with my old associates of the goodness of God ; and it seemed strange that they could not see how much better it was to serve God than to be living in sin. They

offered the same arguments that I had used for years, but they amounted to nothing with me, for I had already enjoyed all that such arguments afforded. I now knew for myself that there was joy and consolation in serving God ; and I loved to talk of his goodness, feeling confident that when the evening meeting came I should be a bold witness for Him who died upon the Cross. As the people assembled for service, I took my seat again among those who professed to be Christians,—not exactly where I was the evening before, but a little farther from the desk.

I enjoyed the sermon well, and still felt that as soon as opportunity was given I would tell what a blessed thing it was to serve God. As soon as the sermon was ended the Elder said that if any present had found peace since we last met, there was now an opportunity for them to express their feelings. I felt that he meant me, and the thought arose, What shall I say? I trembled like a leaf, fearing I would say something that I ought not, in case I arose to speak. The entire congregation was hushed to silence, and, seemingly, every eye was fixed on me. I was thinking rapidly at this time. I finally concluded I would get up and tell, as near as I could, the condition of my mind since I had commenced attending the meeting ; that I had tried to give my heart to God and become an heir of grace ; that I had felt, at times, that all was well with me ; then again would doubt. Then the people could

decide whether or no I was a Christian ; and, if not, what I needed to do to become such. There seemed to be something holding me down, so that I could not get up ; but the effort to arise was made in earnest, and I was upon my feet. I said only three words : " Glory to God." This satisfied my mind, and I think the congregation generally were much pleased, for many repeated it after me. I thought of the time when the angel announced the birth of the Saviour to the shepherds upon the plain ; as he started away, he shouted : " Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men ;" and the convoy of angels all chimed in, repeating the same. The glory of the Lord seemed to fill the place where we were sitting, and it was truly " the House of God and the gate of heaven " to me.

" My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this ;
Would sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

On the afternoon of the next day, I attended the convert meeting held at the residence of Brother John Sellon, frequently stopping on my way, falling upon my knees, and asking God to grant me grace and wisdom to discharge my duty. Immediately after the opening prayer was offered by Elder Marvin, I engaged in prayer vocally to God, and felt that he was a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. When the

proper time came for speaking, I was ready to give a reason for my hope. This was not only an interesting but a beneficial meeting to me, as it strengthened and prepared me for the duties of the evening. These convert meetings are very useful during a season of revival.

As soon as the congregation was assembled for evening service, I was ready to open my lips in prayer, in the prayer and social meeting preceding the preaching exercises. The service of the Lord is delightful, and I became quite active in religious duties, both in and out of the church; and soon learned that it was better for me to do my duty in standing as a witness for the Saviour, soon after the meeting commenced. A few times I waited till near the close of the meeting, but found I lost confidence and consolation by so doing, and the longer I waited the more excuses presented themselves. I always enjoyed myself the best when I was prompt in the discharge of duty.

One evening Elder Marvin preached at the school-house in the Andrews Settlement, where I had so often attended the Universalist meeting, and the most of us converts who had formerly attended the meeting there were present. Among our number was John Washburn, who had formerly been a warm advocate of the salvation of all men. Just before the Elder closed his remarks, he said: "We have witnesses just at hand." Brother Washburn arose as soon as the sermon was

ended, and said: "My friends, I have often attended meeting with some of you in this house; but like a door swinging on its hinges, we came and went without being blessed, as the true followers of the Lamb are. We talked much about loving our neighbors, and but little about loving God. Now I feel that I love God in deed and in truth." Then after giving them a warm exhortation to flee the wrath to come, he took his seat. I arose and endeavored to tell them of the goodness of God which leadeth men to repentance.

Soon I called on my brother, who a few days previous, in company with Cousin James, had asked me how things were looking at Hall's Corners, and before whom I uttered an oath to let them know that I was "true blue." I felt vexed and almost perplexed because I could not make him understand the matter as I did. "Well," he replied, "I hope you will not do as some others have done," etc. He was just as blind as I had formerly been. I thought of the old proverb: "None so blind as those who will not see." I could say how "good and how pleasant it is, to be with the children of God."

I soon felt that I was not going to sail to heaven on flowery beds of ease; that there was a work for me to do. It seemed to me that I had led a great band in wickedness, and that now it was my duty to lead many to the Cross of Christ. There were many around me with whom I had associated in sin, who were still in

the broad road to perdition. My feelings were something as the poet expressed in the following lines :—

“ One night as I lay musing,
The spirit said to me,
Go blow the gospel trumpet,
Go sound the jubilee.”

I felt that I was not at all capable of preaching the gospel, and that an effort in that direction would be a complete failure ; that I would be a laughing stock for the people ; that I would do my duty as a Christian, and not think any more about trying to preach, but darkness would gather around when I felt an unwillingness to go. A little pride crept into my heart, and I thought if I could be a smart and popular preacher that I would have no objection to going forward ; but to go through the country trying to preach when I could neither interest anybody nor do them any good, was a thought too humiliating for me. Thoughtful days and restless nights passed by, while I was struggling to fully know my duty. Sometimes I felt as Jonah did,—that I would like to flee from the presence of the Lord. Then again I would think if I was in some strange land, surrounded by people that I had never before seen, I would be willing to make the effort.

While striving to satisfy myself by attending the meetings and doing my duty there, I continually saw

multitudes going on to the grave and to the judgment, as thoughtless as the unthinking horse rusheth into battle. Whereas I could once leave my family, my father and mother, and be gone from home for weeks together, I now felt that I would like to remain at home. At this time our little daughter, about fifteen months old, was quite sick ; and when I felt that I could leave other friends, the affection of this little prattler would entwine around my heart, and it seemed that I could not go forth. A few days later and all that was left here of this little one was a lifeless corpse. Now one strong tie that bound me to home was severed. This was a solemn time with us.

After the little treasure was put in the casket and let down into the cold grave, we returned with slow step to our home, to endure hours of loneliness, caused by the departure of our little daughter who, for a few short months, had gladdened the hearts of the friends who cared for her, and now, like the falling rose, had passed away. While my companion on one side of the table and myself on the other were sitting in silent sadness, I took a pencil and paper from the table and wrote the following lines :—

Ardella Ann is dead and gone,
We saw her life depart;
She's left her parents here to mourn
With sorrow in their heart
A Saviour answers, " Cease to weep,
She is not dead, but only sleeps."

I saw her spotless soul arise,
Through yonder stars of even,
Led on by angels through the skies,—
She's welcomed into heaven;
But when I woke and saw her shroud,
I could not help but weep aloud.

And is it sinful thus to weep?
My conscience answers no;
When wounds of sorrow are so deep,
Tears must have room to flow;
Then when I heard the rumbling clod
Fall on her coffin, Oh, my God!

Now we return and sad we feel,
Our hearts with grief abound;
The grave is filled, and set the seal,—
Lie soft thou hallowed ground;
Long shall the flowers that o'er thee grow,
Be watered by the tears of woe.

I now contemplated leaving my home and going into some strange land, there to blow the gospel trumpet and invite my fellow men to God. Yet I thought if it was my duty to preach at all, that I should commence in my own country and among my own kindred.

CHAPTER XI.

One evening in the little town where I lived, I attended a prayer meeting with the Baptist brethren and enjoyed a very good meeting. At the close I arose and gave notice that, by the help of God, I would, on a certain evening named, speak to the people in this house, (it was a school house) and desired the prayers of the brethren that I might be directed in the path of duty, and have grace sufficient for my day, to enable me to discharge my duty in the love and fear of God. The news went like fire before the wind through a dry stubble, that Ol. Alderman was going to *preach*! Yes, PREACH!! He had given out the appointment himself, and there was no telling what he would do now he had got started in this direction. Sometimes I thought if my first effort proved a failure, it would be a blessing to me; that I should understand that a failure would be an evidence that it was not my duty, and also an evidence that God never called me to the work of preaching the gospel.

The evening for the meeting arrived, and the house was crowded to the utmost. My own father and mother, who lived near by, were present. In the days of my wickedness, mother had said that about all the hope she had of my salvation, was that I would seek

the Lord in the State's Prison, but the aged mother could now say, like Simeon of old, "Lord, thy hand-maid can now depart in peace, for my eyes have seen thy salvation." Mother said after meeting that she never heard such a prayer offered as was offered that evening, that it seemed as though heaven was not afar off.

I had selectéd my text and the hymns to be sung before going to the place of meeting. I entered the house with my book in my hand and my hand in my pocket, determinéd not to be long in suspense before commencing the exercise. I arose almost as soon as I had set down, and gave the number of the hymn I wished sung, reading it without any embarrassment. The moment I was on my feet all fear fled away, my trembling ceased, and I felt truly that God was a present help in time of need to those who put their trust in him. At the close of the singing I bowed before the throne to offer thanks and praise to God for what he had already done, and to ask his presence on this occasion. Truly I had got complete victory over a man-fearing and man-pleasing spirit. It seemed that the throne was near; that I could lay the gift upon the altar. My soul was filled with love to God, and love for poor sinners. After singing the second time, I arose and told the people I had felt it my duty to try to preach the gospel of the Son of God to perishing men and women, and tell them the good news that sal-

vation had come to many, and many more might obtain it if they would. My text was Jonah ii. 9: "I will pay that that I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord."

I never spoke more freely in my life, and have often wished that a reporter had been there, that the discourse might have been read at a future time. I do not think there was either much preach or much oratory about it, but I know that it came from a warm heart. Many of the brethren from Hall's Corners were present to hear what their converted gambler would say. I was much pleased with their presence, and really thought that I gave them a pretty good preach for a boy. The congregation seemed spell bound—all as silent as the house of death, except an occasional response. Some were in tears, and all appeared interested. Some, doubtless, could say: How great the change,—a few weeks ago behind the gaming table,—now behind the desk.

When I finished my remarks and sat down, I felt that I was the happiest man alive; that trouble was all past now; that I was a good preacher, and could do my duty in this direction very easily. Surely the Devil was not dead yet, and how willing I was to listen to him, supposing these thoughts all arose in an honest heart, and were all true. I was honest in thinking that I could preach as good and smart as Elder Westcott, or either of the Marvins. Something said: "You had better send an appointment up to Hall's Corners,

where you were converted, and show them how a boy can preach," so I sent the appointment up, thinking I could "astonish the natives."

The days were counted as they rolled on toward the time when he who had so recently appeared in the congregation at Hall's Corners as a vile sinner, then a seeker of Jesus, and then a convert, was to appear before the people there as a Minister of the Gospel, and bring things new and old out of the treasury of the Lord. The time came,—the people assembled,—the preacher was in the desk. I named a hymn, which was duly sung, then bowed before the people in the attitude of prayer. It did not seem that God was as near as on the previous occasion, but then I had no doubt but I would give them an interesting discourse.

After singing the second time, I was on my feet and told the congregation they might find my text for the present occasion in Matthew, the 24th chapter and the 37th, 38th and 39th verses, and that it read thus: "But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. For as in the days that were before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be."

Well, I started out and spread my sail, but there did not appear to be much of a breeze. My mouth seemed

practically closed—could not tell much about Noe; it seemed, at this time, that he was a stranger to me—could not remember much about him; and as for the flood, I was sure there had been one sometime. I could remember of times when the rain had poured down in torrents, but concluded that this big flood in Noe's time was before my remembrance, and that I could not tell much about it. If it now covered all the face of the Earth, it would be a pleasure to me to swim out of this crowd, or if I could not do that, would dive under the water and get out of sight in this way; but as the case was, there was no chance for me to make my escape by water, and if I got out of this crowd at all, I must do it by some other means. How could I make my escape was the question. The house was densely filled, and the door in the opposite end from the desk, so it was impossible for me to get out there. Had there been a window near perhaps that would have answered my purpose, and I would soon have been out of sight. Had there been even a cat-hole in reach, I felt that I was small enough to go through it, but there was no escape. The big boy-preacher from Kendall Hollow was, in his estimation, fairly swamped. I sat down with a firm resolution that this was the last effort I should ever make to preach. I closed the meeting as best I could, feeling that my days, if not few, were full of trouble. One of the brethren asked me to leave another appointment. I felt that it was an insult.

O, how dark and dreary my mind was at this time. For about three weeks I spent my time in sadness and sorrow. Why I should have such a free, good time the first effort I made, and then such a downfall as this, was more than I could tell. I thought again: "God moves in a mysterious way." "His way is past finding out." I now thought I would be contented, that it was not my duty to preach, nor could I do it if it was. I would be a good lay member in the church, doing all the duties that devolved upon me. I felt a great degree of unworthiness and some condemnation. I read my Bible as carefully as I could, and asked God for his guidance in this matter. "If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not."

In my investigations I became satisfied that it was not so much what we felt or what we believed, as what we did. I think no one should look for the experience of another, but serve God as the Bible instructs and it will lead us to the Throne of Grace. I read in the Good Book that "the Lord resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble." The thought then occurred to me that the first time I tried to preach, I was humble, and enjoyed the grace of God, consequently had a good time; but on the subsequent occasion I was proud, feeling that I could preach as good as the best of them. Then the Lord resisted me, and I showed the people just how a proud boy could preach. This

was a good lesson to me and should have been a lasting one, but alas, how frail is man! After much trouble and perplexity of mind, I decided I would make another effort to proclaim the good news of salvation to lost mankind. Trusting in God, I went forth again, and was blest in the effort. I found that God was ever true to all his promises to the children of men. I held a number of meetings in the region where I lived and saw the glory of God manifest.

CHAPTER XII.

The subject of baptism soon engaged my attention ; but as I was sprinkled when an infant, (before my remembrance,) I thought at first that nothing more was necessary ; could not think of throwing away what my mother had done for me ; but as I read my Bible, I understood that Christ lived our example and died our sacrifice ; that he was baptized but once, and consequently in but one way, and surely that must be the right way. I heard people talking about the “ modes of baptism,” but could find nothing of this kind in the Scripture. My mind was in favor of sprinkling, but I wanted my conscience clear ; therefore I looked for arguments in favor of sprinkling, and counseled with those who were its strongest advocates, who informed me at once that immersion was the ancient mode of baptism, but as it was not a saving ordinance, a drop of water was just as good as a fountain. They quoted : “ It is not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answering of a good conscience.” The quotation is in First Peter, third chapter, and a part of the twenty-first verse, and reads thus : “ The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us, (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God,) by the resurrection of Jesus Christ.”

I then asked them if this was all the argument they could offer in favor of sprinkling. The answer was that they thought it sufficient. After reading for myself and comparing scripture with scripture, I became fully satisfied that it was my duty to be buried with Christ in baptism, as recorded in Romans vi. 3d, 4th and 5th verses. I therefore moved forward and was baptized by Elder E. Marvin in the pure waters of Seneca Lake, at Big Stream Point, in company with about twenty others, my wife being among the number. I had been invited to join different churches so called, but the Christians had said nothing to me about joining the Christian Church. Articles of Faith, Creeds and Disciplines were freely handed me, and I was ready to read all that was presented; but when I saw the difference in the views of supposed great and good men, and the medleys in their writings, I was astonished. Had it not been for what God had done for me, my faith in the Christian religion would have been much weakened, but I was sure there was a reality in the religion of Jesus Christ, for with me "old things had passed away and all things had become new." I had a desire to do right and perform every duty, but could not possibly please all my friends by joining with them, and what would please some would displease others. My object was to please God, and I was then in my youthful zeal, and fancied God would tell me, or make known to me, the church which it was my duty to join.

One day when alone in the house I took my Bible to my bedroom, then laying it upon a chair, knelt down and prayed God to inform me what church to join. After I had concluded my devotion, I opened the book and my eyes at once rested on these words: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him." Acts x. 34 and 35. I clapped my glad hands for joy and said: "Let me fear the Lord and work righteousness;" but feeling that perhaps I might do this in any of the churches, the question was still, Where shall I cast in my lot. Sometimes I looked toward the Methodists and read their Discipline thoroughly, but found much there that I could not endorse; and, as an honest man, I could not say to the world, "I am a Methodist," when I did not believe the doctrine held and advocated by them.

I have always respected one man for his honesty, when he called to have an interview with me. Said he: "I have come to proselyte you; I want you to be a Methodist, and if what everybody says is true, that you are going to be a useful Minister, I want you among us. If you join the Christians, as some think you will, you will have a hard row to hoe, for they do not believe in paying their Minister; and you have heard their Ministers preach against salaries and donations and the like. We pay our Ministers a given sum for themselves and wives, and then an additional

amount for each child." After listening to his arguments I informed him that my motto was to "Buy the truth and sell it not," so he left without making much impression on my mind in favor of becoming a Methodist. I thought some of becoming a Baptist. My father and other good friends would be pleased with this, but mother and others would much rather I would be a Presbyterian. O how I wished my relations and friends all belonged to one church. I could see no advantage in their being thus divided; as I once remarked before making a profession of religion, nearly all the churches I had any knowledge of, were represented in our family—father a Baptist; mother and one of my brothers, Presbyterian; one brother a Congregationalist, and my only sister a Methodist. I had noticed in times of religious revivals that their interest seemed to be the same; around the family altar, in the church, and wherever their duty called them. Then they all seemed to work for God, and were one in this good work, but as soon as the revival was over they would then begin to work for themselves and thus separate, one pulling one way and another another way, and sometimes their elbows would "stick out."

Having some thoughts of joining the Baptists, I attended their Covenant Meeting. The converts were requested to relate their experience as it was called. As they were seated along in order, I was about two-thirds down the class from the head. When my turn

came I told what the Lord had done for me, and gave, as well as I could, the reason of my hope in Christ. After all had spoken the Minister took their Articles of Faith, and commencing at the head, would read an article to one person, asking him if they believed thus; then another, and so on till the articles were all read, the person declaring at the close of each article that he thus believed. I then wished that I was somewhere else, as I did not believe some of those articles, and had decided that I should not offer myself for membership; not knowing that I had already indirectly done this by taking a seat with the converts. I was afraid they would think that I was an intruder who had come in there to spy out their liberties.

As I thought it would not be gentlemanly nor christian-like to leave at this stage of the meeting, I kept my seat, hoping he would pass by me without saying anything; but if he did I intended simply to inform him that I did not wish to join that day, supposing then all would be quiet. I noticed that he told each one after they had nodded consent to the articles, that they now stood as candidates for baptism, and when baptized would be members of the church. As he came to me he gave the signal for me to arise and consent to the Articles of Faith. I remarked as pleasantly as I could, that I did not wish to join the church that day, supposing that he would then pass on, but in this I was disappointed, as he began to talk to

me by way of giving instruction, repeating that we should "not light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick that it might give light to all in the house," and other similar texts. I told him I trusted I understood, in some degree at least, the meaning of those passages, but did not wish to join the church just yet,—tried to talk so that he would get the impression that at some future time, perhaps, I would offer myself as a candidate, but he did not seem willing to give it up in this way, and finally asked me to give the reason why. "Well," I told him, "if nothing else will answer, I am under the necessity of saying that at present, I do not believe your Articles of Faith." "Why, sir, don't you believe these Articles of Faith?" "Not exactly," said I, then quoting from them and then from the Bible, I asked him if both could be true. "This, sir," said he, "is no place for controversy." I remarked that "I had so understood it, but, sir, what shall I do? I did not come here for controversy, but to enjoy a good meeting, and supposed if I did not offer myself as a candidate for membership, there would be no controversy nor any harm done; but as you insisted upon my giving the reason why I do not wish to join the church, I have simply done so, and am sorry if I have done anything wrong, as I do not wish to be in the way of any, but intend to be honest before my Maker." He then added a few words and passed on. I noticed some others said they wished to wait a little

before becoming members. Was then sorry that I had attended the meeting at all, thinking perhaps if I had not been there, they would have got other members; and while I wished to enjoy the Bible as I understood it, was perfectly willing that others should do the same.

The meeting closed and I started immediately for home. Soon the first one who had said that he believed those articles, or had nodded his assent thereto, came running along and overtook me, asking what the doctrine of the Trinity was. "Why," said I, "don't you know?" "No," said he, "I don't know anything about it." "Then," said I, "if you don't know what it is, nor anything about it, how do you know you believe it?" "Why," said he, "I suppose it is all right or they would not have it in their Articles." I then told him what I supposed they meant by the Trinity. "Well," said he, "I don't believe that. I believe that Christ is the son of God, not the Father; and will have my name taken from the list." I told him I hoped he would not do that; perhaps the minister could explain to him so that he would understand better about it.

In a few days I was informed that the next Saturday, the Christians were going to have a Fellowship Meeting at Hall's Corners. "A Fellowship Meeting" said I, "that is a new name to me for a meeting. What sort of a meeting is that?" "It is a meeting where the brothers and sisters have a religious talk

and express their fellowship to and for each other, and then open the door of the church for the reception of members; then if there are those who wish to join, they take a vote, and if the members mostly vote for it, and none against it, the candidates are declared members, and the Right Hand of Fellowship is extended to them." "Well, perhaps I had better not attend, I have been to one such meeting as that, or a similar one, and wished before meeting was out, that I was not there; am afraid I did more harm than good." "Well," said my informant, "the meetings of the Christians are not conducted on the same plan as those of other denominations. You will not be at all in the way there, neither will you be urged to join. Their principles will be set forth, and those wishing to join can have the opportunity." "Their principles are to be set forth on that occasion, are they?" "Yes." "Then I will attend, but if I like their Articles of Faith no better than those I heard the other day, I shall be sorry I am there." "They have no Articles of Faith except those given by inspiration. The Bible is all the creed they have. They do not make opinion the test of fellowship; Christian character is with them the test; they fellowship all Christians who love and serve God, whatever their peculiar notions with regard to various doctrines may be." I thought I would attend that meeting and see what they said and did.

Accordingly when the appointed time came, I was

there. It was an interesting meeting to me ; it really seemed that I had got home again. After the testimonies were given in favor of the cause of truth, Elder Marvin arose and said it was customary with them at such meetings as this, to open the door of the church for the reception of members. He then spoke somewhat as follows : "The difference between us and the other religious bodies is, that we make piety the test of fellowship, and Christian character necessary for church membership instead of opinions. We unchristianize none who are striving to follow the Saviour. The Bible is our creed, and each member is to be his own interpreter. His opinion is his private property ; his character, the property of the church. We take no name but Christian,—the name by which the disciples were called at Antioch." "Well," thought I, "this will do pretty well,—think I will offer myself as a member. I did so and was received."

I found it an advantage to me to belong to the church. I got somewhat discouraged after I had been in the way a while, even after I had commenced to preach ; felt rather down in my mind, and thought I would not preach any more. Would go to the next Fellowship Meeting and have my name dropped from the record, and not be a church member any longer. Did not feel that I would become wicked again, but thought I would live a pretty good life. Then there were some members in the church who were not exactly right,

and this would justify me in withdrawing from it. I had an appointment or two out for preaching, and my wife, who did not seem at all anxious to have me preach, thought I had better fill the appointments out; then if I decided not to preach any more, I need not give out any more appointments. I attended the Fellowship Meeting, which was a profitable one to me. Almost as soon as the brethren began to talk I saw, at once, just where I was, and that they had been there before me. I decided to remain in the church and do what little I could for its up-building.

I think it very foolish to decide to leave the church every time we get a little cold in our minds, and begin to see the faults of others. It is better to stay in the house and brush down the spider-webs, than to let the spiders drive us out of the house. The old proverb, "Stick to the ship," I think is a good one.

When my appointment came for preaching I thought I would fill that appointment the best I could, and have no more. I passed through a grove on my way to the meeting, where I bowed before God, and sought his grace to rest upon one that was negligent and undutiful, in the great cause of his Master. As I drew nigh the appointed place, the congregation were gathered and singing. This seemed to revive my mind somewhat. As I passed on the singing ceased, and the voice of prayer was heard. When near the door, I could hear every word uttered in prayer. There was

a kind paragraph for the preacher, in case he came. The desire was that he might come like a cloud well filled with rain.

After holding meetings for a while in the region where I lived, I felt that it was my duty to go out and sound the gospel trumpet among the nations of the earth, and invite poor sinners to God. As far as the means were concerned, I had no fears,—the Lord would provide. I went into the ministry without any selfish or sinister motive, thinking the good Lord would send the bread and butter down from Heaven,—could not tell whether he would spread it or not, but as that would be a short job, it would make but little difference. I now consider it one of the worst errors I ever embraced, but for a long time I was firmly of the opinion that salaries and donations for ministers, were very wicked things. Very many were honestly of the opinion that if a minister received anything for preaching, he was a “hireling,” and the wolf would come and catch him and scare away the sheep.

CHAPTER XIII.

During the period just past, I had sold my house and lot at Kendall Hollow, and moved into the adjoining town of Reading, under the same roof with James Masters, who was my wife's uncle. Having arranged things satisfactorily for my departure, I started out, and soon found myself in a new settlement called Burt Hill, in the Township of Howard, Steuben County, N. Y. At this place I enjoyed the association of relatives and friends of other days; as there were a number of families in this new settlement, who had recently moved from Reading, but not an open professor of religion among them. There was a log school house, arranged quite nicely, for a new settlement like this. They got an occasional sermon from some minister passing through the place, and I think, previous to this time, a Baptist minister had preached there once a month for a given time. The settlers had often met and practiced singing under the direction of Edwin Gibbs, who had formerly taught singing, and this had not only called the people together from time to time, but had informed them otherwise, and many by this means had become good singers.

At this place I gave an appointment, and the people generally came out as far around as it had been circu-

lated. My earnest desire and prayer to God was, that he would revive his work in this place, and save perishing ones. This meeting was commenced in the fall or winter of the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-two. I met a man here by the name of Prentice, who for many years had been a professor; was a member of the Baptist Church, and had formerly felt that he ought to preach. I could remember the time when my father, as Deacon in the Baptist Church, was on a committee to consider the propriety of granting him a letter of commendation as a public speaker in the cause of the Great Master. This man had formerly been unfriendly to the people called Christians, but at this time, and under these circumstances, he hailed me with joy, and took an interest in the meeting at once; but his former anxiety to preach, and his prejudice against the people with whom I was identified, caused me to be a little suspicious of him at first, but I was soon convinced that he now felt anxious to see a revival of God's work in this place; and was ready to say, "Lord, send by whom thou wilt;" and was willing to do all he could to promote a revival in this new settlement where he had been so long, with, at the most, but few to converse with who were in favor of the Christian religion. Melvin Gibbs, one of the leading men in the settlement, was asked what he thought of the boy preacher. His reply was: "He barks well for a whiffet, but will never tree anything in these

woods." Moses H. Benham lived near the school house where the meetings were held, and as I had formerly been acquainted with him and his wife, it made me a pleasant and agreeable home.

There was a small Christian society on the river, about three miles from this place, and as an invitation had been extended to me to come down there and hold some meetings, I sent down an appointment. Before going, I took a vote of the congregation, to know whether they wished me to return and continue the meetings there, and the vote being unanimous for me to return after filling the appointment on the river, appointments were left for meetings to continue over the Sabbath after my return. Benham had decided to walk down to the river appointment with me, in case I would come back with him after service, which was agreed to. There had just been a fall of snow about one foot deep, which made the traveling rather hard and unpleasant, but as we were both young and vigorous, we soon performed the journey.

I was very tired when we reached our home, at a late hour in the night. We took from the shelf some pans of mush and milk,—I lay down upon the floor before the glowing fire in the large fire place, and there eat mush and milk until I was satisfied,—then soon fell into slumber, and when I awoke daylight was fairly upon us. As I looked around the room I was much amused to see a calf's head through the sash of the

window, looking in upon us. He was standing upon the bank beside the house and had put his head through the window, and could not easily withdraw it. He seemed to have no desire to enter farther, and there he stood, both in the house and on the outside, which caused a merry time with us.

That evening we had meeting again. I was watching every move, looking for favorable indications of revival. Melvin Gibbs, the man before named, was at the meeting every time; would take his seat in front of the desk, fold his arms, and look at me as though he would look me through. One Saturday evening I went home with him. The following (Sunday) morning, as I afterward learned, he sent a line to one of his neighbors, who expected him to work for him that day with his team, that there was a ——— priest at his house, but he would be there to help him next Sunday, priest or no priest. The next evening he was, as usual, looking me square in the face, as bold as a lion. Soon it seemed there was some object on the floor that attracted his attention. He looked down and around a little while, then put his head in his hands, while his elbows rested on his knees. I was sure that, as the bow had been drawn at a venture, an arrow had pierced his soul, and I felt to thank God and take courage. When the discourse was closed, I remarked to the congregation that, for a few evenings past, I had, according to my ability, been telling them the story of the

Cross, and trying to persuade them to break off their sins by acts of righteousness, and turn to the Lord with full purpose of heart, to escape the wrath to come, and lay up a treasure in heaven; and now if there were any in the congregation who desired to be Christians, and wanted to prepare to meet their God in peace, wishing the prayers, instruction and sympathy of the followers of the Lamb, there was an opportunity now to manifest that desire by rising up. Melvin Gibbs, the man who thought the whiffet would be unsuccessful in these woods, was fairly "treed." He arose, then his wife; Edwin, his brother; his wife, and a man by the name of Dixon; five of the leading people in the settlement. I stayed with Melvin that night, who by this time, had fully given up the idea of working for his neighbor the next Sunday, and was now seeking earnestly for a new Master.

These brothers lived near together, and there was a difficulty existing between their wives, who had not spoken together for a long time. This was made known to me by Melvin. The next morning he asked me to accompany him and his wife over to his brother Edwin's. The meeting was a profitable one. The ladies soon talked over their matters of grievance, confessed to each other, and forgiveness was mutually asked. We then all bowed before God, and each one called vocally upon him for a forgiveness of their sins. This was a time long to be remembered; God heard and

answered ; the promise of the Saviour was truly verified that the "humble and contrite the Lord would not reject." That evening these friends publicly confessed the Saviour, and earnestly exhorted their neighbors to "flee from the wrath to come,"—"lay hold upon eternal life," and immediately make a start for glory. Many cried for mercy; some saying: "What shall we do to be saved," and others: "Pray for me."

The thought rushed upon my mind, "Who is sufficient for these things?" I felt that I was not. A strange feeling came over my mind, and I began to doubt, as I had in other days. Felt depressed in spirit; that conviction was resting upon me, and that I had better go back and get endowed with wisdom from on high myself, before coming there to instruct others in the way of life, and pray that God would forgive their sins. The next morning I started for home, and soon after my arrival there, called on Elder Seth Marvin and related the circumstances of the meeting to him, then had the pleasure of hearing him call me Jonah! "Why," said he, "you, Jonah, you! What do you mean by trying to flee from the presence of the Lord?" then after giving me some good instruction, he told me to go back as quickly as I could, and go on with the meeting,—that God doubtless had a great work for me to do there, which no other one could do. Then he repeated, saying: "Go right straight back and stand at the helm yourself; listen not to the sugges-

tions of the enemy. God's grace is sufficient for you. Other ministers will soon hear of this work and will be there; use them well; ask them to preach if you think proper, but do not give up the meeting into any man's hands." I still felt that I must have some one to help me, and called on Elder Ezra Marvin, who, after I had rehearsed the matter to him, said: "Why, Oliver! You ought to have stayed there and done your duty. Return at once, and do the work God has given you to do. If I should go with you, perhaps, it would only embarrass you and put a damper on the meeting." All the encouragement he gave me was that possibly he would come out by and by, and preach a few sermons. I then went to see Brother Haynes, an unordained minister,—the man who was singing "Babylon is falling," at the first meeting I attended at Hall's Corners. As he had been preaching much longer than myself, I thought he would do much good in the meeting, as he must be very competent. After telling him what had transpired at Howard and how things were looking there, he said he would go and help me; that he was not just ready now, but requested me to go back at once, and go on with the meetings, and he would be there in a few days. I then returned to the scene of action. The work still went on, converts were multiplied, and I anxiously looked for Bro. H. to come. In about a week he was with us, and I did just as Seth Marvin told me not to do,—gave up

the meeting at once, into the hands of Brother H. At this time there were some forty to fifty converts, and I felt sure the meeting would prosper with Brother H. at the helm.

Bro. H. commenced preaching to the people, but to my sad astonishment, the interest soon began to abate, and the congregation to decrease, and Brother H. talked that the work was about done, and he would soon return home. One evening he took an expression of the congregation to see how many there were who had a hope in Jesus, and would try and meet him in heaven. Nearly all arose. He then said that this work had been a good one; that it was now about done; that we must not expect God would convert everybody in one meeting. After the meeting closed he said one of us ought to be ordained, to qualify us to baptize these converts, and organize a church. I felt more like staying and enjoying a few more meetings, than like going home with him. Before the meeting closed, I gave notice that there would be a meeting the next evening. The next day Bro. H., after giving me good advice with regard to instructing the converts, took his leave.

The meeting that evening was very interesting, and at the close the announcement was made that the meetings would still continue. The interest began to rise, the congregation increased, and converts were again multiplied; and at the close of the seventh week from

the commencement of the meeting, there were over one hundred who had made a profession of the Christian religion.

There were many interesting scenes during these meetings, which time and space will not allow here. One circumstance I wish to name, as it gave me instruction with regard to the different styles of preaching to awaken different people.

A Baptist minister called and spent a few days with me, and preached a few times. When I asked him if he would preach, he replied that he would if I wished him to, for he came on purpose to do his duty, and see this good work go on. He was very kind and liberal in his views, so much so that the question arose in my mind, whether he would have treated me thus kindly and christianlike, had I met him in his own field of labor. Of course I could not answer this question, and at the same time, could not help thinking about it. The first sermon he preached I liked very much. The invitation was given, as usual, for those who desired the salvation of their souls, to come forward. There were five made the move, and I was well pleased, but the new preacher said this would not do at all. He went among the congregation and exhorted, threatened and pulled, until he got an addition of fourteen, making nineteen in all; and succeeded in getting a promise from them that they would be Christians. I then thought there was too much artificial work about it.

Early the next day we heard that one of them at least, was engaged in playing cards, which my former experience had taught me did not lead to Jesus. The next evening he gave them a constant storm of fire and brimstone, and brimstone and fire; and was successful in arousing one at least, to a sense of his duty, and he commenced a Christian life from that evening.

A few days before the meeting closed, a messenger came and informed me there was a gentleman in waiting at Melvin Gibbs', who wished to see me, and that he guessed he was a preacher. I hastened to the place, and as I entered the dwelling, a tall, dark complexion man extended his hand and exclaimed: "I have often heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now my eyes seeth thee. My name is Fleming, Eben Fleming." I felt that God had sent him to this place just when we needed him. We spent the afternoon together; and, to me, it was a rich repast. He preached in the evening to good acceptance; stayed with me a few days; gave us some good sermons; then, by the mutual request of myself and the converts, he appointed a time when he would attend the ordinance of baptism, and organize a church. At the appointed time Elder Fleming returned, baptized the converts, and organized a church of nineteen members, which soon increased to over sixty.

On my return home I was informed there was to be a two days meeting at Dundee, and that Brother

Haynes was to be ordained. I was glad to enjoy such a privilege as this. The meeting was interesting and instructive. Elder Joseph Badger preached the sermon from the text: "If I do this thing willingly, I have a reward." 1st Cor. ix: 17. The sermon was full of good instruction, and the exercises moved off very nicely.

I held several other protracted meetings during the winter, and was successful in seeing stout-hearted sinners bowing to the mild altar of Prince Immanuel. As often as circumstances would allow, I preached to the young and vigorous church on Burt Hill for a few years, then left them and engaged in manual labor, to support myself and family. In those days, "God bless you,—come again," was the Christian preacher's salary.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was not long before the church of which I was a member called for my ordination, and, in the house where I first spoke in honor of the cause of God, I was set apart to the work of the gospel ministry, by the laying on of hands and prayer. The following certificate will give the time, place, and officiating ministers :—

“ To all to whom these presents may come :

This may certify that our beloved brother, Oliver P. Alderman, was this day set apart as a Minister of the Gospel, and an Elder in the Christian Church, by us whose names are hereunto annexed. We therefore commend him to the fellowship and confidence of the saints wherever his lot may be cast. Receive him as becometh saints.

Done at Tyrone, N. Y., this 17th of May, A. D. 1846.

EZRA MARVIN,	} Elders in the Church.”
C. C. ROYCE,	
B. R. HURD,	
BENJAMIN HAYNES,	

My labors up to this time, had been mostly in school-houses in the rural districts. Had been invited to preach at Dundee, but did not feel it my duty to expose my ignorance in such a place, so I declined the invitation.

I now had an invitation to preach at Enfield Center, where was one of the oldest Christian Churches in this region. The invitation was accepted and an appointment sent. I trusted in God to help me in the discharge of this great and important duty, and went to the appointment truly humble, feeling my inability and nothingness. Here I met for the first time an aged minister by the name of Courier. This was a trying time for me, as I knew this people had been favored with the best Ministerial talent in the Connection. Then to make an effort to preach in the presence of this aged minister, was embarrassing; then the pulpit was so high, it seemed that I could not walk up that long flight of stairs. Brother Courier manifested much love and Christian kindness toward me. I tremblingly followed him into the pulpit. Had never been in such a place as this before.

After reading the scripture and giving out a hymn, I asked him to offer prayer. How good he prayed. It seemed that he knew what I needed just as well as I did myself, and knew much better how to ask for it. After the second hymn was sung, I arose tremblingly and after offering some apologies, I named my text. I heard or fancied I heard the old veteran by my side lisping, "Lord, help the youth to preach." I commenced my discourse. My little bark once unloosed from its moorings, the clouds began to break, my little sail filled with a heavenly breeze, and away I went.

The man-fearing and man-pleasing spirit had released its hold, and I felt that I was in a heavenly atmosphere. The minister began to shout "Hallelujah," and my soul was filled with love for sinners, while portraying before them the beauty and glory of Him "who came up from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah," and how the cross was stained with his precious blood. The congregation all appeared interested. When my discourse was finished and I had taken my seat, up jumped the aged minister, as brisk as though he had been but twenty-five, and began to give vent to his feelings. He seemed over-joyed that young men in the prime and vigor of life, were coming into the ministry, to take the place of those who must soon leave the work, and go to their reward.

It gave me satisfaction to know that the people were pleased with my effort, which pleasure was freely expressed, accompanied by invitations to come again. This, thought I, is a good day,—one of the green spots upon the earth. I now thought myself quite a preacher again,—large meeting houses and high pulpits are the places for me. I then "went on my way rejoicing."

I was informed that we had a society on Wheeler Hill, not far from Avoca, N. Y., and that Elder C. D. Kinney was preaching there. I made it in my way to visit them, and learned, as I entered the neighborhood, that Simeon Wagner was the deacon, so I made my way to his house. I arrived there a little before

night,—told them who I was, and that, if they desired, I would spend the Sabbath with them, and talk to them as well as I could. The deacon looked at me, and so did his wife,—then they looked at each other,—then out at the door,—then at me again. “You,” says the deacon, “are a Christian Minister, are you?” “Yes sir, I profess to be.” “You live in Tyrone, do you?” “Yes sir, that is my home.” “You say your name is ——?” “My name is Alderman.” “Do you know Elder Kinney?” “Not much acquainted with him.” “How long have you been a Christian Minister?” “Only a few years, sir.” “Did you ever preach near here?” “I presume Howard is the nearest point to this place.” “There has been a great revival in Howard for a few years past, were you there during the revival?” “Yes sir.” “I can’t now speak the name of the minister who was there,—can you give me his name?” “Yes, sir, his name is Alderman.” “I declare, I guess it is. Are you Elder Alderman?” “I suppose so, sir.” “Yes, yes, wife, that is the name brother Towner gave us. All right; glad you have come; of course we will have an appointment out for you.”

I enjoyed a very good meeting with them, and they appeared much pleased with my visit, and the effort I made to preach. A few days later a gentleman called on me, saying his name was Kinney, and that he was a Christian preacher; that the brethren on Wheeler

Hill were much pleased with my effort, and wished me to come again, and he had called' just to form my acquaintance, hoping we might, in the future, be co-laborers together.

There was a man whose name was Towner living but a short distance from Wheeler Hill, a leading man among the Christians, who had often sent word to me by Abram Lunger, to come that way and call on him, as he was very anxious to form my acquaintance, and being somewhat advanced in life, did not get from home much himself. On one occasion, accompanied by a friend, I passed near Father Towner's, as he was called, and concluded we would drive over the river and stay with him over night. I went into the house, while my friend sat in the buggy near by. As I entered the house the old gentleman was just folding a "Palladium." I bowed to him, then asked him if it would be convenient to keep two strangers over night. He replied in a kind and friendly way that they had sickness in the family and it would not be as convenient then as at some other time, saying the family near by there would accommodate us. Thinking to quiz him a little, I said, "What paper is this you are folding?" (taking hold of the paper.) "This," said he, "is the 'Christian Palladium.'" "This is a little sheet published at Union Mills by the Christ-ians, is it not?" "No, sir, it is published by an association of *Christians*." I then asked, "Are you Christ-ians here?" "Not Christ-

ians, sir,—we profess to be *Christians*.” “Well, what do you Christ-ians believe in, any way?” “We believe, sir, in being good and doing good.” “That is all right so far, but do you not believe heresy,—that is, that Christ, the Saviour, is a mere man?” “We do not believe heresy, sir, unless the Bible teaches it. As to Christ, we believe him to be the divinely commissioned Son of God.” “Well I would like to stay and talk with you about an hour.” “I guess,” said he, “that you think full as much of yourself now, as you would after talking with me an hour.” We then parted, and as there was time to drive some distance before it would be necessary to put up for the night, I decided to go on and call on Father Towner on my return; but we returned another way, and I never saw the good old man again. Before I passed that way again he had gone to meet his Judge.

We drove to Brother Abram Lunger’s that night, a distance of about five miles. I reported my call at Towner’s, and Lunger said he was very sorry that I did not tell him who I was. Afterward some one said to Towner: “Elder Alderman called on you the other day,—did you have a good visit with him?” “He has not been here at all, sir,—would like much to see him.” “Why, surely he called a few evenings ago, intending to stay with you over night,—there was a gentleman with him.” “Why, there was a fellow called here and gave me a ‘blowing up’ for taking the Palladium and

being a heretic. If that was Alderman I am much disappointed in the man,—I took him to be a young, saucy, sectarian priest.”

There was an aged minister whose name was James Welton, living in the Allen Settlement, some twelve or fifteen miles from Burt Hill, who occasionally visited the new church and preached some to them. We first met at Burt Hill. He was a kind and social man,—had been entangled with the doctrine of Universalism, and had not fully recovered, but we enjoyed a very good time together. The old gentleman said that he was poor as to this world's goods, and was thoroughly converted from the idea that ministers should receive nothing for preaching. I had investigated this matter some, and had about concluded that we did not rightly understand our *Creed*, upon this point. His wants were made known to the people on the hill, and were responded to in a Christian-like manner. His sleigh was filled with grain, and such other articles as he needed. This was about the first time I ever knew any thing of this kind among the Christians. In one of Elder W's sermons he told a story about a pig, which pleased the congregation much, and caused me to laugh aloud. After this, whenever we met, the first salutation was, “Who killed the pig?”

As often as I reasonably could, I would visit the old battle ground on Burt Hill. Various ministers preached there from time to time,—some good ones, and some

that ought to have been better ; but in the course of time that once vigorous church began to decline, and continued in its downward course till it, finally, lost its visibility ; but there is still a sympathy for Christian Ministers there, and a few brethren yet remain.

There were a few good, substantial brethren who lived on Big Creek, about six miles from the Hill. Dea. Eben Mason and Jason Ranger were the principal ones there, and they lived about two miles apart. I once called on Bro. Ranger in company with my wife, on our way to visit her uncle, who lived a few miles from Union Corners, in the town of Mount Morris. The weather was exceedingly cold, and one very cold morning we started on our way. We did not pass a village or tavern without stopping to warm. Several persons froze to death that day. When it was nearly night we concluded we had gone as far as we could, and would put up for the night. As I drove up to a tavern, the hostler was on hand to take charge of the horse, saying, "Will you have your horse put out for the night, sir?" My reply was, "Yes sir." We were conducted to a nice, warm room, and expected soon to enjoy our supper and retire,—thinking we would drive to Uncle John's the next morning. The landlord appeared like a kind, sociable man, and commenced conversation with me, first with regard to the coldness of the weather, then the distance we had traveled. I told him we came from Big Creek, in the town of Howard,

that day, and found it necessary to stop very often that we might keep from freezing; that we were on our way to visit an uncle, who lived a few miles from Union Corners, and near Byresville. Said he, "This is Byresville,—what is your uncle's name?" "John Clark." "Is he a cooper?" "Yes, sir." "Well, sir, he lives right in sight of this place. Come to the door and I will show you his house. To go around the road the way you will have to drive, it is about one mile and a half, but not half that distance to go across." This good news warmed and animated us so much that we talked of going on. "Certainly," said the landlord, "I would go, but get well warmed before you start." The horse was ordered and we were soon at Uncle John's, where we felt quite at home.

The family, parents and children, seemed overjoyed at our arrival. Uncle was a Presbyterian, his wife a Baptist, and their oldest son, Nathaniel, was also a Baptist. I had learned there was a small Christian Society near uncle's, raised by the labors of Elder Joseph Weeks. I told uncle's family I thought I would spend the Sabbath with the little church there on the hill, and if they desired it, would preach one or two evenings. They replied at once that I could preach there the next evening, which would be Saturday night, but thought I had better preach at Union Corners on Sunday. "Yes," said Nathaniel, "we have no minister now, preach at our house for us." On Satur-

day we made the arrangement that I should preach in that neighborhood Saturday and Sunday evenings, and at the Baptist meeting house at Union Corners, on Sunday at eleven o'clock. Nathaniel said he would go down to the Corners early Sunday morning, and give out the appointment on the way, and as they were to have a sermon read that day, there would be a fair congregation. I suggested that we had better make no appointments at the Baptist house, until their deacons and leading men were consulted on the subject, knowing N. to be a good young Christian, who knew nothing about sectarianism, and might be wofully disappointed when he got down there; but as uncle's family all seemed to think that the Baptist brethren would be so glad that some one had come to preach in their house, I thought I would not discourage the boy,—that if he ran against a snag he would find it out himself, and would then learn something he did not know before.

On Sunday morning, as soon as Nathaniel had eaten his breakfast, away he went for Union Corners, giving out the appointment that a cousin of his, who was a preacher, would preach at the Baptist house at eleven o'clock, and inviting all to attend; then he hastened to inform Grandfather Clark and Uncle James' families, as he knew they would all be pleased to hear Oliver preach. Then he went to tell the good news to the leading members of the church, and here he found the

"snag." We came down from Uncle's in time for meeting at eleven. Poor N. met us with his head down, and said they had arranged to have a sermon read that day, and did not wish to change the order; but some, he said, were in favor of preaching.

The news being spread through the neighborhood that a stranger was going to preach, and one too who had been very wicked and wild in his ways,—a reformed gambler, who had but recently come out on the Lord's side, called out a good congregation for the man to read to. Some were in attendance who seldom or never attended church. After the sermon was read, not in a very interesting manner, the reader remarked that his sermon was probably more applicable to the people over the ocean, some fifteen hundred years ago, than it was at the present time. Judging from its extreme dryness, I think it would not have required much stretch of faith to believe that it was originated before the flood, or even before there was a "mist went up to water the earth." Before the meeting closed, a Mr. Chamberlin, one of the deacons, arose and said a request had been made for the pulpit to be occupied by a Christian Minister—a stranger—and for his part he would like to hear the stranger preach, if there was no objection by others. Another deacon, who was chorister and played the bass-viol, arose and asked if this was a *Christ-ian* Minister; that if he belong to the Christ-ians, he thought they had

better have nothing to do with him. Dea. Chamberlain replied: "He is a stranger to me, but I understand he is in the congregation, and perhaps he will answer your question. If he is a Christian, that is enough for me. I would like to hear a sermon from him, that we may judge for ourselves of its merit or demerit;" then said there was an opportunity for the stranger to reply. I arose and gave a brief sketch of my short religious life; that I professed to be a Christian minister, and belonged with the people who were sometimes called Christians; that for my own part, I was not at all ambitious with regard to preaching in that house; that I had made no such proposal, but had been invited thus to do, but did not wish to do anything to mar the peace of any of Christs' Little Ones. As soon as I sat down, Dea. Chamberlain said, "I make a motion that the stranger be invited to take the pulpit and give us a sermon, to commence within thirty minutes." The motion being seconded, the vote was taken and declared to be in favor of inviting the stranger to preach. He then asked if I would accept this invitation. On my replying that I would, he gave notice accordingly, then asked me to close the present exercises by prayer. As soon as the meeting was closed, the chorister shouldered his "Big Fiddle," then beckoning to some of the choir to follow him, left with a look of sadness on his countenance, and as though he would shake the dust off his feet as he passed along. The few who followed him were reported to be his children.

In thirty minutes I was in the desk ready to commence service, the congregation seemingly anxious to hear. Soon after I commenced my discourse, the Presbyterian meeting, just across the road, was out, and people would stop and listen and peek into the house. The door being near the stoves, which were well heated, was opened for a little while, so that people could come in if they wished. They gathered around the door, some few venturing to come in, but seating themselves near the door and in a favorable position to jump and run, in case old "Cloven-foot" became visible among them. The meeting closed with good feeling, as far as we could judge, on the part of those who had listened. Dea. Chamberlin was on the hill to the evening appointment, and urgently requested me to come back to Union Corners. A few days after I arrived home I received a letter from there, stating that Dea. Chamberlin had written a subscription to obtain my services there as a minister, had already got over two hundred dollars signed, and asking me, in case I would come, to name the amount of salary required and he would raise it. My reply was, that I could not comply with their request. This subscription and salary business I thought was not in gospel order.

CHAPTER XV.

But to return to Big Creek again. I was afterward at Brother Rangers, who informed me that I had a friend in the neighborhood. I told him I hoped I had many. "Well, you have one lady friend here who says she knows you like a book,—that she has attended balls with you often, and danced with you many a time." "I guess," said Ranger, "you used to spark her." I asked her name. Pope,—Mrs. Tim Pope. After thinking a little time as fast as I could, I remarked that I had no recollection of any such person. "You need not try to get out of this, Elder, for I am sure she is acquainted with you. She asked me one day if this Elder Alderman had any relatives in Tyrone, saying she used to be acquainted with a family there by that name,—there was one by the name of Oliver,—wrote his name O. P. When I told her this was the very man, she exclaimed, 'Heavens to Jake!' if that fellow is a preacher I would like to hear him. I wonder if this is your Elder you talk so much about? Tell him to come down here and preach once, and I will sit and smilingly look him square in the face." He then described her, in such a manner that I told him I thought her maiden name was Smith, that several long years had passed away since I last saw her, and I should

be pleased to renew my acquaintance with her, and also form the acquaintance of her husband; she will make a good Christian when converted, nothing wrong with her only her wildness. Bro. R. replied, "When she is converted I think Big Creek will run up stream." "No, sir, it will not change the current of the Creek at all, only make a new creature of her; and I hope in a few months to see her, with others in this place, rejoicing in the service of the Lord; and I will now leave my first appointment, and as I have no time to call at Mr. Pope's now, give my respects to Margaret, and tell her I hope to meet her in the church, and also in Heaven."

The time for the appointment at Big Creek rolled around. Deacon Russell took me down to the appointment, but we did not get into the neighborhood in time to make any calls before meeting. I was in the desk, and the congregation mostly gathered, when in stepped Margaret, with a gentleman who I supposed to be her husband. I noticed he had a singing book and took his seat at the head of the choir. He was an entire stranger to me. As soon as the meeting closed Margaret came forward to the desk and seemed much pleased that we had met again. After giving my hand a hearty shake she said, "You will go home with us, will you not?" I began to excuse myself by saying, I must go back on the hill with Dea. Russell. "No," said she, "go home with us." By this time her hus-

band came along and she gave us an introduction, with remarks that caused the bystanders to laugh, and I really thought it was enough to cause a preacher to smile. Mr. Pope repeated the invitation for me to accompany them home, but I told them the nearest I could get to that now, was to give them a promise that at my next appointment there I would visit them.

I preached there occasionally a few months, and fulfilled the promises I made to visit friends. At length I engaged in a series of meetings there, which resulted in much good. Mr. Timothy Pope, the Chorister, was among the first to confess the Saviour. He had once been a member of a Free-Will Baptist Church, but this was not known in this region, so he was not by the people there, called a Backslider, but a clever sinner. As soon as I became well acquainted with him I called him Tim, as that was my style when talking to my old friends. There had a few made a start and professors were getting awake, when I noticed Mr. Pope was quite serious. His efforts to conceal it were in vain. One evening he was absent, and fearing he had decided to stay away from the meeting entirely, the next day I called upon him. I saw at once that he was having quite a struggle. "Good morning, friend Pope; we missed you at the meeting last evening,—hope you are not going to leave us when we are enjoying such good meetings." "I hope not," said he, "but I am feeling rather poorly,—have not been well

for several days, took some pills last night and hope to be better soon." Looking him directly in the face, said I, "Tim, you never can work this off with allopathic pills. This is the kind of disease that is not cured by such means." "Why," said he, "do you know what ails me?" "Certainly," said I, "and the great Physician is just at hand to cure you." "Do you think it is anything more than a cold settled in my head?" "O yes," said I, "and you think so too. You would not take pills to cure a cold in your head would you?" "Really," he says, "I don't fairly understand what the ailment is, but think there is some disease hanging about me." "Yes, most surely there is; and it has settled on your soul, and needs to be removed before it settles you to perdition. You are sick of sin, Tim, and Jesus, the great Physician, should be applied to at once." That evening he was at meeting and arose and confessed his wanderings, saying, "Father I have sinned against heaven, and now desire to return and take a servant's place." That was a good time,—we felt like killing the "fatted calf."

I had told a number that I felt almost certain that Mrs. Pope would come forward before the meetings closed, but they could see no prospects of it. One afternoon, a few of us were visiting at one of the neighbors. Pope and his wife were present, and she was as full of Satan as any one could wish to be. She set forth the hypocrisy and wickedness of some of the

preachers; often referring to Little John and others,—then the shortcomings, failures and weaknesses of many professors. How she did taken on. When out at the door, Dea. Mason said, “Well Elder, what do you think of Mrs. Pope now. Do you still think she will be converted?” “O yes, certainly. The devil knows his time is short with her, and he is using her to the best advantage he can.” It was only a night or two after this, that she made the start; and she came “like an army with banners.” She confessed, cried, asked forgiveness of her friends, then of the Lord, and came out on the Lord’s side, and was just as faithful for him as she had been against him.

At this place I met a minister by the name of Root, who lived and preached at Howard Flats, and had occasionally preached at this point. Some of the members of his church lived in this neighborhood; one deacon by the name of Pratt, a very worthy man. This point is five miles west of Howard Village, on the creek road to Hornellsville. This minister was an exception to all the ministers I ever saw. He seemed to be willing to work, but wanted to work for himself instead of the Lord. The first meeting where we were both present, he preached. His text was, “Without me ye can do nothing,”—an excellent text when properly applied and understood, that without JESUS, who is the author of the text, we can do nothing; but when we take Jesus out and put some conceited person in his

place, it spoils the beauty and utility of the passage; but when the speaker gives the people to understand that without *him* (the preacher) the people can do nothing, he becomes like "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

He seemed disposed to find fault with all I said or did. One afternoon, at a convert meeting held at Bro. Rangers, in the presence of a number of converts, he arose and challenged me to debate with him on the Divinity of Christ. As I was sure I believed in the Divinity of the Saviour and supposed he professed to, the thought of the shepherds' stopping to engage in a conflict, when the tender lambs were bleating around, seeking for food, was to me, a very wrong thing; and as we had never talked together on this subject, and therefore did not know our difference of views upon it, I thought that before we entered into any debate, we had better ascertain the real difference; that we might know what we were debating about. I remarked to him, that it would, in my opinion, be very improper to engage in controversy under circumstances like the present, that when we became better acquainted, and understood fairly the difference in our theology, I should be willing to debate those differences; but, at present, thought we had better procede with the meeting, and do all the good we could. This talk awakened something of a feeling among the older brethren, but did not even phase the converts, who did not really un-

derstand that there was any difference of feeling between us; but he seemed determined to have his own way in this matter, and acted as though everybody ought to bow to him.

That evening before the meeting was closed, he said he thought one of us had better leave; that one minister was enough to carry on a meeting like this. I was satisfied he did not intend to go, so I proposed to take my leave, which seemed to be quite satisfactory to him. At this point, Dea. Pratt arose and said to him: "I think if Bro. Alderman goes, you had better go to." This remark from the Deacon did not seem to please him very well, but he told the Deacon that he thought the meeting had better go on, and he would stay and attend to it. It was evident the reverend gentleman was determined to have matters move to his own notion. I understood, by the way, that his great anxiety to build up a church here was, that they would support him; as the church at the Flats had decided not to keep him much longer, and, as there was no church acquainted with him that would have him at all, he seemed determined to live on this innocent people.

Up to this time the converts had been increasing, but it was now evident enough that the revival was as good as closed. I now decided to go, and leave him to enjoy, as best he could, the sympathy and charity of this kind hearted people. The parting scene was a tender

one to me, for I loved those converts as I loved my eyes, and desired to see them settled and grounded in the faith once delivered to the saints, but it was evident that circumstances called for separation. Some of the converts requested me to come again and baptize them, and with the promise to do so, I took my leave for home, knowing I had a faithful reporter there, who would keep me informed of the way in which matters were moving; but it grieved me to think that so good a work, so well begun, should cease on account of the selfishness and sectarianism of one person, but I applied the old proverb, that "what can't be cured must be endured."

Very soon after I left, Elder Root appointed a two days' meeting to come off in about ten days, and gave public and general notice that, on Saturday there would be a church organized, or a branch of the Howard church would be formed at that place; also, that the ordinance of baptism would be administered on the following Sunday.

The day for the meeting arrived, and Elder Root was on hand, accompanied by one of the deacons and other brethren from the village. The deacon came to read the Articles of Faith to the people, but more especially, to the converts. There was a large attendance. Many wanted to see a church organized, and all were anxious to know who its members were to be. During the meetings on Saturday, the Articles of Faith were

read and explanations given, then the invitation was extended to all who were of this faith, to manifest it by rising up. A pause; none arose. The invitation was given again, that all might understand, but no one got up. Then farther explanation of the Articles was given; also, the object of organizing a church or forming a branch there, was set forth; but still no one arose. The Elder then spoke privately to one or more present, asking them to lead out and others would follow. Thanking him for the invitation, they replied that they were not of that "faith and order." While he was smoothing down and explaining matters, the people thought it time to go home, and one after another left, until there were but few to enjoy the benediction. No church this time.

Then the thought that an appointment for baptism the next day, had been given out in a flaming manner, doubtless rushed upon his mind; and as notice had been given at different points, the people would be out *en masse*, to witness the solemn ordinance; but, as yet there were no candidates in waiting. The Elder spent the remainder of the afternoon in making calls among the converts, and requesting them to go forward in baptism. He finally persuaded two to let him baptize them without their joining the church, and with the privilege of joining any church they pleased. To this he consented, so the disappointment with regard to baptism, was only in numbers. The next morning was

calm and beautiful and the people came out to witness the initiation of the members of the new church, and had the pleasure of seeing two baptized, but not into the church. The Elder did not promise to continue his labors there. Thus ended this effort at organization.

CHAPTER XVI.

Agreeable to a letter sent me, expressing the anxiety of my friends at Big Creek for me to return and attend the ordinance of baptism and organize a church, I went there again, enjoyed a few good meetings, organized a church of nineteen members, and baptized eight converts, viz: Corias Bennett, Nancy Ann, his wife, Margaret Pope, Silas Hurlburt, Huldah Burden, Susan Ranger, Mary Vangorden, and Mary Brown. Most of these ladies were in a delicate state of health, and some thought it presumptuous to immerse them while in such feeble health and at a season when the weather was so cold, (this occurred January 28th, 1844,) but they all seemed to enjoy it, and the brother of one of them, who was rather opposed to his sister being baptized, was on hand with a carriage well supplied with robes, for the purpose of conveying her home immediately after baptism. She was the first female baptized, and although her clothes were frozen, she said she was not at all cold, and refused to go till the ordinance was concluded. Mrs. Pope also refused to leave the water side, but she gave a remarkable exhortation while standing on the bank of the stream, at the close of the ordinance. The following May I baptized three at the same place, viz: Cyrus Ranger,

Louisa Miller and Ellen Halsey. On the third day of the next June, I baptised two in Thurston, viz: David D. Sanford and Sophia Cross; also at Cameron, June 13th, Sarah Osborn, Jane Cameron and Theodore Hawley.

Corias Bennett kept an inn near the place of the meeting. His wife had become a happy believer in Christ, and a faithful Christian, at the commencement of the meeting. One or two of his sons had also made a start, and one Sunday morning, he arose in the congregation and expressed his determination to be a Christian. I went home with him that night, and he, at once, removed all the liquor from his bar, and fully decided to deal out no more death and damnation to the inhabitants of earth. The next morning the travelers and teamsters were calling for their morning dram, but in a kind and Christian manner, he told the people that he had closed that traffic, and had enlisted in a far better cause; that he had decided now to live for Him who died for sinners, and expressed a desire to have them do the same. Some said that was right, and they hoped he would stick to it, while others ridiculed him. One fellow rode up in haste and said, "Bennett, I want some spirits this cold morning." "Well," said B., "the spirit of the Lord, I think, will do you more good than anything else on earth. I have given myself to the Lord, and feel that it is good to enjoy his spirit." The man called Bennett a fool, and went on

his way. I really thought Bennett had a cross to bear that many were excused from. To turn all at once and refuse those who had so long been his customers, required a firm decision of mind, but he had grace to sustain him.

This man Bennett was the first one of the converts baptized. Others soon joined the church, and we enjoyed other seasons of baptism. These were days of great joy to me. I continued to preach at this place a portion of the time for three years. Some of the members soon moved away, and were the means of doing good in other localities.

Through the influence of Elder Cowen Royce, the way was opened for me to visit the church at Searsburg, Schuyler county, N. Y. I made them a visit, and engaged to preach to them each alternate Sunday for one year. Although my new field of labor was a pleasant one, I feared my gift was not suitable for that point. My prayer was that I might faithfully discharge my duty to this strong and intelligent church. There were some noble brethren here who delighted in aiding and assisting their minister, and especially, one who was young in the cause.

Searsburg is only two miles from Enfield, the place where I enjoyed myself so well, and sailed so high, in the glorious meeting I enjoyed there in company with Elder Courier. I felt sure I left a good impression on the minds of the people there. I looked upon Enfield

as one of the green places of the earth. How often I thought of the good people there and the good time I enjoyed with them, and felt sure I was not forgotten by them. I decided that before my time was out at Searsburg, I would drive around by Enfield and make them a short visit. One Saturday when I arrived at Lewis Proper's, one of the deacons of the Searsburg Church, I was informed by him that a messenger from Enfield had been there after me,—that there were strong signs of revival there, and they wished me to come and help them,—to be there the next day if possible,—if not, to come soon. "Yes, sir," said I, "all right. What did you tell them, Deacon?" "Well, the messenger was so urgent that I told him perhaps you might take up your afternoon appointment, and be with them Sunday evening. Then he said that he should venture to tell the people that Elder A. would be there Sunday evening." "All right, Deacon; thank you." I really felt much elated over this earnest invitation to hold a series of meetings at Enfield. Those spiritual and intelligent brethren at Enfield knew who they wanted,—of course they did; and had hit upon the right man to accomplish the work before them, and I was ready and willing to help them. I have now only to attend Fellowship Meeting this afternoon, then preach to-morrow morning, and then will be on my way to Enfield. I only wished for the time to come when, in their pulpit, I would be preaching the ever-

lasting Gospel,—telling those truths that would awaken men, and make them wise unto salvation. What a good time we were to have at Enfield. I thought perhaps I might remain there some time, and would soon furnish myself with paper and envelopes, so that I could keep my family and friends informed of the progress of the meeting, and let them know how fast converts were multiplied.

As soon as the morning service was concluded on Sunday morning, with diligence I arranged to be on my way,—ate my dinner in a hurried manner,—seated myself on my sulkey,—drew up the lines,—“go it, old gray.” I was in such haste that I had neglected to inquire the way to Enfield, but felt sure I had started in the right direction. I soon saw a man by the road side, and throwing my head a little back, I bowed as gracefully as I could, and asked the gentleman if he could direct me to Enfield Center. “Yes, sir, with pleasure. At the first four corners, turn to your right; at the next corner, turn to the left; and so turn right and left at each corner, till you drive into Enfield Center. You will go half round every man’s farm between here and Enfield Center, or you can go east on this direct road until you come to a given point,—then turn to the right and you are on the direct road there.” I thanked him and on I went, thinking he doubtless knew that I was a preacher of the Gospel from my general appearance. As soon as my horse

could travel that distance, I was there. The sexton had the house well warmed, and was sweeping the stoop and getting every thing in readiness, for Elder Alderman was coming to commence a series of meetings that evening. My horse was cared for, and after resting a little and taking some refreshment, I started for the meeting house. On arriving there I hailed with joy a number of brethren who had just come down from Searsburg to listen to the demonstration which would be made at the commencement of an interesting meeting, which would doubtless result in a good revival. As I entered the meeting house I noticed it had been remodeled since my former visit,—the pulpit had been lowered so that a few steps only were required to reach it,—no trouble to ascend the desk now. I was soon in my place, ready for action. A large congregation had convened, all anxious to “hear that fellow again.” The formalities of the service were passed, and I arose, and there I stood. Felt as though I would like to say something to interest the waiting assembly, but what can I say. It seemed that the darkness of Egypt closed in upon me so thick that it could be cut with a knife. Alas for frail man,—“He that exalteth himself, shall be abased.” Of course, I did the best I could, and sat down.

The story of the Indian convert passed through my mind. It was noticed that this convert had a very good gift of interesting the people, and it was always

expected when the Indian was present, that there would be a good meeting. The Indian had learned this fact, and had also heard that the people thought it would be his duty to preach. On a certain occasion, when there was a gathering for meeting, Indian remarked, "Now all of you pray and talk. I will wait till the last, and we will have the best of the wine at the last of the feast; for when Indian talk, power come." The meeting moved on, each one doing their duty. By and by, the time came for Indian to give them the "good wine." The Indian arose and commenced his exhortation, but his mind was not very fruitful. His remarks were not very interesting, none seemed to be drinking the "good wine," rather dull time for Indian. He raised his voice, and slapped his hands, but all to no effect. Raised his voice still higher, and began to stamp with his feet. All at once he sat down in haste, exclaiming: "Poor Indian lost his humble,—poor Indian got to go to begging again." I thought, "here too."

After I sat down from my discourse, I gave liberty for remarks; but concluded if they wanted a series of meetings they might get some other preacher, for I was otherwise engaged. Some of the brethren made interesting remarks, and talked that there was a prospect of good being done, but I could not "see the prospect." After meeting was closed, Alson Guthrie, a brother from Searsburg, took me by the hand, say-

ing, "Brother A., live this world right through to the end of life."

I felt mortified and preplexed. Had a restless night, and arose while the bright stars were twinkling in the sky, and before the sun had peeped over the eastern hills, old gray was busy scattering her tracks toward Watkins. Thus, with me, closed the contemplated series of meetings at Enfield. I did not visit that place again very soon.

CHAPTER XVII.

While preaching at Searsburg, I was informed by Hena Jane, a daughter of Deacon Lewis Proper, who was, at the time, teaching school in a rural district, about five miles from Searsburg, that a sectarian deacon with whom she boarded, was much opposed to the Christians,—called them by bad names, and said many hard things about them; such as calling them white-washed infidels, and making other remarks about them, of a similar tenor. This grieved Miss Proper, for she believed the Christians were about right, and she was one of the number,—a member of the Searsburg Christian Church. Said she would be glad if some of our preachers could have a talk with this deacon; or what would be still better, have one of them preach in that district, where as yet, no Christian minister had ever preached. My mind was somewhat stirred within me. I did not like to have men of high profession and sectarian notions, talk in that way to our young members, who were serving God according to their ability, setting good examples before the world, and enjoying the love of God in their hearts. Brother Totten, a member of the Searsburg Church, lived about four miles from the church and one mile from where Miss

Proper was teaching,—lived in that district, and I think he was a trustee. The next time I saw Brother Totten I asked him why he did not give me an invitation to preach in his school district, that I understood that no Christian minister had ever preached there. “Why,” said he, “it is the greatest sectarian place in the world. They are all sectarians; and rigid at that. No one there would want to hear a liberal gospel sermon.” I told him I felt that I had a mission for that people, and if he would see that the schoolhouse was opened, and circulate an appointment, I would go over and give them a discourse. He replied, “You had better get your life insured, and make your will before you go.” I told him to make the arrangements for the meeting,—I would take along a body guard sufficiently strong to protect me. The arrangement for the meeting was made, and at the close of the morning service at Searsburg, I gave notice that two weeks from that day, at four o’clock, P. M., I expected to preach at the schoolhouse in the district where Brother Totten lived. As soon as the meeting was dismissed, there was some little excitement among the brethren. Some said one thing and some said another. “What do you think you are going to do in that sectarian hole?” “We did not hire you to preach there.” “They will give you *eels* over there.” “Whatever possessed you to think of preaching there?” I replied that by the help of God I intended to preach the Gospel there, and

as for their giving me eels, that would please me, as I was fond of them, especially when they were well cooked. I told them that I felt that I had a mission to the people there. "Come, brethren, all go over, so if I am slain you can convey my corpse home for interment." I had no fear of harm, and felt that I should come through without "the smell of fire upon my garments;"—was only fearful that I might get into darkness and have another such time as I had at Enfield; but as that was so recent, I should be sure to be on my guard in this direction.

The time for the meeting arrived and I was there, accompanied by Deacons Proper and Barber, also Alson Guthrie and others. The congregation was large, and I was confident I saw the man before me, who had talked so provokingly to Miss Proper. My trust was in God, and my prayer was that he would not leave me to myself, but to grant me grace sufficient to perform the duty now before me. I had previously learned that when I thought I could preach a great discourse, the Lord would let me try. If I was ever looked and squinted at by a congregation, this was the time. It seemed that they had been wondering what sort of looking creatures these Christians were. Much to my satisfaction, I saw the brethren from Searsburg sitting across the house opposite me, with their heads up as though they had no fear with regard to the result of this meeting. They looked like strong men of war.

Brother Guthrie's face was all aglow with the spirit of the Master.

I read a hymn which was well sung,—Brother Guthrie taking the lead. I then bowed before the Throne, and felt that God was near. After singing the second time, I arose, saying my text might be found in Joshua, 22d chapter, 11th and 12th verses, and read as follows: “And the children of Israel heard say, Behold, the children of Reuben, and the children of Gad, and the half-tribe of Manasseh, have built an altar over against the land of Canaan, in the borders of Jordan, at the passage of the children of Israel. And when the children of Israel heard of it, the whole congregation of the children of Israel gathered themselves together at Shiloh, to go up to war against them.” I noticed my Searsburg brethren all bowed their heads (as it were) in their hands. Whether they were going back on me, or praying for me, was more than I could tell; but I thought perhaps they were fearful I was going to turn a summersault, similar to the exercise they had so recently witnessed at Enfield, but I had no fears now. Felt that my trust was in God, and that I was all right for the work before me.

After giving a short historical account of the circumstances which gave rise to the text, including the fact that before the whole congregation of Israel went up to war with the two and a half tribes, they sent up an embassy,—Phinehas, the son of Eleazar, the

priest, and with him ten princes, to go up to the land of Gilead, and confer with these two and a half tribes. When they arrived there and made an investigation, they found there was no rebellion intended,—no departure from God ; but, as Jordan was a border between them, “This altar is a witness between us and you, that the Lord is God.” Phinehas then said to the two and a half tribes, “This day we perceive that the Lord is among us, because ye have not committed this trespass against the Lord.” When the ambassadors returned and reported to the whole congregation of Israel, they were well pleased ; and decided, at once, that they would not go up to fight them,—that the whole prejudice had arisen from hearsay ;—“And the children of Israel *heard say*.”

I then remarked that I had the honor of belonging with a religious body, whose position with regard to the various denominations around them, was similar, at least, to the two and a half tribes, when compared with the whole congregation of Israel. And they had “heard say” that we denied the divinity of the Saviour, declaring that he was nothing but a mere man. Gave my views on this point. And then they “had heard say” that we had no Discipline or Articles of Faith to govern us,—were like a ship on the broad ocean without either helm or compass, liable to be capsized any minute. Then gave my views on this point, including the fact that we had the best chart and compass in the

world, as the Holy Bible was our rule of faith and practice;—that it did not need to be changed;—that no one could say of it that it is right now, but was wrong five years ago,—neither was it right five years ago and wrong now. I spoke of a large book, referring to the Westminster Confession of Faith, stating that perhaps the large volume had become obsolete, as I had not seen it for a long time,—that now-a-days, in its stead they used Articles of Faith in pamphlet form,—abstracts from the big book that was now out of sight,—and that those who subscribed to such Articles, would indulge in hard sayings against those of whom they knew but little or nothing. Here I intended to throw something into the stomach of the man who had found so much fault with the Christians in the presence of Miss Proper, which was the cause of our present meeting, that would cause it (his stomach) to heave. Think the design was accomplished.

I then noticed everything I could think of that they had ever “heard say,” such as our being White-washed Infidels, ignoramuses, and the like. By this time my Searsburg brethren had got their heads up, as though they feared no failure, and I closed my discourse by exhorting them to investigate our principles and position, before they made war upon us.

As soon as I said “Amen,” I gave liberty for remarks by any who felt interested in the meeting, and sat down. I noticed the old deacon who had been,

indirectly, at least, the cause of our present gathering, had been sitting quite uneasy, and thought that "speaking might relieve him." Sure enough up he got, pale and trembling, and said: "I am not for war, I am for peace." I responded, "*Amen.*" He then remarked that the book the speaker referred to had not gone into disuse, that it was yet on sale at a book store in Ithaca, and if any one wanted to buy it he would get it for them. It was in my mind to tell him I guessed there was no one that wanted it. When he concluded his remarks and sat down, I said, "There is still liberty," and up jumped a man, who I learned was a Class Leader. He appeared somewhat excited, but very earnest, and exclaimed, "We are forbidden to run after the Lo-heres, and the Lo-theres,"—that there were some who were going from place to place through the country, professing to be teachers in Israel,—preachers of the Gospel; and he thought no stranger ought to be recognized as a minister, unless he had credentials showing that he was a minister, belonging to some religious body or society. Said I, "*Amen.*" After offering a few more remarks he sat down. I arose and told the people I heartily endorsed the sentiment of the brother who had just spoken,—that every man professing to preach Jesus, should always be ready to show his standing at home, and also in the community where he travels, and as I was a stranger to many present, some one might possibly think the friend had

reference to me; that I was happy to say that I had my credentials; that I was preaching at Searsburg, only five miles from the place, and that if I behaved myself, I expected to continue my labor there until next April,—that my residence was about three hours ride from the place, and I would be happy to have any of the friends call on me at their convenience. Then after giving my views of the “Lo-heres and Lo-theres,” I sat down, saying, “There still is liberty.” Then another man arose and spoke some words in a very hasty manner, but did not really say anything,—that is, I could not tell what he meant, only that he had got in a flurry and wanted to say something, but could not tell what. I began to think that I was in a peculiar dilemma, but must find some way out, and as soon as the gentleman had freed his mind, I partially nodded to Brother Guthrie, as though I would like to have him speak. He immediately arose and quoted the following words: “The spirit and the bride say come.” He then gave one of the liveliest and best exhortations I ever heard from his lips, and he was not slow in exhortation. I then asked him to close the exercise by prayer, and I think he prayed the best I ever heard him. I then closed the meeting. There was at once quite a confusion. It seemed they all wanted to say something, and were hurrying to speak first. I made my way out as fast as I reasonably could, to see if Bro. Totten’s horse had been sheared during the sermon.

Out at the door I found I had one warm friend in the person of an Irishman, who said, "An fath, and I hev niver heard the like since I left swate Ireland."

We all got back to Searsburg without experiencing any damage. I soon received an invitation from some of the leading citizens there, to return and give them another discourse. To this I consented, and sent the appointment. The time within one hour for the appointment had arrived, I was at Bro. Totten's house, and the rain was descending in torrents. I thought it imprudent to start out, but Bro. Totten said we must go, rain or no rain, it would not do to disappoint; so after a little consultation, we went into the wagon barn and seated ourselves in the buggy; then after preparing ourselves as well as we could to face the storm, we started out while the rain was falling at a rapid rate. We soon came in sight of the place of meeting. The carriages occupied both sides of the road, the school house was full, and many were in the houses near by. I remarked to Bro. Totten, "I guess there must be a large funeral, or something of the kind, to call this multitude together." "I guess," said he, "it is 'something of the kind.' Don't think there is any funeral, but am sure there is much anxiety in the neighborhood." As we arrived at the place of meeting the rain somewhat abated, the people came from the houses near by with their umbrellas, and gathered about the house, making themselves as comfortable as possible for hear-

ing. I took my stand near the outer door, so that those on the outside could hear what I had to say. I gave them as good a spiritual and practicable sermon as I was capable of preaching, and at the close gave liberty for remarks. The Class Leader's wife arose, and slapping her hands, exclaimed, "The old broken dishes are all mended up!" then after giving a warm testimony in favor of the cause of the Redeemer, she sat down. Others spoke and we enjoyed a good meeting. I was cordially invited to visit them again, but as it was not convenient, I declined, feeling sure that if any of our good members should teach school there again, they would not be continually harangued about the Christians being white-washed Infidels, and other talk of this sort.

On the twentieth day of February, 1848, I married Deacon Lewis Proper to Mrs. Nancy Horton. The wedding fee was a peculiar one. It consisted of a five franc piece, one half dollar, one twenty-five cent piece, a ten cent piece, one sixpence and a cent. I learned afterwards that the Deacon's money was missing, which caused him disappointment and a little excitement, and he handed over all he had, be it more or less. When the year closed at Searsburg, circumstances seemed to forbid my continuing there longer, and I bade the friends farewell, with the kindest of feelings which, I think, was mutual.

CHAPTER XVIII.

About this time I received a letter from Elder C. D. Kinney, inviting me to attend a two days meeting at the Shingle Schoolhouse, in Cameron, Steuben county, N. Y., with directions, in case I accepted, to follow down Mud Creek till I came to its mouth, and then inquire for H. P. Clark, who was a carpenter and joiner residing at the mouth of Mud Creek, now Savona. I accepted the invitation, and in due time started on my way. As the day was drawing to a close, I arrived at Bro. H. P. Clark's; found there was room enough for me to stay, and straw and provender was provided for my horse; I enjoyed a good night's rest and arose, fresh and vigorous, to enjoy the remainder of the journey. On Saturday morning we started out from Bro. Clark's, bound for the Shingle Schoolhouse. We pursued our course down the Conhocton River about four miles, to a little village called Campbelltown; then we followed up Otter Creek four miles, to a small settlement called New Michigan.

There we called at the residence of Bro. Edwin Merchant, who, together with his wife, were converts to the Christian religion, and kept a Pilgrim's Hotel in a mountain nest in this wilderness country. Bro. M.

was a very active business man, a blacksmith by trade; also extensively engaged in the lumbering business. It was evident from the enterprise manifested, that the surrounding forest would soon give way. Those lofty trees would fall by the strokes of the axman, and fields of grass and grain would wave beneath the summer breeze, while the little lambs would be playing upon the banks of the stream. Surely, thought I, this wilderness will bud and blossom as the rose, and seasons of happiness and joy will be experienced in this region. Bro. M. and his wife attended the meeting, which was six miles from their home.

I enjoyed a good meeting with this little band of brethren, known as the Cameron Christian Church, and felt truly, that foreigners and strangers were made nigh by the blood of Christ. At the close of their meeting, Elder Kinney gave out the time of service during this meeting, and stated there would be a collection taken the next day, for the benefit of Bro. A., who had travelled so far to meet with them, and preach the Gospel of the Son of God to the people. Brother Merchant handed me a dollar, saying he was not sure of attending the meeting on Sunday, and in case he did not, his mite would be ready for the collection. I rather thought this was talking too much money for professors of religion, belonging to the Christian Church, but I had already begun to see the folly of my old foggy notion that ministers should not be cared for by those

to whom they preached the Gospel, otherwise I could not have stood all this.

Sunday morning dawned upon us in its glory. Bright Phœbus shone o'er the landscape, the people gathered from the various points of compass to the house of worship, and I enjoyed a very good time in presenting the glorious truths of the gospel. There was a visible interest manifested in the congregation, and the people seemed anxious that I should remain with them a while, and continue to tell the story of the Cross. It seemed that there might be good done there if the meetings were continued, but as I had left my little son at home rather ill, and felt it my duty to return home, I took my leave of these kind people. Having learned while there, that I was only eight miles from Bath, I returned that way and found the road far more pleasant.

I arrived home on Monday evening, found my son was better, and my anxiety to return to Cameron increased, until I fully decided that as soon as circumstances were favorable, I would return. Accordingly in a few days, I was on my way to Cameron, going by the way of Bath. I reached Dea. John Yost's, at about three o'clock P. M. He appeared very glad to see me, and an appointment was soon in circulation for a meeting that evening. The meeting was good. The meetings were continued there, the most of the time evenings, for about five weeks. We also enjoyed a goodly num-

ber of meetings in the day time. There was a good revival. Among the converts was a Miss Chapman, daughter of the late Elder Chapman. We enjoyed some good seasons of baptizing. At the urgent request of the friends there, I engaged to preach to them once a month, for one year. Elder C. D. Kinney was preaching there every fourth Sunday, and the people were much pleased to have preaching semi-monthly.

I soon received an invitation from Bro. Merchant, who was a committee for that purpose, to furnish them preaching once a month in Thurston, an adjoining town, and not so far distant as to make it inconvenient to supply both places the same day. The Thurston church, or what was then called the Bath and Thurston church, held their meetings on the hill known as the North Settlement or West Hill. I decided to make them a visit with a view to preaching as they requested, in case proper arrangements could be made, with which the parties would all be pleased. Accordingly an appointment was made. I was to attend the fellowship meeting on Saturday, preach to them on Sunday morning, then fill my appointment at Cameron in the afternoon. The place of the meeting was four miles from Mud Creek, where Bro. Clark lived. On Friday afternoon, as I was going up the hill from Bro. Clark's, I became lonely and homesick. It seemed to me there was nothing for me to do in that wild region of country, but as I came into the settlement, the prospect ap-

peared a little fairer ; yet I spent rather a lonely night at the residence of a brother who lived about one mile from the place of meeting. At the time appointed, I met a few brethren and sisters, but as they were all strangers to me, I did not feel much at home. Bro. Merchant and his wife were members of this church, and lived about three miles distant in the valley below. They came into the neighborhood, though not in time for meeting, but in time to somewhat cheer my drooping mind. On Sunday morning there was a good, intelligent congregation, and I enjoyed a good time in holding forth the truths of the Gospel. There were a few good working Christians there, and during a series of meetings held there, much good was done. We enjoyed a season of baptism, and some were added to the church.

The settlers there were anxious to have me buy a lot of land and move among them. I told them I had not the means to purchase. They made good promises that they would assist me in clearing up a lot, and would also help me to build a house, but I had little or no idea of becoming a permanent resident of this country,—did not even feel disposed to look at lots that were then for sale, as I did not think it best to contract a debt in this new country. One morning after staying over night with one Wm. Cross, Levi Peters came in with a hasty step, and informed me that a man on a lot joining him was determined to sell,—

that he had chopped a nice fallow, and made quite an improvement, and would sell his interest in the lot for twenty-five dollars,—that it was worth much more than that, and was a fine chance for a bargain. The land would then stand at five dollars per acre in the Land Office, if I had not the money he would advance it, and they would make a logging bee, and soon fit the fallow for the seed. “Well,” said I, “go ahead,” then away he went like a man fleeing for his life. The Article was assigned to me, and the assignment consented to by the Land Office.

Notice was soon given that there would be a bee to log up the Elder’s fallow. Nearly all the settlers were on hand, and the way those logs were rolled together, was on the plan of doing every thing in one day; but the day was not long enough to complete the job, although a large portion of the logs were rolled together. A few days later, over came the brethren and friends from Cameron, with several yoke of good oxen, and men enough with strong muscles, to keep the teams a moving, and the remainder of the logs were soon rolled together, a place cleared off to set a dwelling, and a cellar commenced. One of the brethren from Cameron said he had a house that he would give me, or at least charge but little for,—that it would furnish some doors, windows, lumber and nails. This building was taken down and the most of it moved over. The other lumber was gathered from the adjoining neighborhood, a

fair share of it coming from Bro. Merchant's sawmill; which, although only three miles distant through the woods, had to be drawn about seven miles over quite a rough road. Bro. H. P. Clark was a house builder, and said he would go ahead with the job. The next time I visited the place, a frame was up and partially enclosed. Bro. Clark said he would now have to leave for awhile and do other work, as he had a note in the bank, which would be due in about thirty days, and that thirty-four dollars of the money was yet unprovided for. After having learned the exact time the note would mature, I noticed it was beyond my next appointment at this place. I then said to Clark, "Go ahead with the house and trust in the Lord for your pay, and in case he fails you, I will see that you have enough to pay your note." He proceeded with the building, and was so earnest in the matter that on finding that he lacked six strips of siding to finish enclosing the building, he carried them on his shoulder three miles, from Bro. Merchant's sawmill to where he used them.

Our new house was now nearly completed, or at least in good condition to receive a family, and now we were to leave the pleasant valley of Altay, with its loved associations and familiar scenery, and the resting place of loved ones who had departed this life. My mother had been laid away in the cold grave; our little children were sleeping side by side in their narrow beds in

the same cemetery. Many hallowed associations cluster around the mind, when about to leave the place of our spiritual birth, and many tried friends, to sojourn with strangers, in a strange land.

We took our departure from Altay, and were soon settled in Thurston, surrounded by many warm hearted friends. Here I endeavored as much as in me was, to preach the Gospel in this locality, and found as in other days, that the Lord was a present help in time of need. This region of country was something of a wilderness, and we were looking forward to a time when it would bud and blossom as the rose.

Our Fellowship Meetings were statedly on the hill in the immediate neighborhood where I now lived. I was satisfied that as the tall beeches and sturdy hemlocks gave way, and grass and grain were waveing o'er the landscape, that a village would appear in the valley below, and doubtless in the neighborhood where Bro. Merchant lived. I well knew his activity in the cause of the Redeemer, and the scenes of past days were fresh in my mind, especially the visits I made him before moving to this place. He was always pleased to see me when I called, and about the first question was, "Will you preach for us to-night?" "Yes, if an appointment can be circulated." "Well," says Bro. M., "I can soon give notice of preaching to-night," then away he would go, up the road and then down, till all in the immediate neighborhood were no-

tified. Let the notice be ever so short, the citizens would be out to meeting almost to a man, and we would have a good time.

Soon after we were fairly settled, I suggested the idea of moving our Fellowship Meeting to New Michigan, thinking there was the place to unfurl the banner. The friends on the hill seemingly with one consent, joined in opposing this arrangement. I finally gained consent from the brethren on the hill to have one-half of our regular meetings, both preaching and Fellowship Meetings, in the valley. As the population increased the people came flocking down from the surrounding hills, so that we had a fair congregation and prospered very finely. Bro. Merchant was appointed deacon, and our prospect was fair to see the wilderness blooming.

The Tioga River Christian Conference, of which our church was a member; was then in its infancy, with only one meeting house within its bounds, and not more than five or six ministers, I having united with it at its annual session held at Avoca, N. Y., October 7th, 1846. Its next annual session was to be held at Springwater, Livingston County, N. Y. Dea. M. and myself attended as delegates. We enjoyed a very pleasant meeting, and when the time came for locating the session for the next year, we invited them to Thurston, and a resolution to this effect was offered. This met with opposition. Eld. Haynes, a member of

Conference, asked if we had a Christian Meeting House at Thurston. "No," was the reply. He then asked if the inhabitants there were rich. The answer was, "Not wealthy, but able to sustain the Conference." Eld. H. then remarked that he thought it proper to have our conference session held where we had proper places for worship, and where the people were able and willing to sustain them, for when he went to conference he wanted enough to eat. Some one remarked that he could carry a little bread and butter in his pocket. The motion to have the next session at Thurston was then withdrawn. Eld. H. then made a motion that the next session be held at North Chemung. I took the liberty to ask if we had a meeting house there. The reply was, "Well no, we have no meeting house there." I then asked if the people there were rich. He did not really want to say that they were, but thought them able to sustain the conference. The question was called, motion put and lost. Then another place was named and its claims argued, the questions being asked and answers returned as before. The question was then decided by vote and declared lost. Eld. Jabez Chadwick then arose, and said that he would now renew the motion to have the next session of conference held with the church in Thurston,—that he had been there and felt sure that it could, and would be well sustained,—that Dea. Merchant was able to do that, and Bro. A., who was now their preacher, did not look

as though he had been starved. The motion being put, was carried by a large majority.

The Conference being closed the deacon and myself wended our way home, talking over the scenes and decisions of conference, and thought it would be very nice if we could have a meeting house in readiness to entertain the conference the coming year. I asked the Deacon if he supposed we could build one. As he is one of those who never says we can't, he replied, "Yes, of course we can." "How much will you give, Deacon?" "Fifty dollars to commence with, and more if necessary."

CHAPTER XIX.

After our return home we looked over the ground, talked up the matter some, and got up a subscription, which was freely circulated among the people. The sum and substance of the instrument was as follows: "We, the undersigned, promise to pay the sum set opposite our names for the purpose of erecting a house of worship to be located on Otter Creek in the Town of Thurston. Said property to belong to the Christian Church and to be free for the use of other religious denominations when not occupied by the Christians." Deacon Merchant signed fifty dollars; his Brother William, who was not a professor, signed fifteen dollars, and I signed ten dollars. It then dropped down to five, to three, to two, then to one dollar, then down to fifty cents, and also to twenty-five cents. The subscription was a long one,—one man said it was as long as a shooting match. It reminded me of some of those long dull sermons, such as we sometimes listen to, which are all long and of but little depth. Almost every one in this region signed it.

The land in this town was mostly owned by a Mr. Thurston, who resided in the eastern part of the State. A large portion of the settlers held their land by Articles of Agreement, with only small payments made,

and much land yet remained in the office on sale. The thought occurred to me that perhaps Mr. Thurston would help us about building a meeting house. I inquired of nearly every settler in the valley if Mr. T. was a professor of religion, but no one knew. I was informed that while in this region he made his home with John Corbitt, who resided on the hill near where I lived. After talking a little while with Mr. Corbitt with regard to Mr. Thurston, he informed me that Mr. T. stopped with him while in the settlement. I then asked if Mr. Thurston was a professor of religion. The reply was that he did not know; not being a professor himself he had not conversed with him on the subject. I then called on Mr. Howell, the land agent at Bath, who executed his Articles of Agreement, attended to the sale of lands, and transacted his business generally. From him I learned that Mr. Thurston was a Friend or Quaker. I stated that the reason why I made this inquiry was that we wished to build a meeting house over on Otter Creek, and we thought perhaps Mr. Thurston would feel somewhat interested in such an enterprise himself, and be disposed to aid us a little. Mr. Howell said he did not know what Mr. Thurston's views on such an enterprise would be, but, if we wished, he would drop a line to Mr. T. on the subject. Soon Mr. Howell reported the reply of Mr. Thurston, which consisted mostly of inquiries. First, he wished to know the sentiments of the church proposing to build the

contemplated edifice; then the style, size and probable cost of the same. I made a diagram of the contemplated building, taking particular care to notice that we did not intend to have a steeple, that the work was to be done in a plain manner, that the house was to be free for other religious denominations when not occupied by the Christians; also, that the Christian Church fellowship all the followers of the Lamb, all who give an evidence of their acceptance with God; that the Bible is its only rule of faith and practice; that its members are not required to subscribe to any creed written by fallable man, and that Christian character, and not opinion, is its test of fellowship. I also stated that the building could probably be erected for about six hundred dollars. This statement and diagram were sent to Mr. Thurston, who immediately directed his agent to pay seventy-five dollars to the Building Committee, whenever three responsible persons would sign an agreement that such a house should be erected at the place named, and paid for, and owned by the Christian Church. E. Merchant, H. P. Clark, and myself signed an agreement that it should be thus done, and received the seventy-five dollars, which amount was sufficient to buy the nails, glass, and such other things as we would have to pay money for.

The citizens were now quite enthusiastic. The brave fellows shouldered their axes and pulled out for the woods on "double quick time," headed by H. P. Clark.

Such trees as would make the proper timber were pointed out, and they were felled at once; and soon the round tree was converted into square timber, ready to be conveyed to the place of erection.

On Thursday evening, Deacon M. called at my residence on the hill, and asked if they had better raise the meeting house the next day. My reply was, "Yes, if it will be ready." The Deacon then said that they could have it ready to put up by ten or eleven o'clock, but some thought it had better be deferred, as Friday was an unlucky day, and there might be some one killed if they undertook to raise on that day, and therefore they thought best to defer it till Saturday or Monday, while others were anxious to have it go up at once, that they might proceed with their work; "and they have all agreed to leave it to the Elder to decide." I told the Deacon to tell them my decision was to put it up as soon as it was ready to raise,—to not be hasty, but careful, and no one would be killed because it was Friday; while it was possible that if they raised it on Saturday or Monday, there might be a number killed.

The frame went up on Friday, April 30, 1852, and no one was killed nor hurt. The work progressed rapidly until the lath was ready for the mortar, and the mortar was prepared and ready for the lath. Now came the first disappointment. The masons who were expected to do the work were not ready, as they did not expect to be called on so soon and could not leave

the job upon which they were now engaged until it was finished,—must finish that job first. This would not answer our purpose as, we were decided that this work must be done at once. Clark said he would start out after a mason, and would not return until he brought one with him. I had done something in the line of lathing and plastering in past days, and decided I would help the mason do the job. The next day the news came that Clark had returned with a mason, a first rate workman. He had, for a number of days, been off “on a drunk,” but would be ready to commence spreading the mortar the next morning; accordingly I went down to the valley to assist in putting on the wall. I was informed that he looked rather tough just now, and when I saw him I thought he did look “rather tough.” Such a looking mason I never saw before. One would suppose that he had been “on a bender,” and was pretty well bent still. His coat, pantaloons and boots, all showed the effects of a *bender*, and the rim of his hat was pretty much bent off. He had doubtless bent his elbow many times during the past week. There seemed to be no way to expedite the job only to do the best we could with this poor fellow, who had become a victim to rum. He appeared in fear while ascending the scaffold, as though he realized that he might fall and drop into eternity while unprepared to meet his God. Perhaps his engaging in work in a building to be dedicated to the worship of

God, and associated with a minister in his work, caused him to realize, to some extent, the dangerous position he now occupied. I pitied the poor fellow.

But little plastering was done that day. The next day the mason was in better condition for work, the lath were rapidly hid, and soon completely covered with mortar. The second and finishing coat was soon applied, and the scaffolds were turned out of door to make room for the pulpit and pews, which were soon found in their proper places.

About six weeks had rolled around from the time the axes were carried to the woods upon the shoulders of our active and athletic men, when the house was ready to be dedicated to the worship of God. The dedication day was June 27, 1852,—one week previous to the annual meeting of the Conference. It was a day of great interest to the citizens of the place and vicinity. The good Lord blessed the first sermon preached in the new edifice, and there began to be an awakening among the people.

After the dedication services were concluded, we enjoyed a sort of wedding feast. Mr. Oliver Burley and Miss Jane Hall stood up in the midst of the crowded assembly and were united in lawful matrimony. The audience were much pleased with the opportunity of attending a wedding so unexpected to the assembled multitude. This marriage was blessed with the presence of the Saviour, as was the marriage at Cana in

Galilee, although the Saviour was not present bodily, neither was the water turned into wine.

On the fifth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, the Tioga River Christian Conference assembled at our place to enjoy their annual feast. Surprise was manifested by many when they found so comfortable a place to hold their annual session, and provision enough to feed the multitude. All parties seemed to enjoy themselves,—the preaching was good and the meeting left an excellent influence. The following Sunday evening there was a great interest in the meeting and at the close, I extended the invitation to those who wished to become Christians, and desired the prayers and sympathies of the people of God, to arise in the congregation. A number arose. I then invited all who felt the need of salvation and were willing to give their hearts to God and obey his commands, to come forward. Nineteen presented themselves at the altar of prayer. We had a weeping and a rejoicing time.

At this time the field on the hill, which had been cleared the year before, was waving with beautiful wheat, white and ready for the harvest. A barn frame, excepting the rafters, had been raised the day before, and I felt it my duty with all diligence to finish the barn, that the crop might be put therein, and thinking it impracticable to hold a series of meetings at this time, I left an appointment for the next Friday even-

ing, as I could attend it on my way to Cameron, as our Fellowship Meeting was there the following Saturday. I stopped that night with William Merchant, who was one of the number who arose and came forward to seek salvation. His wife was a widow before he married her, and as her first husband was a Methodist minister, she had had some experience in revivals of religion. She said I ought to continue the meeting, and had neglected my duty in not leaving an appointment for the next evening. I reminded her of the field of wheat, the first I had ever raised, now already to harvest, and no barn yet completed to store it in,—that it was my duty to hasten home and prepare the rafters for their proper places on the plates,—that God had blessed me with a good crop of wheat, and it was my duty to take care of it. She remarked that God had caused the wheat to grow, and there would be some way provided to secure it; that it was my duty to continue the meetings here, and if I did not she believed the judgment of God would rest upon me. I remarked to her that I hoped she would not frighten me, for I did not feel well when I was scared,—that I felt a conscience void of offence in attending to my temporal affairs, especially under the present circumstances.

The next Monday morning I returned home with dispatch, and hastened to prepare myself for the work I had to do. I was soon engaged in preparing a scantling for its proper place. I gave it a few clips with

the adze, and then gave one of my limbs a chip, which caused some pain, and the blood ran profusely,—was sure that my days' work on the barn was done. I thought at once of the expression of Sister Merchant: "It is your duty to continue the meetings." The wound was so severe that a physician was called, who dressed the limb, remarking at the same time, that it was rather an unfortunate stroke, but I might feel thankful that it was no worse; at the same time informing me that a few weeks would pass before I could engage in manual labor again.

The next day the friends came up from the valley, put up the rafters and nearly covered the frame, both roof and sides. They all seemed anxious for the meetings to continue, and an effort was made to obtain the services of a Christian minister to hold a series of meetings, but in vain. Christian ministers were not very plenty in this region at that time. Then an effort was made to get a Methodist minister, but to no effect, then a Baptist, which also proved a failure. In about ten days I was able to get about with the aid of crutches, and thought that I would ride down to the valley and raise my voice in warning sinners to flee the wrath to come. I think I felt something as Jonah did when God called him the second time to go to Nineveh and do the preaching that he was bid to do,—tell the people that in forty days their city should be overthrown. He thought he would not make another effort

to run away from the presence of the Lord, but would now do as God had commanded him; so I now felt that I would faithfully declare the truths of the Gospel to this people. When I reached the valley all seemed much pleased,—an appointment was soon circulated, the people gathered together, and upon my crutches I entered the pulpit, and began to invite sinners to God. Those who started a few evenings previous, were soon enjoying the Christian's hope, and were active in exhorting their friends to forsake sin and seek the salvation of their souls. The work was revived and went on until nearly all the citizens became interested, and many hopefully converted to God. Notwithstanding the hurrying season of the year, people being engaged in haying and harvesting, they could find time to attend meeting, and exhibited a disposition to do so. Some farmers living several miles distant, would draw hay and grain during the day, and then come to meeting in the evening with their hay riggings as well filled with people as it had been with grain during the day, and all seemed to enjoy the meetings well.

After the meetings had been in progress a number of weeks, I thought it might be best to discontinue them a portion of the time. I therefore appointed a prayer meeting at a private dwelling, partially for the purpose of ascertaining the real interest there was in the community. Some expressed their dissatisfaction at

moving the meeting to a private dwelling so near the meeting house, but the house, yard, and road, were all filled with people anxious to engage in religious service, so I became satisfied we had better continue the meetings at the meeting house, and did so for several weeks longer, while the good work move on. We enjoyed some precious seasons of baptism, and many were added to the Church.

Nearly every family in the community attended meeting every Sunday, and all lived in love and union. No contention arose until human creeds and disciplines were introduced among the people. Then discord appeared and sectarianism began to raise its deformed head where love and union once prevailed. I was laboring on and doing the best I could in the Master's cause, supposing I was enjoying the confidence of the entire community, when one day Bro. Clark called at my residence as he was wont to do. As I met him at the gate he said he had brought home a book that he had previously borrowed of me, and looked at me very earnestly. I invited him to walk in, saying I would put his horse in the barn. He said "I will not go in just yet, I want to talk with you a little before I go in." I replied: "With pleasure,—I will listen to you." Then he said: "How are you getting along?" "Quite well—feel that I am blest in striving to do my Master's will." "Have you plenty of provision, or are you getting a little short?" "Come

in and see,—think we have enough to give you a good dinner,”—smiling at the time, but not much smile on his countenance. “Where were you on such a day?” “At Cameron until about the middle of the afternoon, then I came home.” “And where were you in the evening?” “At my appointment on Yellow Hill.” “Well, sir, there is an awful report in circulation about you, and if you are guilty it will prove your ruin as a minister and a christian, and will well nigh ruin the church.” I was much astonished, a peculiar sensation came over me and I could only ask, “What is the report?” After he related it I told him it was as false as false could be,—that I was not guilty, and that he need have no farther trouble in that direction. “Well,” said he, “are you willing to go with me and ferret out the report, and find out where it originated, and all the particulars pertaining to the same?” My reply was that I was ready to go at once, and meet my accusers face to face, and hear all that could be said of this shameful report. We hastened to the Valley where all was commotion. The Deacon and a number of the brethren seemed to be in consultation together. They looked as though they had not smiled for weeks, and looked at me sharply as I drew near them. “Well,” said I, “gentlemen, ‘what wilt thou have me to do?’ I trust I am permitted to speak for myself; where are those mine accusers?” One says B. told him, another says he heard P. talking about it, and

another says it is in almost everybody's mouth. I remarked that what people said I could not help, that the tongue of the talker I could not control, but when they found any one that had seen or knew anything wrong, I was ready to appear before them and hear all they could say, for I was sure there had been no wrong on my part, and was equally sure that the report originated with some wicked, designing person.

There was quite a number who had gathered together, and they divided themselves into parties, and some went one way and some another in pursuit of the originator of this report. There were two Justices of the Peace among the number. One who had been quite active in circulating the report in rather a sly way, was called upon to know by what authority they had said as they had. The reply was that they had heard the report, but they refused to give their author; others talked in about the same manner, and refused to give their authors, until they were informed that unless they gave their authority they themselves would be considered the guilty ones, and would be dealt with accordingly.

It was soon ascertained to a certainty that the report was a base falsehood,—that there was not a shade of truth in it. This satisfied the people so far as I was concerned, but they were determined to trace this report until they found from whence it came. Many

who were not professors of religion, but rather opposers, seemed to laugh in their sleeves to see the Justices and others so actively engaged in going from place to place to find the source of this report. It was finally traced to one individual, who, after talking a little, confessed that he had said that the report was true, but did not originate it, and was quite reluctant to give his author until he was told in earnest, that unless he did, he himself would be considered the guilty man. He finally gave the name of an individual who, he said, informed him. He was then informed that he must go with them and see the man. This he at first refused to do, but when pressed to do it, consented. When he was in the presence of the man who he said had informed him, a few questions were asked by one of the party to which prompt answers were given. They then informed him that this man whom they had brought with them said that he had reported "thus and so." He showed signs of anger, and told Eli that he must recall that at once, or there would be trouble on the spot. Eli then turned pale and said that this man had never mentioned the matter to him at all,—that he told it himself without any cause or provocation,—that he did not suppose that any one would believe it,—that he just told it to have a little fun; thought the boys would have a jolly time over it, and that would be the end of the matter without its doing any one harm.

He then became very penitent, called me to one side and, after confessing his guilt, said he was very sorry that he had done so wickedly, and would do anything in his power to correct the wrong,—said he had a good span of mules that he would willingly give to settle the matter. I told him there was no use of making any such offer, that I should do no such thing; that anything that would satisfy the people, including a solemn promise from him that he would never again be guilty of such a thing, would satisfy me. Some said give him a good tanning with a horse-whip and let him go. Another said give him forty stripes. Others said let him suffer the penalty of the law. It was finally suggested that he should sign a libel and let that end the matter. He said, "A libel is just what I ought to sign, for I have told lies about Mr. Alderman without any just cause whatever."

Below is a true copy of the writing which he signed:

"I, ———, do hereby publicly state and acknowledge that the stories that I have told and circulated, derogatory to the character of Elder O. P. Alderman, are slanderous reports, base falsehoods, and told without any cause or provocation; and that I believe that his character as a citizen, as a Christian, and as a minister of the Gospel, is irreproachable, and that I will

hereafter take all possible means to correct the statement I have made. Signed, _____.

Thurston, Sept. 8, 1852.

Signed in the presence of

CHAS. CASS,
G. W. CAMPBELL,
EDWIN MERCHANT,
JOHN PHILIPS,
S. A. WHITCOMB,
WM. MERCHANT,
WM. PHILIPS,
H. P. CLARK.

CHAPTER XX.

In the year 1853, we commenced building a meeting house at Cameron under some degree of embarrassment. Some were in favor of building, others rather opposed; said the old shingle schoolhouse, where we had enjoyed so many precious seasons, and where so many had consecrated themselves to God, was the place to hold our meetings in the future; that if we built a chapel we would get proud and the Lord would forsake us, and the cause would wither and die. The enterprise was begun, but it was not rushed ahead as was the one at Thurston. It lingered for awhile, but was finally finished and dedicated to the worship of God, but there was a debt resting upon it.

The church invited the Tioga River Christian Conference, of which it was a member, to hold its next annual session at Cameron. The Conference decided to hold its next session with said church, and we looked forward to that as the time when we could, doubtless, free the church from debt. The time came for the Conference to meet,—it was a very rainy time and the gathering comparatively small. After raising all the funds we could, (which was by no means a large sum,) we wrote a subscription to be paid at a future day and circulated it among our friends. Quite a number sub-

scribed, but the amounts were all small. The following winter, when the cold snow was blown in banks across the roads and scattered here and there in the fields, covering them with the likeness of silver, and piercing winds were blowing from the northwest, I started down into the old Keystone State to collect the subscriptions, which were now past due. The first day I drove to Caton and preached in the evening at the residence of Bro. Hiram Ellis, who lived about five miles from Corn- ing. I made fair progress the next day until I left Caton Centre, after which it was impossible to keep in the roads or even to tell where they were, so I wound my way as best I could around among the banks of snow, getting along at a slow rate. Bro. George Middaugh, who lived in Lawrence, was the first subscriber on my list that lived in Pennsylvania, so my inquiry was for Middaugh. I was informed that I was within four miles of him, and then again was informed that it was six miles. I braved the storm as best I could, wishing that I had staid at home, and paid the amount I was in pursuit of out of my own funds. As I was drawing near Bro. Middaugh's I saw a lady come out of a house and start in the direction I was traveling. My horse being a faster traveler than the lady I soon overtook her, and asked her if she could direct me to George Middaugh's. "Oh, yes," she replied, "he lives just ahead on this road. I am going down near there myself." I asked her if she would like to ride. "I

don't care if I do," was the reply. She inquired of me if I was a relative of Mr. Middaugh. "Yes," was my reply, "I suppose I am just as much related to him as he is to me. He is a member of the Christian Church I believe?" "Yes, sir, he is the deacon of the church." I then asked her if she professed religion. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "I am a member of the Christian Church. Are you a Christian preacher?" she asked. "They call me so sometimes." "What is your name if I may be so bold?" she asked. "Alderman," was the reply. "I want to know if you are Elder Alderman! I have often heard of you." During the short conversation with the lady I felt that I was yet in a Christian land. She soon pointed to a dwelling which she said was Bro. Middaugh's. I felt as Paul did when he came in sight of the Three Taverns,—“to thank God and take courage.” Soon I drove up to the door and found a good Pilgrim's Home, where I warmed and rested myself, ate some of their good provisions and enjoyed it much,—staid there the next day and preached in the evening to an attentive audience. Bro. M. paid his subscription (one dollar) cheerfully. Then I pushed on into Farmington, and there I was much disappointed, as I failed to collect the first dime. After an absence of about one week I returned home and reported my success in collecting, and told the church I would pay the remainder of the Pennsylvania subscription myself.

I continued my labors with this church and the one at Thurston eight years one-half of the time, preaching at other places the other portion of the time. Both churches had increased their membership and influence, and were doing a good work in the cause of religion, but feeling that I had been their pastor about long enough, and that a change would be advantageous to both pastor and people, I closed my labors with them, much against the wishes of the brethren. Elder Wm. D. Rutherford then took the pastoral charge of these churches. Soon Elder A. Burlingame came to Thurston in search of some church with which to settle, and there was an arrangement made, in a hasty manner, for him to take pastoral charge of the church at Thurston instead of Elder Rutherford, who was one of the best men the Christian Church was ever blest with. This proved to be a bad change for the church. There is on the pages of the Church Record a paragraph that reads as follows: "The above was a bad move for this church, and was the cause of lasting trouble and injury to the cause of Christ; and should forever be a warning to this church not to be moved by a few persons to take a stranger, in exchange for an old and tried friend." Elder B. did not remain long. Before one year passed away he left for another field of labor; and in less than one year from the time I closed my labors with them, I was again their preacher.

The following is copied from the Church Record at Merchantville: "May 6th, 1848. At a regular Fellowship Meeting, held on West Hill, E. Merchant was appointed to secure, if possible, the services of Eld. O. P. Alderman.

June 3d, 1848. At a regular Fellowship Meeting, E. Merchant reported that O. P. Alderman could be got. Voted that he serve us as pastor the ensuing year.

Sept. 23d, 1848. Fellowship Meeting. Voted that Elders O. P. Alderman and Wm. D. Rutherford receive letters of commendation to the Tioga River Christian Conference.

April 7th, 1849. Fellowship Meeting. Voted that Eld. O. P. Alderman serve as pastor of the church the ensuing year.

Aug. 25th, 1849. Voted letters of commendation to O. P. Alderman and Wm. D. Rutherford, to the Tioga River Christian Conference.

April 8th, 1850. Fellowship Meeting. Voted that O. P. Alderman serve the church as pastor the ensuing year.

Aug. 26th, 1850. Voted letters of commendation to O. P. Alderman and Wm. D. Rutherford to Conference.

April 9th, 1851. Fellowship Meeting. Voted that O. P. Alderman serve the church as pastor the ensuing year.

May 18th, 1851. Fellowship Meeting. Voted letters

of commendation to O. P. Alderman and Wm. D. Rutherford to Conference.

Nov. 8th, 1851. At a Fellowship Meeting on West Hill, voted that the church should be called and known as the Christian Church of Thurston. Dropped 28 names.

April 3d, 1852. At a Fellowship Meeting held in the schoolhouse on Otter Creek. Voted that O. P. Alderman be employed to preach to the congregation at that place.

Jan. 26th, 1852. Voted that O. P. Alderman receive a letter of commendation to Conference.

July 24th, 1852. Fellowship Meeting in the meeting house. Received one member.

Aug. 1st, 1852. At a meeting, held at the Christian chapel, received into Christian fellowship, ten.

Aug. 21st, 1852. Fellowship Meeting. A very interesting time. Received into church fellowship, five.

Aug. 22d, 1852. Received one into church fellowship at the water side, after baptism.

Oct. 3d, 1852. Meeting at the chapel. Received four into Christian fellowship.

Nov. 13th, 1852. Meeting at the chapel. Received ten members.

Dec. 5th, 1852. Fellowship Meeting on Green Hill. Received three members.

March 5th, 1853. Meeting at the Chapel. Received two members.

April 2d, 1853. Fellowship Meeting. O. P. Alderman chosen pastor for the ensuing year.

April 30th, 1853. Fellowship Meeting. Received one member.

June 26th, 1853. Fellowship Meeting. Voted a letter of commendation to O. P. Alderman to the Tioga River Christian Conference.

April 1st, 1854. Fellowship Meeting. Voted that O. P. Alderman serve as pastor the ensuing year.

June 24th, 1854. Voted O. P. Alderman and Wm. D. Rutherford letters of commendation to Conference.

April 28th, 1855. Fellowship Meeting. Voted that O. P. Alderman serve the church as pastor the ensuing year.

May 26th, 1855. Voted O. P. Alderman letter to Central Conference.

April 26th, 1856. Fellowship Meeting. Voted that Wm. D. Rutherford be pastor of the church.

Dec. 6th, 1856. Fellowship Meeting. Elder A. Burlingame takes the pastoral charge of the church, as arranged by him and Eld. Rutherford.

April 4th, 1857. Regular Fellowship Meeting. Resolved, that Eld. O. P. Alderman take pastoral charge of the church for the ensuing year. Received three into church fellowship.

May 16th, 1857. Fellowship Meeting. Received seven members. Voted that O. P. Alderman have a letter of commendation to the Central Conference.

Nov. 6th, 1857. Received one member.

Feb. 27th, 1858. Fellowship Meeting. Received one member.

March 27th, 1858. Fellowship Meeting. Resolved, that O. P. Alderman be our pastor for the ensuing year.

May 22d, 1858. Resolved that O. P. Alderman receive a letter of commendation to the Central Conference.

July 17th, 1858. Fellowship meeting. Received one member.

March 12th, 1859. Fellowship Meeting. Received one member.

April 9th, 1859. Fellowship Meeting. Received three members.

May 7th, 1859. Resolved that O. P. Alderman be engaged to continue as pastor of the church.

June 4th, 1859. Fellowship Meeting. Resolved that O. P. Alderman receive a letter of commendation to the New York Central Christian Conference.

June 27th, 1859. Fellowship Meeting. Received three members.

March 24th, 1861. Fellowship Meeting. Received three members.

April 20th, 1860. Fellowship Meeting. Received five members.

May 18th, 1861. Fellowship Meeting. Received three members.

January, 1862. Fellowship Meeting. Received one member.

May 18th, 1862. Fellowship Meeting. Voted a letter of commendation to O. P. Alderman to the New York Central Conference.

March 21st, 1863. Fellowship Meeting. Received one member. Also resolved, that as Elder O. P. Alderman designs to travel and preach the Word of Life where his lot may be cast, therefore, resolved, that he receive a letter of commendation from this church, for his faithful and efficient labors as the pastor of this church for the past fourteen years.

May 29th, 1864. Resolved that O. P. Alderman receive a letter of commendation to the New York Central Conference. Also that he be one of our delegates to the Tioga River Conference.

March 9th, 1867. Fellowship Meeting at the Christian chapel. Resolved, that O. P. Alderman received a letter of dismission and commendation to the Christian Church at Lewisburg, Pa."

Soon after I moved to Thurston I held a series of meetings in an adjoining neighborhood, sometimes called Green Hill, but more generally known as the Bancroft Settlement. A man by the name of Bancroft resided at this place who was a prominent man, one of the Justices of the Peace in our town. It was said that he was somewhat skeptical with regard to the Christian religion. I soon formed his acquaintance, and he

became my friend. The first meeting I held in that settlement was at a private dwelling occupied by David Edsall. A Presbyterian lady, who resided in the neighborhood, attended the meeting. She was much prejudiced against the Christians, and would not have attended the meeting had she known that a Christian minister was going to preach, but supposing it was a Methodist, thought she would venture out. She was nearly converted to the principles of the Christians the first sermon she heard. After I formed her acquaintance, she informed me that she was so much prejudiced against the Christians that she never intended to hear one preach, but hearing that a stranger was going to preach at Mr. Edsall's house, she supposed of course it was a Methodist. The more she became acquainted with the people she had been so prejudiced against, the better she liked them, and after comparing their sentiments with the Bible, she decided they were on the right plan. Her husband taking the same view of the subject, they withdrew from the Presbyterian and joined the Christian Church.

This first appointment in the new settlement opened the way to a more extended field of labor. Some friends living on the Conhocton River, in the town of Campbell, who were formerly from Otsego County and warm friends to the Christians, on hearing that a Christian minister was going to preach in the new settlement, made their way to the place of worship. A

Mr. Hubbard introduced himself to me, and seemed much pleased to form my acquaintance; said that he was not a member of any church himself, but some of the family were; that his wife's father was a deacon of the Christian Church at Loon Lake. Then said I, "Was your wife a Tucker?" He replied, "Yes," and then said, "Do you know Deacon Tucker?" I told him I did, that his house was my home when in that region. This made our acquaintance still more interesting, and he insisted that I must visit him soon, which I agreed to do at my earliest convenience.

My first call at his residence was of a sad and mournful character. It was but a few days after, while I was engaged in logging up a fallow, my face as black as the benighted African, one of the men said: "Elder, there is a man out at the edge of the fallow who, I judge, is looking for some one who he supposes is among our number. Perhaps it is yourself." I told him I would go up and get a pail of water and ascertain who he was in pursuit of. As I drew near he asked if the Reverend Mr. Alderman was present. My reply was that a man by that name was not far away, and asked if he wished to see him. He replied that he had come to inform him that Mr. Joel Hubbard had lost one of his sons, and wished the Elder to come down and preach the funeral sermon next day, adding, "Do you think he will do so?" "I have no doubt of it. He generally attends on all such occasions when invited."

"Well," said he, "if you will inform him, as you have no doubt but he will attend, I will take no farther trouble, but go on my way." I told him it would all be right, so bidding me good bye, he returned to report favorably. The next day I attended the funeral. I noticed the gentleman who had left the request with me for the Elder to attend the funeral. He had charge of the funeral procession. After the service was concluded and the cold remains of the little son laid away in his narrow bed, the gentleman spoke to me, saying, "You got the word then?" Said I, "What word?" "Why to attend this funeral." "If I had not I should not have been here." "Well," said he, "I am the man that went up to inform you." "Yes," said I, "and I am the one you informed." Looking astonished, said he, "Is it possible! You do not look any like the one I talked with." "Well," said I, "although the 'Ethiopian cannot change his skin nor the leopard his spots,' yet a man can wash the blackness of the new burnt fallow from his face, and with a few minutes labor, prepare himself for the desk."

After this I was frequently called upon to attend funerals in this and the adjoining neighborhoods, which soon caused me to form an extensive acquaintance in the town of Campbell, and also in the adjoining towns. On a certain occasion I was called upon to attend a funeral at the Presbyterian meeting house in the lower part of Campbell. On our way from the residence of

the deceased to the place of service, we had to cross the river. My horse was young and spirited, and as I was driving off the river bridge the harness gave way, allowing the sulky to run against him, which frightened him and he seemed determined to run away from the trouble. I saw that I was in a dangerous position, for if I attempted to hold the horse he might kick me to death. I thought if there was a hill near I could manage him without much danger, but as there was none, I thought best to direct him into the rear yard of a store just before us, which was filled with old barrels and boxes, and take my chances of finding a good place to alight. I made a successful drive with the exception of injuring one of my ankles,—did not know how much I was hurt, but found I was able to get into a wagon which was in readiness to convey me to the place of service. This I did, leaving my horse to be cared for by others. The assembly was large. I was informed by the man who was in charge of the service, that the clergyman who officiated there was out at the door. I sent out for him to come in and take part in the exercise. This he refused to do, saying that if he took any part with this people it would be bidding them "God speed." Of course, in his state of mind he could not consent to commit a sin of such magnitude. O, blind superstition, what hast thou not done!

After I commenced my discourse he ventured inside the door, sitting on the end of a bench so near it that

he could easily run, in case the heresy came so thick that he could not get his breath, but he appeared quiet throughout the service. His course was noticed by some of the citizens who helped to support him, and when his year was out his time was out also. I was informed that when the subscription for his support was presented to Colonel Stewart, who had previously signed quite liberally, he said that as his wife was a member of that church he would sign a little, but as for himself, he would give no more money to support a religion which caused men to feel and act as that man had done, especially on a funeral occasion, and many others were of the same mind.

But to return to the meeting at the Bancroft settlement. This meeting was commenced on this wise. One day while in conversation with Esquire Bancroft, I asked him why he did not invite me to preach at the schoolhouse near where he lived, as I thought that we were quite good friends, and a few meetings might be mutually beneficial. "Well" said he, "come over sometime Elder, and give us a preach. Call at my house and make your home with us while in the neighborhood." I then asked him if he would circulate an appointment. He replied that he would. The appointment was accordingly given out for a meeting. It being announced by Mr. Bancroft, increased the anxiety of the people to attend. The meeting was commenced, and continued five weeks; resulting in a

sweeping revival. Mr. B. was among the converts. The meeting had been in progress but a few evenings when he arose and thus manifested a desire to be a Christian. He told the people that this was not the impulse of the moment with him, that for a long time he had felt that he ought to prepare to meet his God. He was soon baptized and joined the Christian Church, and was a good, working, earnest Christian; willing to do all he could for the advancement of the Redeemer's cause.

One afternoon after we had enjoyed a good meeting, called a Convert Meeting, held at Bro. B's residence, a good brother by the name of Bulkley, who, with his wife, were members of the Methodist Church at Savona, tarried by the request of Bro. Bancroft till evening meeting. Bro. Bulkley soon commenced conversation with me by saying that this was the first meeting held by the Christian order that he had ever attended; that he was very happily disappointed, that he had heard much about this people that was very unfavorable, and had felt that he did not wish to worship with them, or have anything to do with them in a religious capacity. "But," continued he, "I never enjoyed a meeting so well in my life as I have this; never heard more Bible preached; and I like your style of conducting a protracted meeting the best of any I ever witnessed. I wish you would bring up your book of discipline sometime and let me examine it, and if I

like that as well as I do the doctrine you preach, my wife and I will get a letter from Savona, and offer ourselves to the Christian Church at Merchantville." Said I, "Very well, Bro. Bulkley, perhaps I had better take your names now as applicants for church membership, as I am sure you will like our Book of Discipline." "Well," said he, "I will wait till I examine it for myself and make my own decision on the matter." I asked the Squire if he had a copy of our creed handy, if so to hand it to Bro. Bulkley. "O yes, there is one right here in the cupboard," he replied, at the same time handing Bro. B. the book. He took it, opened it, looked in the first part, then the latter, and then the middle; then looking at the Squire, he said, "Why, this is the Bible!" "Well," said I, "Bro. Bulkley, how do you like it?" "Like the Bible," said he, "why, I like it first rate." "I knew you would," said I, "and this is our Book of Discipline, we have no other. This 'is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, and for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be thoroughly furnished unto all good works.'" "Why," said he, "this is all very true, but do we not need something more to govern a church?" "Is the Church a divine or human institution," I asked. Said he, "I think it is a divine institution." "Very well," I replied, "now do we need human rules or laws to govern a divine institution?" "I had never thought of this in this light before," said he, "I want a little

time to think this over." "Take all the time you wish Bro. Bulkley. I will not hold you to the promise you made, but consider this matter and act up to your highest conviction." Only a few weeks later Bro. Bulkley and his wife brought letters of commendation from the Methodist Church, and joined the Christian Church at Merchantville, and were good, active members.

One evening during the meeting held at the Bancroft schoolhouse, soon after I commenced my discourse, I noticed some confusion near one corner of the room among the females. I supposed at once, that some one was sick or had fainted. Soon a damsel of sixteen years was carried out of the house. When I had concluded my discourse, while the friends were singing, I asked the cause of this confusion, and was informed that Mary, the daughter of Joel Marring, was taken violently ill, but was well cared for at the residence of Bro. Bancroft. The next day she was taken to her home in the adjoining neighborhood. A day or two later, a messenger came requesting me to visit Mary Marring at her father's house, saying that she was dangerously ill and joined with her parents in requesting me to visit her. I went over at once, and found her, as I thought, in a very critical condition. She conversed freely, and when I asked her if she thought she would recover from her illness, she said she could not tell, but hoped she might; but in case she was on her

death bed, she had no hope,—all was dark beyond the grave; that she could not indulge in any hope of heaven; said that she had intended to seek the Saviour and become a Christian, but had continued to put it off from time to time, and was now upon a sick bed without the comforting influence which religion affords; said that the first night she attended the meeting she felt that she would like to be a Christian, but thought she would put it off till the next evening, and then she would make the start. The next evening she wanted to start but had not the moral courage to do so then, and put it off again till the next night, when she was taken sick, and “now,” said she, “it is too late.” I told her the Saviour was very merciful, and quoted some of his sayings and promises. She said they were all right, but did not mean her. Once she could claim them as an awakened sinner, but she had neglected to obey until the time, with her, had passed by. I endeavored to satisfy her that there was mercy in store for her, that her present ideas were suggestions of the enemy. She replied that she would be glad to believe that God would forgive her, but lacked faith to take hold of the promises. I bowed by her bedside to pray for her, but it seemed that the heavens were brass above my head. I arose from my knees with a burdened mind, but I could not give her up. What a struggle. A damsel of sixteen summers, whose life had been one of goodness and virtue, who lacked only

the one thing, soon to go into eternity without an evidence of her acceptance with God.

I went to a grove a short distance from the dwelling, and there bowing before the mercy seat, asked God to have mercy on this young lady, who would, probably, soon leave this world for one of happiness or misery. While thus before the Throne of Grace, the burden left me, and I felt calm and easy in my mind. As I was returning to the house, Bro. Marring spoke to me from the door, saying, "If you wish to say anything more to Mary you had better hurry along; there has been a change in her, and we fear she will lose her reason." As I entered the room I saw there had been a change but saw no signs of insanity. She raised her hands and exclaimed, "I have found the Saviour. He is precious to me. I want to meet father and mother in heaven, and want my sisters to prepare to meet us there." Her parents were so overjoyed they could scarcely speak. She answered all the questions I proposed much to our satisfaction, and gave good evidence that "old things had passed away and all things had become new." I asked her father if he was satisfied with her conversion. He answered "perfectly."

During the few days that she lived many called to see and converse with her. She exhorted professors to be faithful, and sinners to seek salvation. Her exhortations were, doubtless, blessed to the good of many, and were without doubt the cause of the increasing

interest manifested in the meeting. A few evenings later she sent word to the meeting to have me come over immediately after service, that the ship was going to sail out of the harbor that night; and as I was present when she got aboard, she wished me to be present when she crossed the stream. As soon as the meeting closed I made my way to Bro. Marring's as fast as possible. On entering the room I saw that Mary had but little time to stay. The cold and clammy sweat of death had already gathered upon her pale brow. As I approached her bedside I said, "Mary, you are yet on the shore of time." "Yes," she said in a low voice, "just on the shore, but soon to depart. I have been waiting to see you. I have a few requests to make, and then to grapple with the monster. She wished me to preach her funeral sermon, naming the text, and hymns she wished sung; then said she wanted to be buried under the shade tree in the front yard, where she and her sister Susanna had spent so many pleasant hours. These requests being made she was ready to meet the last foe. Now a word of prayer. I closed my eyes for a moment, asking for grace sufficient for the parting hour. Soon the scene closed,—the struggle was over. The spirit had taken its flight, a lifeless corpse was before us, with the impress of heaven on the pale face.

This was on Friday night and the funeral services were appointed for the afternoon of the following

Sunday. It was necessary for me to go to Tyrone on Saturday to attend to some business there, and I would have to return on Sunday in time to attend the funeral. I also had an appointment at the Baptist church at Bradford, some thirteen miles from the place of the funeral, at ten and a half o'clock, A. M. After filling this appointment it required fast driving to reach the place for the funeral in time, and I was a little late. There was a large concourse of people in waiting, and others on the way. The services were conducted as Mary had desired, and her dying request with regard to being buried in the front yard, was complied with.

I would here mention the fact that scarcely one short year rolled around, before death again spread its dark wings over this dwelling, and Susanna was called to follow her sister over the dark rolling waves of the river of death. The body of Susanna was buried at some little distance from the dwelling, in a proper place. At this time the grave of Mary was opened and her remains taken up and buried beside her sister. Here these two sisters, who were once active in life, are now sleeping in their narrow beds, awaiting the sound of Gabriel's trump to call them up to immortality and eternal life, to join in songs of praise with the heavenly host, in that blessed clime beyond the borders of death.

CHAPTER XXI.

The cause of religion continued to prosper in our midst, but my salary was insufficient to defray the expenses which were continually accruing. It seemed to be necessary for me to engage in some other business to meet the wants of life, and lay up something for age and infirmity. About this time there was a new Insurance Company incorporated, called the "Empire Insurance Company," located at Union Springs, Cayuga County, N. Y. Bro. Wm. Clark, who had formerly published the "Christian Palladium," was the Secretary of this new Insurance Company, and Elder Ezra Marvin was the General Agent. The latter solicited me to become an agent for the new company. At first the business did not strike me very favorably, but after listening to the arguments of Bro. Marvin in favor of my becoming an agent, I decided to take an agency and do the best I could.

As I entered upon my new business I began to feel like a business man. There was something of an anxiety to build up a little village in the Valley where our meeting house was located. A shoe-shop seemed to be as necessary as any enterprise that could be engaged in at present, and as no other parties were willing to establish one, I concluded I would engage in the enterprise

myself, for the benefit of the place ; at the same time supposing it would afford some profit to the proprietor, at least some little income would be realized. A good brother in the Lord, who also was a good shoe-maker, with whom I was acquainted, had formerly lived at the Pond Settlement in the town of Howard, but now lived in Woodhull.

I thought he would be a competent person to engage in this business, and decided to go and see him, and if I could not persuade him to come and start a shop with us, I would, if possible, hire him to take charge of a shop for me. He had no notion of starting a shop at his own risk, but after a long persuasion he agreed to work for me by the day, and do the best he could with the shop. A temporary shop was soon erected suitable for the business, the workman was on his bench, and the new shoe-shop began operations quite briskly. It attracted the attention of the citizens, and was liberally patronized. The time soon came when I thought it would be proper to look over the business and ascertain its assets and liabilities, and enjoy its profits, and then I could tell about how long this business would have to continue to pay for the shop and meet the other expenses. After footing up the wages of the workman, adding his board, the amount of stock already consumed, the amount received, and the outstanding debts, I could find no margin in my favor, but to my disappointment the

"balance" was on the other side of the ledger. I then thought of the old maxim,

"He who by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive,"

and I thought that as it had proved true in this case it doubtless would in others.

My insurance business was prospering, and bid fair to become a success. I now decided I would purchase a lot in the Valley, build a house and move down; then I could board the shoe-maker, and in this way could make my expenses less, and, at the same time, be much better located as an Insurance Agent. I accordingly purchased a lot of about twenty-five acres, and commenced erecting a dwelling, and intended to give my attention to that until it was completed. I had, as yet, taken but few risks of insurance, and those among the brethren and personal friends—had got my house up and nearly enclosed when the news came that Thomas Aldrich's barn, the fourth risk I had taken, had been struck by lightning and burned down. There was much said about this property burning so soon after it was insured, and now the matter was to be tested whether the loser would get his insurance or not. In case this loss was promptly paid, many were ready to insure, otherwise little or no more insurance business could be done by the Empire Insurance Company in this community. I felt, perhaps, as much anxiety

about the matter as any one, and had my hopes and fears about the result. Being ignorant of the mode of procedure and time required to adjust a loss, I became a little excited on the occasion. I was informed that it was my duty to inform the General Agent, and he would report the same to the company, and then they would send an adjuster to look the matter over and decide how much the company ought to pay, if anything. It seemed to me that this would require some length of time, and I was anxious to be able to answer at least some of the many questions that were continually being asked about this matter. Aldrich, of course, felt an interest in the matter, and said if I would go immediately to Union Springs, to the Home Office, and report the loss and circumstances in person, that, in case he got his pay promptly, he would pay my expenses to and from Union Springs. No quicker said than done, and in about sixty minutes I was on my way to Union Springs, making all the speed I could by cars and boat. Arrived at my place of destination, I hastened to the office, found Mr. Clark, the Secretary, and related to him the circumstances of the insurance and loss. He soon called a few of the Directors together, and after they had questioned me with regard to the matter, they held a short consultation, then informed me that they would pay the loss at once, or as soon as the proofs could be properly made out. They gave me the instruction necessary to execute the proof

of loss, and told me to return it to them as soon as possible, and report the amount of money then in my hands, and they would send a check for the remainder by return mail. I hastened home, made the proper proof of loss, showing the amount due upon the policy, also stated the amount I could pay from the business I had done, and the return mail brought the check, so that the insured not only gave a receipt for his pay in full, but also a certificate stating the time of insurance, the date of loss, also the time of payment, and furthermore stating that said loss was honorably adjusted and paid to his entire satisfaction. This circumstance made my insurance business very brisk, and for several weeks I had all I could attend to.

At the same time my dwelling was being completed, but not entirely to my satisfaction. The workmen did not do exactly as I had instructed them, which was somewhat perplexing to me, but I got along with all this without finding much fault.

As soon as my new dwelling was in condition to be occupied we moved to our new home. We then took the shoemaker into our family, and I endeavored to oversee the shoe-making and insurance business, and preach Sundays.

We now wanted a store in our little town to accommodate the people, and also to give tone and character to our new village. As we now had a good wagon-shop, blacksmith-shop, shoe-shop, saw-mill and meeting-

house, we thought that a nice little store was almost indispensable. As no one else seemed able or willing to engage in this enterprise, I entered into co-partnership with a young man from Cameron, to engage in the mercantile business. We then converted the front room of our dwelling into a store and filled it with goods, mostly groceries. This was quite well patronized, and business seemed prosperous. After we had operated here a short time we opened a Dry Goods and Variety store up town, near the shops. We bought large stocks of goods and sold the same, which made lively times in our place, which was now named Merchantville. I must confess that although I was endeavoring to preach every Sunday, and frequently funeral sermons during the week, I had become quite too worldly minded.

We bought many of our goods on credit, and sold them on credit, and as our credit in the city was good for all we named, so the credit of our customers was good for all they ordered, and some of them ordered much and often. Thus business went on for a while very briskly, but we could soon say to our customers as the frogs in the fable said to the boys when they were pelting them with stones, that while it was sport for them it was death to us. By and by we found ourselves much embarrassed, large amounts were due in the city and large amounts were due us which we could not collect, and we closed up business with a loss of nearly two thousand dollars—about all that I had previously gained.

As I looked upon the past I could see that I had been engaged in altogether too much business of a worldly nature for a minister of the Gospel. I regretted the course I had pursued, and mourned over my present condition for a while, but I knew that the past was gone and could not be recalled, and it would do no good to "cry for spilled milk." I had no hope of gaining what I had lost without doing something besides preaching, and I decided to renew my insurance business with earnestness, and, if possible, be somebody yet in this business world. I was more devoted to the cause of religion than I had been for the past few years, and at the same time I pushed the insurance business as fast as I could and attend to my other duties. The tide soon changed, and in a few years I was in easy circumstances again.

I had become rather popular as an Insurance Agent, by my close attention to the business, but while thus engaged I did not feel that anxiety for the salvation of sinners that I had formerly felt, when I was not so much engaged in the business affairs of life, neither was I as well prepared for the pulpit as I had been in other days. Dry, dull sermons will cause the congregation to become dull and inactive. I would suggest to every man in the ministry, also to those who are about to enter upon the work of a Gospel minister, the propriety of freeing themselves as much as possible from the cares and perplexities of the world, and devot-

ing themselves with greater earnestness to the salvation of those precious souls for whom Christ died.

Brethren, let us remember what Paul said to Timothy : " Meditate upon these things, give thyself wholly to them ; that thy profiting may appear to all. Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine ; continue in them, for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee." I am satisfied that to be a successful minister it is necessary to devote our entire energy to the cause of the Great Master.

In 1862-3 I traveled and preached some in Bradford County, Pa., and in Ridgeberry, on the 30th day of April, 1863, I had the pleasure of marrying Elder A. G. Hammon to Miss Angie Cassada. I was somewhat embarrassed as Bro. H. exhibited a little of his sly cunning.

During the years 1866-7, I preached a portion of the time at Halsey Valley, N. Y., where I enjoyed some precious seasons while striving to preach the word. My first visit to Halsey Valley was on an invitation from Elder Solomon Snyder, in behalf of the church, to hold a two days' meeting with them.

On my arrival at the church I met a few good, warm hearted brethren, who seemed anxious for a revival of religion in their midst. Elder Lyman Allen, who was at this time, pastor of the church, welcomed me to this field of labor, and I found him a true fellow laborer. We continued the meeting two weeks with good results ;

the church was much revived, and a number started out on the christian journey.

The church and friends in that vicinity were anxious that I should take the pastoral charge of the church and preach to them a portion of the time for one year. After some deliberation an arrangement was made for me to supply the pulpit during the year, two successive Sundays in each month, and stay with them during the intervening weeks, holding our fellowship meetings the second Saturday after my arrival. Before making this arrangement, the brethren thought they would not be satisfied with preaching in that way, thinking it would be better to have it each alternate Sunday, but after a short time I think all were pleased with it. The distance I lived from there seemed to forbid my preaching to them as they desired, each alternate Sunday.

Halsey Valley is about eight miles from the railroad at Barton where I generally left the cars, though I sometimes stopped at other stations at about the same distance to suit the convenience of those who met me. Bro. E. Vannetten lived on Prospect Hill, which was about four miles from Barton Station, also, about the same distance from Halsey Valley, a little off the direct road, and was a member of the church. One of his daughters, named Betsy, was a frank, kind, and intelligent young lady. She was in poor health, and I thought perhaps death had already marked her for his prey. She seemed to delight in conversation, and said

herself, that she was a rude, wild girl. While at the Valley I made my home the most of the time with Bro. Solomon Davenport, who lived about two miles east of the village, in nearly an opposite direction from Bro. Vannetten's. Elder S. Snyder lived near Brother Davenport's. One day a messenger came for Elder Snyder to attend a funeral about one mile beyond Bro. Vannetten's, some seven miles from Bro. Davenport. Elder S. was absent. The messenger said he was sorry, and the family would be disappointed, as they wished a Christian minister to preach on the occasion, and as Elder Allen was now gone he did not know where they could get one in time to attend the funeral, as it was appointed at ten o'clock the next day. Mrs. Snyder informed him that there was a Christian minister at Bro. Davenport's who would doubtless attend, in case he was called upon. The messenger then called at Davenport's, to ascertain whether he could get the minister who was there, to attend the funeral. Bro. D. came in and reported the request to me, saying, "I suppose you will go?" I replied, "Yes, if I had a conveyance." He said he would take me over and bring me back. The messenger was then informed that he could report that a minister would be there in time.

The next morning Bro. D. and myself were on our way in time to reach our destination at the appointed hour. Bro. D. said, while on our way, that we would

drive up to Bro. Vannetten's after service, get our dinner, feed our horse, and then return home. The funeral services were conducted much to the satisfaction of the afflicted family, as reported by them.

Directly after the close of services, as we were about arranging to depart, Miss Vannetten came along, in her usual pleasant manner, and after the usual "How do you do," she said, "Elder, will you accept an invitation to go to our house to dinner?" "Most assuredly," was my reply. "Well, you can ride up with us." "But," said I, "will it not be just as pleasant for you to ride with me, and let Bro. D. ride with your folks?" She replied, "that will suit me exactly." On our way, I asked her if she did not think it would be a good thing to have a protracted meeting on the Hill. She said it might be a good thing for aught she knew, but she did not think it would be a success. I asked her why, stating that there were a good many young people there who ought to be converted to the Lord, and thus be prepared to meet their God in peace. "Perhaps," said she, "that is so, but then they are so rude I don't think a meeting would have much effect upon them." "Well," I asked, "who are the rudest among them?" She replied, "I guess I am about as wild as any." I told her there was no doubt that many who had been as rude and thoughtless as herself, had sought the Lord and found the pearl of great price, and if she would do the same, it was possible she would

not only lay up a treasure in heaven for herself, but she might be the means, in the hand of God, of leading others to the blessed Saviour, who had given his life a ransom for many. To this she did not make much reply. By this time we were in the lane near their dwelling. I told her I hoped she would think of these things, and act wisely her part in the drama of human life. After enjoying our dinner, we made our way back to Bro. D.'s.

At the time of our next meeting Bro. Vannetten met me at Barton, agreeable to previous arrangement. I noticed that Miss V. accompanied her father to the depot. On our way home, I saw she appeared more thoughtful than on former occasions. The next day was our Fellowship Meeting at the Valley. While in conversation with her she asked, in rather a serious manner, "When are you going to have the meeting you spoke of here on the Hill?" "I do not know as we will have it at all," was my reply. She said she hoped I had decided to have a meeting there,—that she believed it would do good. I told her she need not wait for a protracted meeting, that if she wished to attend meeting she could go with us to the Fellowship Meeting, which would be a good place to let the people know that she desired to be a christian. "What," said she, "I go to Fellowship Meeting?" "Most certainly," was my reply. "What would the people say, to see me going to meeting on a week day?" "No

matter what they say; it is your privilege to go." "I have not said that I desired to be a christian, have I?" "You know better about that than I do; the Lord knows whether you have such a desire or not." "Do you think my parents would be willing for me to go to the church?" "Most certainly; they would be happy to have you go. Will you go, if they are willing?" Her reply to this was, "I will decide when I know what they think about it." I then went into the kitchen and asked her mother if she would be willing to have Betsy go to the Fellowship Meeting with us. "Why, yes," said she, "I would be glad to have her go. She can go as well as not if she will." I then went out where her father was, and asked him what he thought about her going. "Why," said he, "you can't get her to go." I remarked that she went to Barton yesterday, and the Valley was only half as far. "That is very true," replied Bro. V., "but that is another thing altogether; it would be no trouble to get her to go to Barton, but I would laugh to see you get her to Fellowship Meeting." "Well," said I, "tell her you would like to have her go, and see what the result will be." While at the dinner table this matter was talked up, and perhaps some tears were shed. It was finally decided that she should accompany us, but when we got there she took a seat in the back part of the house, about as far from the others as she could reasonably get, but before the meeting closed she arose

in humble penitence and said she desired to be a christian, and hoped she might have the prayers and instruction of christians, that her sins might be forgiven, and she become a true follower of the meek and lowly Saviour. Her resolution was firm and undaunted, and she became actively engaged in the cause of religion. A young man who was paying his respects to her, likewise made a start in the cause of religion.

The next time I visited the place she expressed a desire to be baptized. It was in December, 1865, the weather cold and tedious. As I did not expect to administer the ordinance of baptism when I left home, I had no change of raiment, and in fact I felt that I would just as soon wait until the weather became more moderate. I reminded her of her delicate health, when she remarked that she might not live till my next appointment, and that she had no fear at all with regard to going into the water. I conversed freely with her parents on the subject, and they were both of the opinion that if their daughter wished to be baptized that they had no fear of its doing her any harm, and hoped that her desire would be granted; accordingly the next Sunday we repaired to the water, about two miles east of the village, near Bro. Davenport's, where I baptized this young Sister Vannetten, Miss Eliza Gilkey, and a Mr. Evendon. There were many remarks made by the numerous spectators who

were gathered upon the banks of the stream. Some thought it was the next thing to committing suicide for such a pale faced lady to go down into the cold water, while the whistling wind seemed to sound her requiem. That evening she had the pleasure of telling the congregation that the day that had just passed was the happiest day of her life. The next Tuesday she was actively engaged in a donation visit at her father's house, and the following Thursday she became the wife of Mr. Robert Evendon.

The following year I preached at Halsey Valley, and also to the church at Southport, N. Y., preaching alternate Sundays at each place. The Southport church was numerically small, but some of the good, working christians were among their number. Elder C. B. Palmer, who had been their pastor for years, was a good, honest, kind hearted man, highly respected by the entire community, but his health seemed to be failing and he was able to preach but little. The year rolled around very agreeably to me, and I judge it was the same with the church and friends in that community. We enjoyed a good revival season. I baptized twenty-one, and received about the same number into the church. I should have been happy to have stayed longer with this kind people, but circumstances seemed to forbid.

At this place I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with Elder Levi Stone, a Baptist minister,

with whom I was acquainted in the days of our youth, before either of us made a profession of the religion of Jesus Christ. His father was a Baptist minister before him, and was pastor of the church to which my father belonged when Levi and myself were boys. After I heard that Levi had become a minister, I had an anxiety to hear him hold forth the truths of the Gospel. At Southport I met him for the first time after I had made a profession of religion. He had an appointment there and I went to hear him preach, but he persuaded me to fill the appointment for him. I tried again, and finally had the opportunity of hearing him. He had an appointment at South Creek at two o'clock, P. M., and I had one at the same place in the evening. He again urged me to speak, but I told him that as I had preached in the adjoining neighborhood in the forenoon, and was to preach in the evening at this place, I should insist on enjoying the privilege of hearing him. He preached a good discourse, and it was a satisfaction to me to listen to the truth as proclaimed by one with whom I had been somewhat associated in former days, when neither of us knew the joys of pardoned sin.

CHAPTER XXII.

My insurance business continued to increase until it became both extensive and profitable. I think I enjoyed the confidence of all the companies for whom I did business, and also the confidence of the community at large. I was solicited by a company with which I had been connected for a number of years, to take the General Agency, and introduce the company into the State of Pennsylvania, and superintend the business there for the term of fifteen years. I entered into a contract of this character with the company, and arrangements were made with all possible dispatch for me to commence operations in my new territory.

About two months before my time expired at Halsey Valley and Southport, I was informed by the Insurance Company that they were ready for me to enter upon my new field of labor in the insurance business. I made arrangements with the churches by furnishing a minister to take my place.

I then advertised to sell the most of our personal property at auction. The day of sale came, and it was rather a sad day to me, but I concealed as much as possible, what I called my childish feelings, but could only satisfy my mind by looking forward to the wealth that was almost within my grasp. While my horses,

carriages and other things were sold under the hammer to the highest bidder, I made myself appear as cheerful as possible, but I did not fully realize that we were about to leave a quiet, peaceful home to engage in a life of toil, sadness, perplexity and disappointment. I did not move my family at once into Pennsylvania, but went alone to commence business and select a location which would be pleasant to myself and family. In order to obtain the license of the Auditor General of Pennsylvania for a Foreign Insurance Company to do business in the State, I had to designate some point as my residence and place of business. Williamsport, in Lycoming County, was, at first, my headquarters, and was thus given to the Auditor General. The President of the company was with me at Harrisburg when the arrangement was being made. We were much surprised when we were informed that in addition to the previous requirement, to which we had responded, a bond must be executed with two sureties, endorsed by the proper authorities of the county in which the General Agent resided. Now came the tug of war, as we were both strangers in that locality; but this thing must be done before we could commence business. The President of the company asked me if I was acquainted with any responsible parties living in Williamsport. I told him I was not. The nearest I could come to it was that I had once attended a two days' meeting in Lycoming County, about ten miles from Williamsport,

but had little hope that I could find any one there who would be willing to sign such a bond. He said there was a business man there by the name of Coleman, with whom he was somewhat acquainted, and he was intimately acquainted with his father, who was a Methodist Clergyman, who was at this time living with his son. He would write a letter of introduction and commendation for me to present to Mr. Coleman, and perhaps he would assist in this matter. This was somewhat encouraging to me, as the President was also a Methodist minister, and I thought perhaps an influence might be brought to bear that would induce Mr. Coleman to become my friend and aid in this matter. I hastened with my letter to Williamsport, hunted up Mr. Coleman, and presented the letter to him. He gave me an introduction to his father, who was an aged, good-natured man, having the appearance of one who had been diligently engaged in the ministry, telling him I was an intimate friend of the Rev. R. M. Little, with whom he had been formerly associated in the ministry. With this aged veteran I should, doubtless, have enjoyed a pleasant and interesting interview, but my anxiety to know whether Mr. Coleman was going to do anything for me, did not leave much room for any other conversation. Mr. Coleman looked at the letter and then at me, as though he would like to know his duty in this case. He remarked that Mr. Little used to be a very good sort of a man, but how he was

getting along at the present time he did not know ; asked me to give him as much information in that direction as I could. This I did, but was not able to say much, except his success in bringing the company into being, and the prosperity that had attended it. Mr. C. said he was willing to aid in such matters as far as he could do it with safety, and asked me who I was acquainted with in Steuben County. I told him almost every man who resided there. He then asked if I knew John K. Ford. I answered, "Yes." "Well, what will Mr. Ford say about this?" My reply was, "I hardly know what he would say." Mr. Coleman then said: "If you are well acquainted with Mr. Ford, you know whether he would say that I could safely sign this bond." I then said, "Mr. Ford will say that it is all right." "Then," said he, "I will go with you and see if we can find another man who will be surety on this bond." We then called on Mr. Purdy, a first-class merchant, and after Mr. Coleman had given me an introduction, he related the circumstances, and Mr. Purdy readily consented to sign the bond, which was soon filled out and signed. Mr. C. then said he would send the bond to Muncie, for the endorsement of the Prothonotary, and at the same time would send a letter to Mr. Ford, who would inform him at once, and if favorable, he would have the bond for me on my return, properly endorsed. I started immediately for home, and the first man who met my

eye on the arrival of the cars at Campbell, was Mr. Ford, who was standing in the door of the depot. I immediately handed him the letter. He wrote a few words saying "all right," and the letter was dropped into the Post-office, to find its way back to Mr. Coleman.

In a few days I returned to Williamsport, found the bond had been forwarded to the Auditor General, and in a few days my certificate empowering me to do business in the State of Pennsylvania was received. I immediately commenced appointing Agents, giving them the proper instruction; at the same time I was looking for a desirable location for my family. I had met Elder Jacob Rodenbaugh, who lived at Lewisburg, Pa., at the Tioga River Christian Conference, held at Trumbull's Corners, N. Y., and I decided I would visit him at my earliest convenience, and become more acquainted with him, and soon I made it in my way to visit him. I was cordially welcomed to his dwelling, and formed the acquaintance of his kind and intelligent family. Here I met Elder S. H. Morse for the first time. He had come there for the purpose of holding a series of meetings with Elder Rodenbaugh. The meeting was to commence that evening and I desired to enjoy it with them, but as there was a donation visit appointed at Halsey Valley, N. Y., the next evening, for my benefit, it was necessary for me to take the early evening train from Lewisburg to arrive at the donation in time.

I reached the Valley in time to enjoy the donation and then went on my way, doing business as fast as circumstances would allow, and returned to Lewisburg in about three weeks from the time of my first visit. Elder Morse was about closing the meeting. I heard him preach his farewell sermon on Sunday, and in the evening I made an effort to preach. I found Lewisburg to be a very quiet, moral town, for one containing some four thousand inhabitants. Here was also a good Christian Church, and I soon found myself surrounded by warm-hearted friends who seemed anxious that I should move among them, and I thought perhaps I would, but could not make the decision then.

I now decided to visit Elder Z. M. Ellis, who resided near Warrensville, a little town about eight miles from Williamsport. I had formed the acquaintance of Elder Ellis at the time he was laboring in New York,—had met him at Cameron, Thurston, Howard, and Hornby. I also came by his request to attend a two days' meeting, when he was laboring with the Lycoming Church, at Anthony, in Lycoming county, Pa. This was a year or more before I engaged to the insurance company to operate in Pennsylvania. He had engaged me to attend the meeting above referred to, at a given time, instructing me to take the Northern Central Railroad at Elmira, for Cogan Valley, and some one would meet me there on the arrival of the morning train, which left Elmira at an early hour. I went to Elmira the

evening previous, and the next morning before daylight, was on my way, and arrived at Cogan Valley before eight o'clock, A. M. I looked about, and inquired for some one from Anthony, in the vicinity of the Christian Church, but could find no one. I had a good appetite for breakfast, and money enough to pay for the same, and accordingly called for my breakfast, which was soon in readiness, and while I was enjoying it in came Elder Ellis, who was on his way to the meeting at Anthony. He seemed much surprised that there was no one there to convey me to the place of meeting,—said he supposed that Bro. Williamson would be there on the arrival of the train. After I had finished my breakfast, the Elder said that I might ride on his carriage, and he would walk until we were better provided for,—that he had some friends about one and a half miles from there, and he could walk that distance without suffering much inconvenience. When I saw his carriage I really thought it was the most peculiar looking craft I ever saw, to convey a man through the country. There were two long, wooden springs attached to the gearing very near the forward wheels, which were, by the way, far ahead of the hind ones. As they extended back they came nearer together, until a seat was placed upon them just wide enough to accommodate one man, in case he was not very large. I expressed my fears with regard to trying to ride on such a concern as this, and asked him

if it ever kicked up. After he assured me it was safe I climbed on, and after I was nicely seated and about ready to start over the red soil, which was new to me, I gave a hearty laugh, and told the Elder I would give a half dollar now, if my wife could see me in my present situation, starting off on this long geared wheelbarrow.

After proceeding some distance we saw a man coming in a buggy, who Elder Ellis said was Bro. Williamson, on his way to the depot after me. We soon met Bro. W., who made his excuse for being so late, and turning about I took a seat with him, and felt quite at home as far as riding was concerned. We made our way onward through that rough, broken region, until we arrived at the good home of Bro. Williamson, in a mountain nest about eight miles from the station at Cogan Valley. We there ate our dinner and enjoyed ourselves the best we could until meeting time.

The evening came and I found myself before a large congregation, seemingly anxious to hear what the stranger would say. I asked Elder E. to announce the hymns and offer prayer, and I would do the best I could in trying to preach to the waiting crowd. He said they would expect me to offer prayer. I judged from the style of the pulpit, that the minister stood while offering prayer. It was my custom to kneel, but on this occasion, I thought it proper to stand up, and did so, but to my astonishment, the entire congregation

were on their knees. This was new to me, having never seen the like before. I was a little embarrassed under these circumstances, but made the best I could of it.

The meeting was interesting from the commencement to the close. The brethren were anxious that I should remain and hold a series of meetings with them, and I learned that this was their expectation, but circumstances with me would not allow. They were not at all willing to let me go until I would set a time when I would return, and hold a series of meetings with them. I felt that I could sympathize with Elder Ellis when he, with sadness, remarked to the congregation that, "we are doomed to disappointment this time, but Bro. A. has agreed to return a few weeks later and stay awhile with us." It was at this meeting that I formed the acquaintance of Elder Peter Casner, and was much interested in hearing him sing. I did not have the privilege of hearing him preach, but he was really a good singer. Just before the time for my second visit to that place, while away from home, the citizens of our town, at a regular caucus, put me in nomination for Supervisor of the town. I returned home on town-meeting day, and it was nearly night when I stepped off the cars at Campbell, where I was informed that I ought to have been in my own town before that time of day, that the people were running me for the highest office the town afforded. On my arrival home I was

informed that I was elected, and my friends told me that I must not go back on them, that they told the people I would serve if elected, and they were very anxious to defeat a man who, they thought, had been using unfair means to secure his election. There seemed to be no way but to qualify. There was business to attend to just at the time I was to meet Bro. Ellis again at Anthony. This caused me much regret, but I wrote Bro. Ellis and informed him that circumstances were such that I should be under the necessity of disappointing them again. In about two weeks Bro. Ellis wrote me that the disappointment was great to them,—that they could hardly determine what course to pursue, but as the people were anxious for a meeting, Elder Casner and himself decided they would continue the meeting a few evenings. The result was glorious. About eighty made a start in the good cause. I thought a good inference might be drawn from this circumstance, that is this: that we should not depend too much on foreign help. The lark could rest contented with her young in the meadow while the farmer was expecting help to mow it down, for after he had been disappointed once the lark thought he might be again, and also again; but when she heard the farmer say, "Come boys, we must mow the meadow ourselves," the lark thought it time to start, for the farmer himself was now going to work; so if the ministers who are located would put forth extra efforts

as occasion may require, much good might be done by them that the stranger gets credit for. If I had gone there as was expected, and there had been as many converted, the people, with one consent, would join in lauding the new minister, and he would have borne away the laurels.

Now while my headquarters was at Williamsport, so near to Elder E., the scenes of the past had been revived, and I decided that the next Friday I would visit him and remain over Sunday. He seemed very glad to see me, and soon said they could circulate an appointment for evening service. This was done, and a fair congregation was present. I preached again Saturday evening, and also Sunday morning. I was anxious to form the acquaintance of as many of the brethren as possible during the time I could stay, and as it was necessary for me to be at Williamsport on Monday morning, Elder E. said he would take me out as far as Bro. Enoch Winner's, who lived four miles from Williamsport; then I could form his acquaintance and he would take me to the city the next morning. We had traveled only a mile or two when Ellis said, "There comes Bro. Winner and his wife, now." We soon met, and Bro. W. said they were on their way to Warrensville to meeting. They had heard that a stranger had come, and were in hopes to hear him preach that evening. Bro. Ellis told Bro. Winner that he might take the stranger home with him and get all

the information from him he could, so both parties turned about, I took a seat in Bro. W.'s buggy and left the Elder to return home alone. Before we parted I was informed that the minister who had preached to them the past year had closed his labors and gone, and they desired to secure the labors of some minister for the present year. Elder Ellis asked if my services could be obtained for one-half the time. I informed him I could not visit them as often as each alternate Sunday, but if they could do no better perhaps I could supply the pulpit every fourth Sunday, in case they could pay me a reasonable sum for so doing. The amount was named, and the Elder said he would counsel with the friends and write me in a few days. The letter soon came informing me that the amount was raised, and they wished me to commence as soon as possible. I governed myself accordingly, and soon commenced my labors with them, and was much pleased with the congregation which assembled from time to time to hear the gospel preached.

The next time I visited Lewisburg I made arrangements to move my family there, and soon we were residents of Lewisburg, nicely situated in a pleasant part of the borough, surrounded by warm-hearted friends. Lewisburg, with all its advantages and pleasant scenery, did not really seem like home to myself or family. I was really homesick, but did not make much fuss about it, thinking I would soon get over it,

and enjoy myself as well as when living in my old home. I was traveling much of the time, so that I hardly had time to consider whether I really felt at home or not. My business was not fully settled up in New York, and I was going to and fro from my old home, now occupied by our oldest daughter and her husband. I was now busily engaged in the business affairs of the world, as active and attentive to my business as though I was a man of the world. On the first day of January, 1868, I was at my old home, working at reports and accounts to get them in due form. On Saturday the fourth, I deposited in the bank at Bath about two thousand dollars in cash and notes.

I then went to meet one of my former agents, B. B. Crane, at Elmira, and went with him to see Elder C. B. Palmer, who lived six miles from the city. The next morning we returned to Elmira, where I bid my old friend good-bye, and then went to Waverly to counsel with J. C. Hallett, an agent for the company, with regard to a loss that had occurred in that vicinity. I then went to Barton, where Elder A. Bourne met me and conveyed me to his residence in Halsey Valley. The next evening I attended a donation held in the church for his benefit. Here I met many with whom I had been previously associated in church relations. Since I closed my labors as a minister at this place the church edifice had been remodeled and much improved. The next morning, January 9th, we had a cold and

tedious ride to Barton. I there took the cars to Elmira, where I met Mrs. Alderman, and we stayed over night with Bro. A. Moore, who was an intimate friend of ours, and once a member of the Christian Church at Rowleyville. We had a good visit there, and arose and took our breakfast at four o'clock the next morning, and then took the train and went home, and in the evening listened to a sermon delivered by a Unitarian minister from Northumberland. I was much interested in the man, more than I was in his sermon; he was really a fine fellow.

On Saturday evening I made an effort to preach a revival sermon, and the next day I preached morning and evening. We enjoyed an interesting time,—four came forward. The next evening I preached again, and others made a start. I preached one evening more, the interest was good, but my attention was too much engaged in business to devote much time to revival meetings.

On Friday, January 17th, I went to Wyoming, where I found it necessary to make new arrangements with agents. A man by the name of Roushey, living in Dallas, was recommended as a competent man for that locality, and I gave him the appointment, and then returned home in time to hear Elder Rodenbaugh preach the next Sunday morning. At three o'clock, P.M., we went down to the river, where Bro. R. immersed eight converts. I occupied the pulpit in the evening.

I had made an arrangement with Elder Z. M. Ellis to meet him at Sulphur Springs, in Perry county, Pa., for the purpose of holding a series of meetings. I had visited this place once and was much pleased with the people who assembled there for worship. Elder Ellis had gone to commence the meeting, and being anxious to join him as soon as possible, I ordered my mail forwarded to Newport that I might attend to my business while the meeting was in progress, and the next morning I started for Newport and arrived there about three o'clock, P. M., and found a friend to convey me to the place of meeting. Some had expressed their fears that there would be no revival on account of some trouble between two of the leading members of the church.

When we arrived the congregation was singing. I had a fair view of Bro. Ellis as he was sitting in the pulpit, before he saw me, and judged from his countenance that he was not much encouraged about the success of the meeting. As I entered the house he saw me and seemed much pleased, and said at once that I must preach. After service we went to Bro. John Kough's and counseled together as to the best course to pursue under the circumstances. Ellis was faithless with regard to the success of the meeting, and suggested that he would leave and let me engineer the matter. John said that would not do at all—that it would require all the team we had to draw the wagon

over the hill Difficulty. We continued the meeting until the next Sunday evening, and on Monday started for home. Elder Ellis stopped at Lewisburg and stayed with us over night. The next morning he bid us good-bye and started for Warrensville.

Soon after he left I decided to go back and make another effort. I wrote one of the brethren, saying I did not want them to think I was crazy, I believed I was sane and clothed in my right mind, and they might announce an appointment for me the following Friday evening, and expect me to stay over the following Sunday. The people seemed glad when I returned, but did not much expect there would be any revival. I continued the meetings until the next Tuesday evening, when two arose, declaring their desire to become Christians. Many were serious and would acknowledge in private conversation that they ought to be Christians, but could see nothing encouraging for them to start, while old professors and those belonging to the same church had such feelings of enmity toward each other.

At our next Fellowship Meeting at Warrensville there came two men, one a minister, calling themselves "Evangelicals," but more generally known as "Albrights." The minister informed Elder E. that he was holding a series of meetings in the school-house at Loyal Sock, that there was a good revival in progress, and as he had to be absent on Sunday, he would like to have Elder Ellis or myself preach and conduct

the services on Sunday evening; and that the people would like to have the new minister, Elder Alderman, if such an arrangement could be made. Elder Ellis proposed that he preach at Warrensville and I go to Loyal Sock, as requested. This being agreed to, our visiting brethren returned, to give an appointment for me on Sunday night.

On my arrival in the neighborhood I was informed that it was the request of the preacher in charge that I should conduct the meeting in the same manner that he had the previous meetings,—that at the close of the sermon an invitation be given for those who wished the prayers of the followers of the Lamb, to come forward and kneel at the altar. I had noticed in meetings that I had held in this region, that when persons responded to the call to arise or come forward, they would, on coming forward, kneel at once at the altar, and remain on their knees until the close of service.

I had heard much about this people called “Al-brights,”—that they had some very peculiar exercises during their religious devotion. Had heard that when the young ladies came forward, the older ones would remove their bonnets and unloose their clothes, so that they could go through the exercise of a gymnastic with freedom. I supposed, however, that such statements were exaggerations, but Elder Ellis said he presumed that such was the case, and I need not be

frightened if I witnessed similar proceedings. That he exercised charity only from the fact of their ignorance,—that some really supposed they could not be christians unless they screamed with all their might, and gave signs of mental agony by constantly being in motion when they were seeking the Lord.

The hour of service arrived and I was in the desk, before a crowded assembly. I preached to them as well as I could, then invited them forward. There were five came and knelt at the altar of prayer. I noticed that an elderly lady removed the bonnets of the females, and what more she did to make them comfortable and prepare them for their duty, I could not tell. After singing we bowed down, many in the congregation kneeling, and I made an effort to lead in prayer. Soon it seemed to me there was more confusion than anything else. I could neither hear myself nor any one else pray. I soon arose from my knees and saw the desk was occupied by young ladies. As I looked that way as though I would sit down, they sat a little closer together and made room for me to sit down with them. I did so, and enjoyed a very good visit, as we could talk loud enough for common conversation without disturbing any one. I noticed that during prayer those forward were in motion continually, their arms extended, and some with their fists clenched, as though they were warding off the blows of an enemy,—the females shaking their heads, to-

gether with other exercises, until their faces were covered with their hair. One young man directly in front of me would bow his head nearly to the floor, then raise it up and throw it back as far as he could, exclaiming "Dear Father! Dear Father!" I asked the ladies with whom I was conversing, why they did not occupy the meeting-house, which was near by. They replied it was not open for such performances as this. Occasionally some one would commence singing, when vocal prayer would cease and all would join in the song of praise. While singing, those forward would remain quiet, as though they were enjoying a rest, but as soon as prayer commenced again, they were all immediately in motion.

This exercise continued over an hour, when one of the brethren remarked to me that it was time to close the meeting. I told him I must confess I did not know how to wind up such an exercise. "Well," said he, "I presume you are not used to so much noise, but I was converted in such a meeting as this." I replied that I knew of no such examples as this in the New Testament. "You must," said he, "arise and call them to order; they will understand it at once." I arose and exclaimed, "Yes, yes! O yes!" They all immediately arose, and the meeting was brought to a close.

I went to Merchantville to attend to unsettled business. I had sold my farm on the hill. The purchaser

had failed to meet the payments, was taken ill, and had left the vicinity. This was perplexing to me; other matters with debtors and agents were also very trying, and it required time and money to get matters properly adjusted.

On Saturday afternoon, February 23d, I was at Horseheads, N. Y. This was the day for Fellowship Meeting at Warrensville, and my appointment was there the next morning. I took the first train passing that way and arrived at Williamsport about midnight. The next morning I hired a lad to take me to Enoch Winner's, which was about half the way. Winner and his wife had gone to the meeting. The son said he could fix up a conveyance to take me over, and did so. The next Monday I went to Harrisburg. Bro. Landis met me at the depot, and I went to his pleasant home, where I received a dispatch from the insurance company instructing me to transact some business at the capitol. I attended to this at once, then spent the evening with Bro. Landis in and about the capitol. The following day I returned home in time to meet the Bible Class at Sister Hand's.

The time had come when a new bond must be made to the Commonwealth, and as I had changed my place of business from Lycoming to Union county, the bond must now be executed in Union county. I named the matter to Elder Rodenbaugh, who replied at once that he would be one of the sureties, and he presumed Will

liam Moore would be the other. I called on Mr. M., and had hardly made my request known when he replied, "Yes, with pleasure." The bond was executed and endorsed by the proper officers of the county.

I was expected at Ellington, N. Y., the next Saturday to commence a series of meetings, and there was much to be done before I could go. Friday morning, took the early train to Williamsport in company with Henry, my son. He stopped off at Linden; I arrived at Emporium, a little after one o'clock, and called on N. Day, Esq., an acquaintance of mine who formerly lived at Painted Post, N. Y., thinking perhaps he could aid me in establishing an agency at that point. He recommended Dr. Samuel Gibson as a competent man for the agency. I gave him the appointment, and after looking over the town with him, I retired to rest and arose again at half-past one o'clock and took the train for Corry, where we arrived at eight o'clock in the morning. I called on Messrs. Palmer & Oakley, our agents, and at three o'clock, P. M., went to Jamestown, N. Y., and then to Kennedy. There had recently been a heavy rain, the snow was fast wasting away, and it looked much like a flood. I met a stranger there who lived at Ellington, who said he must go home if possible, and if he could get through he would take me with him. We had a tedious time getting through. His cutter answered a very good purpose as a boat.

We arrived at Bro. A. M. P. Maynard's at ten o'clock,

P. M., and found the family had retired. All was quiet about the premises. I aroused them from their slumbers, and was met with a hearty welcome. Sunday, March 8th, I preached at Ellington morning and evening to small congregations. It really seemed that it was not advisable to continue the meetings under the circumstances. I remained here and at Cherry Creek, preaching as much as I thought advisable, until Monday, the 16th, then went to Merchantville. From there I went to Caton; stayed with Bro. Van Orsdale. Here I had the pleasure of enjoying a short interview with Bro. Elisha Ellis, whom I had previously baptized. He had commenced speaking in public, and it was a consolation to me to hear him declare his intentions to spend his life in the service of God.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The traveling was so bad while at Ellington and Cherry Creek, that I agreed to return and spend another Sunday. On Saturday morning I arrived at Kennedy in time to take breakfast with Bro. Martin Lawrence. Bro. Brainard came and took me to Ellington to Bro. M. Billings' just in time to enjoy a meal of warm sugar. We attended the Fellowship Meeting in the afternoon; Elder Cornell, a Baptist Minister, was present and enjoyed the meeting with us.

The next morning after commencing my discourse at Cherry Creek, I said I would like to say more upon a point under consideration, but must be brief in view of the appointment at Ellington. At this Bro. Shattuck spoke out, saying, "Go on, Elder, only give me a straight hour to take you to Ellington." He took me to my appointment in time.

On Thursday, April 16th, I went to Northumberland and staid with Rev. A. Porter, the Unitarian Minister of that place. I was now on my way to Dallas to adjust a loss which had recently occurred near J. C. Roushey's. I left my carpet bag at a store near the depot, telling the merchant I was intending to take the express train in the morning for Kingston, where I had written Roushey to meet me. The merchant said that

would be all right, that they would be in the store in time. I enjoyed a fine visit with Bro. Porter until we supposed it to be about thirty minutes to train time. I then hastened down, got my carpet bag, and thanked the man for his kindness, when he said, "I thought you were going to Kingston this morning?" I replied, "That is my intention." Said he, "Are you going to walk up?" "No," I replied, "I am going on the cars." "Why," said he, "they have been gone some twenty minutes; I don't think you can catch them." "Did they start before their time?" "No, they only changed the time, and now start some thirty minutes earlier than last week." This was quite perplexing to me, as I was sure Roushey would be there in waiting on the arrival of the train, and I thought of the man who had sustained the loss by fire who would be worried, thinking he would never get his pay. Matters looked quite gloomy, but I thought I would not worry myself sick nor abuse any one because I had thus been left. As Roushey lived ten miles from Kingston I was not sure a telegram would reach him, but I sent a dispatch for him to wait for the evening train, describing him, as nearly as I could, that the operator might recognize him. Then I thought I would go up to Porter's and make an insurance agent of him, and go out with him soliciting, and thus pass off the day, but be sure and be on hand in time to take the evening train. I was successful in this effort, and at half past four o'clock, P.

M. I took the train for Kingston, and arrived there at about half past eight. I looked sharp for Roushey but could not see him. I then asked the operator if such a dispatch came. He said the dispatch came but was not delivered. He could find no such looking man as was described,—that he went into the crowd on the arrival of the train and called for Roushey, but no one responded. I was now quite certain that I would have to put up at a hotel and stay there over Sunday, or else travel on that day, which was by no means a pleasant thought to me. I went to a hotel near by and put up for the night. I was not at all pleased with the fare, besides there was a continual noise on the outside of the house. The noise sounded like that of drunken rioters. They screamed, stamped, jumped up and down, and made a fearful noise until about two o'clock, when they departed and all was quiet. I arose quite early, thinking I must soon decide what course to pursue. I went out upon the platform at the depot and found several greenbacks torn in pieces. I gathered up some of the pieces and found that with two parts I could make a five dollar bill, and with several other pieces I could make a two dollar bill. I thought that finding this money was good luck, and not the effect of good financiering.

After a little consideration I started for Roushey's on foot. I had walked nearly half the way and was about tired out, when as I was passing a house, a man

came out and walked toward his barn. I asked him if he knew Carr Roushey. "Yes," was the reply. "How far does he live from here?" "About five miles, sir." "Well, sir, how much will you ask to hitch up a horse and take me there?" "I will take you within three-quarters of a mile of him for four shillings." I said, "Agreed, and I hope you will soon be ready to start." "But," said he, "we will have some dinner before we go. It will soon be ready, and then as soon as we eat we will be on our way." I concluded he did not intend to speculate much out of me,—that if he gave me my dinner, and then conveyed me five miles for half a dollar, I could not see as he would have much margin in his favor. I did not feel at all pleasant in doing as I was on Sunday, but thought the quicker I could get to Roushey's the better, and hoping all the time that I would have the privilege of attending service in the evening. Knowing that Roushey was a professor, thought I should feel quite at home when I got there.

I learned by the man I rode with that he was going in that direction, so it was no loss to him. As I drew nigh, Roushey's son ran and met me and took my baggage, saying he guessed I must be tired if I had walked from Kingston. He said, "I was there yesterday after you, but as you did not come I went home, feeling quite sad." I asked him if he heard the operator inquiring for Roushey, about the time the train arrived. He replied that he did not, as he was not very near,

but where he could see me if I got off the cars, so I no longer blamed the agent.

On Monday it rained all day, so that all that was done was to look over the business of his agency. The next day we went and investigated the loss of Erastus Eggleston, and returned, and the following day Roushey went with me to Wyoming. I then went to Scranton, and unexpectedly met Elder Hayes, with whom I had a short but pleasant interview. He handed me five dollars to partially remunerate me for filling some appointments for him at Plymouth, where he lived, and at Providence where he was preaching a portion of the time. I then went by rail to Stroudsburg. There was much scenery on this route that attracted my attention, especially the Barrens, a large tract of territory covered with nothing but stones and a very little shrubbery. I was informed by a man on the train who had lived in that region for many years, that this land was sold for taxes and bid off by some sharpers living in Philadelphia, who soon came into that region with their feathers and ruffled shirts, and hired a pilot to take them to their new lands, that they might feast their eyes on their new riches. When their land was exhibited to them it had a serious effect. One of them vomited as freely as though he had taken an emetic, while another remarked that the land had been sold for taxes once, and he guessed it would be again. I was much pleased with the citizens of Stroudsburg on account of their

kindness and familiarity. I appointed an agent, then took the train to Easton, from there to Bethlehem and thence to Allentown, where I arrived in the evening. Stayed at the Allen House.

It was now Thursday night and I had an appointment at Sulphur Springs on Saturday night, and also the Sunday following. I hardly knew what route to take for Newport, but was sure if I could get to Harrisburg on Saturday by one o'clock, I could then reach Sulphur Springs in time. I desired to visit Pottsville this trip, if possible, and inquired of the landlord if I could reach Pottsville that day, and then get a train from there to Harrisburg before or about noon. He told me I could take a train that would get me to Mauch Chunk about noon, where I could take the Gravity Railroad to the summit, then the stage to Mautauqua, where I could, after about an hour, get a train to Pottsville, and could easily get to Harrisburg the next forenoon. He also said that he thought I would have an hour at Mauch Chunk. This news pleased me, as I desired to spend a little time there, and also at Mautauqua.

I soon found an agent at Allentown, then took the train to Mauch Chunk, where I was informed that if I went on the Gravity Road I would only have time for dinner, which was now ready; and as my appetite was good, thought I would make sure of my dinner. I had taken my seat at the table, and just began to exercise

the knife and fork, when some one opened the door and exclaimed, "All aboard for the Gravity Railroad." I told them I could not eat a dollar's worth in less than no time, and that I proposed to finish my dinner before I left. "Well," he says, "you will have to go up the hill on foot then." I finished my dinner and still found a hack in readiness to convey me to the point where the cars started. While riding up this rugged way, surrounded by romantic scenery, I noticed a railroad track up a very steep hill. I asked the driver if that was the Gravity Railroad. He replied that it was. It was, I thought, the most fearful looking road I ever saw. I asked him if it was possible to run an engine up that hill. He answered no, that the engine was on top of the hill, and the cars were drawn up by means of a metal strap about nine inches wide. I told him I guessed we might as well go back, for I did not fancy the idea of riding up such a tremendous hill in that way. "Why," said I, "suppose the strap should break when about half way up; what would become of the cars and passengers?" "They would stay just where they were when the strap broke, until another was put in its place," he replied. I thought there must be some witchery about that, and asked him if he would explain to my understanding. He then said there was a safety car attached to the rear of the passenger cars, with one man on it, who could, any instant, drop a break that would hold the whole concern. This still looked mys-

terious to me, and I was sure if Mrs. Alderman was with me that we should never go up that hill in that style.

When we arrived at the starting point I examined the road and machinery, and became satisfied that I had been rightly informed, and it was all safe. I took my seat in the car with other passengers, and I thought if they did not fall out I could stay in. I noticed the ladies put their waterproofs over their heads, and made them close about their bodies; and the gentlemen buttoned their overcoats from top to bottom, and drew their shawls closely about them. For my part I thought it was comfortably warm, and yet I thought that perhaps when among Romans I had better do as they did, so I followed their example as nearly as I could. The signal was given, and away we went up that hill, like chariots running to battle. I soon understood the cause of the passengers making themselves as warm as possible, for the wind was piercing cold, and it almost seemed that the head car would fall over the others, the hill was so steep. Soon we were in the building covering the engine, on the top of the hill. I supposed, of course, a locomotive would now be attached, but soon we started on without any locomotive or anything of the kind, and away we went at good speed, but for my life I could not see what was drawing us—could see no strap on the road as I could when coming up the hill. This was very mysterious to me. I had

heard much of the Gravity Road, and supposed I knew what gravity and gravitation meant, but it had not occurred to me to apply the definition of the terms to this case. When the conductor came around to collect the fare, I told him I would like to see the horse that was drawing us. He said, "We don't trouble ourselves to exhibit our team to passengers." I told him I was really enjoying the ride, but would feel better if I could see or understand the machine that was moving us on so rapidly. He looked at me quite earnestly and said, "Do you not understand the power by which we run." I told him I did not. "Well," said he, "it is the power of gravitation." I then understood the matter in one minute, and was provoked at myself to think that I had been so dumb. He further said that it was a cold route over this high hill, but if I could come this route in July or August I would enjoy it much better. "Many come from the cities during the summer months, and take the round trip with us from Mauch Chunk to Mautauqua and return. Our road back is much warmer than this, at the present time, for we run beneath the hill on our return." This was my first acquaintance with gravity railroads.

I had about an hour at Mautauqua, appointed an agent there, and then stepped on the cars for Pottsville, arriving there a little before night. Here I was much interested in the manner in which the passengers were invited to the different hotels. The hackmen were

colored men, mostly large in size. They were not allowed to come on the platform. There was a sort of picket fence which separated them from the passengers, but they cried aloud, constantly exclaiming, "Go to my house, sir?" The next morning I pushed on for Harrisburg, and arrived there a little before eleven o'clock, A. M.,—called on some of the agents there, and, at one o'clock, took the train for Newport and arrived at Sulphur Springs in time for my evening appointment. Preached there the next day, morning and evening. On Monday I returned home.

While relating the history of my trip to my wife, and telling her how unlucky I had been, and on that account spent one Sunday on the road, she said it was all mismanagement, that there was no luck about it. I told her I thought it was unlucky that I was at Bro. Porter's, when I ought to have been at the depot. She said a business man ought to know before he sleeps what time the train that he expects to go on will leave in the morning,—no luck,—all neglect. I said that it seemed a little unlucky to me, to be so far from friends, with so little money. "When men go from home they ought to have money enough to stay out one day longer than they expected." "That," said I, "depends upon their luck." She still insisted that there was no luck in the matter,—that good calculations, carried into effect, would cause what I called good luck. "Well," said I, "in this gloomy hour, I had the good

calculation to find seven dollars in greenbacks. Now, do you really think that was because I had managed well, since I started from home?"

On Saturday, May 2d, I went to Antis Fort, where I had an appointment that evening, and also on the following Sunday. Antis Fort is a little town at the depot, where the hacks meet passengers, and convey them over to Jersey Shore, a distance of two miles. Bro. John Griggs lives at the depot, keeps a Pilgrim's Hotel there. While I was enjoying my supper at Bro. Griggs', he came in and said that I had an invitation to preach at the Baptist house at Jersey Shore, the next morning,—that their pastor was absent, and they expected a minister from Lewisburg on the train, but he did not come,—that no one but you got off the train who looked anything like a minister. I said that I guessed there was no minister came up from Lewisburg,—that I knew all who came over in the hack except one, and he was an Irishman. I did not take him to be a minister of the gospel, but then we can't always tell what is covered up with dry goods, hats and boots. Bro. Griggs replied that the deacon who was looking for the minister saw that raw Irishman, but no one supposed him to be a preacher. Some of the company present spoke against my going to Jersey Shore,—that my appointment was understood to be at this place, and it would be a disappointment to many in case I failed to fill it; but Bro. Griggs thought

perhaps I had better go over,—that he would like to have the people there hear one Christian sermon, and the door was now opened,—that the morning appointment here could be taken up this evening, and, as we were to have services again Sunday evening, it was his opinion that I had better go. I told him I was their servant, and would willingly do just as they thought best about it. Bro. Griggs informed the Baptist deacon that they might expect me there to supply the pulpit the next morning. On Sunday morning Bro. Griggs and myself went over to the Baptist house, and there we met the Irishman who got off the train the night previous. He was the one they had sent from Lewisburg to supply the pulpit at Jersey Shore. Now here we were; both came to supply the same pulpit,—one an Irishman, the other a green Yankee. They insisted that I must preach, as they could hear him in the evening. The stranger took part in the exercise. The pastor's wife came and introduced herself to me, saying she was much interested in the sermon, and manifested christian fellowship.

On Friday, May 22d, I went to Newport. Bro. Kosher met me there and took me to his home, where there was an appointment for me in the evening. This point was four miles beyond Sulphur Springs. Here I met another congregation of strangers. The romantic scenery which surrounded this place was interesting

and a little different from any I had seen before. I was shown one hill which was called Tea Hill, where the people gathered an herb which they called tea. Bro. Kosher kept a grocery store and kept this tea for sale. He gave me some to take home with me, but we failed to find its good qualities.

On Saturday Bro. K.'s son took me to John Kough's. I spent the day in the neighborhood and preached in the evening. I thought I would like to enjoy another good visit with Bro. Kosher, and supposed I should, but the next time I visited that region I was informed that he was no more. He had gone to try the realities of the Eternal World.

Sunday, May 24, 1868, I filled my appointments at Sulphur Springs, and the next morning started toward Bloody Run, by way of Huntingdon, to see a man by the name of Long, who was publishing a paper at that place, and desired an agency in the insurance business. I enjoyed this new route very well until we got to Huntingdon, a pleasant town situated on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. At this point I was to take the Broad Top & Huntingdon Railroad to Bloody Run. This was the most fearful looking road that I ever saw. I felt that I would not mind riding over the tops of pine trees, but did not like to have them spliced, especially twice over. We arrived at Bloody Run at about nine o'clock that night. I put up at the Union Hotel, and the next morning I hunted up Long

and his partners, and bestowed upon them the honor of being agents for the Glen's Falls Insurance Company. At two o'clock, P. M., I took the train back to Huntingdon over those terrible ravines again, and spent the evening visiting agents. The next morning I started on my way home, and arrived there early Thursday morning.

On Monday, June 1st, I went to Canton, where I met Mr. A. J. Walter, an agent, who lived at East Canton. After dinner we went to Franklindale and called on Bro. McKee, who expressed a desire to have a meeting that evening, but as the school had closed, the question was how can an appointment be circulated. A young lady remarked that she would furnish a congregation in case the minister would preach. I told her to go ahead. I judge she was quite active as the house was well filled.

The following Saturday I went to Williamsport, where Bro. Cortier met me and took me to meeting at Warrensville. I went home with Bro. Hermon, who lived at Loyal Sock. I asked him what the result of the meeting was which was held there by the Albrights where I officiated one evening. He said he had heard nothing about it since it closed,—did not think that any were baptized.

Learning that our daughter at Merchantville, who had been in a delicate state of health for some time past, was worse, I went with all possible speed to visit

her. Just before I arrived I met Mrs. Dolson, who was associated with her husband, Dr. J. S. Dolson, in attending her, who informed me that there was some prospect of her recovery. I found her full as comfortable as I expected.

I then went to Canisteo to attend the Tioga River Conference; put up with Alonzo Bennett, an old friend, who lived near by. On Friday evening I listened to a discourse by Elder Jabez Ford. On Saturday Elder C. Newell preached a funeral sermon in remembrance of Elders Rutherford and Curry. On Sunday the pulpit was occupied by Elder I. C. Tryon and Mrs. B. J. Whitely. The session was an interesting one.

Deacon Merchant wished me to go to the Swale with him to attend to a complicated business matter, which was adjusted satisfactorily to the parties. We then went to Buena Vista and by the way of Bath to Merchantville, and arrived there about nine o'clock, P.M.

The next day I went to Elmira, where I met Bro. James Suffern, who conveyed me to Southport, where I remained until the next Monday; then James took me to Wellsburg, where I did some business; then took the train to Owego, stopping there to dinner; thence to Scranton, Pa., stopping off at Hyde Park to see Blair & Waters, who were Insurance Agents. The next day I made my way to Carbondale. On my way from Scranton to Carbondale I enjoyed some more Gravity Railroad riding.

There is much to interest the traveler through this mountainous region, with its extensive beds of coal. The coal crackers and ponderous machinery for preparing the coal for market, are wonderful to those who have never witnessed them before. Some of the machinery is elevated far above the surface of the earth, and some far beneath.

Some of the people of this wild region, have strange views about the people they call Yankees. They think this class of people are smart and shrewd, and great to invent machinery, but none too honest. One day, while traveling in this region of country, I became somewhat familiar with a younger man of good ability and pleasant manners, a clerk in a post-office. He was traveling the same route with myself, and as we changed from cars to stage, then from hack to cars, we became somewhat acquainted, and as he was quite sociable, I did not hesitate to ask him many questions. I remarked as we were gazing over the piles of waste, that "Those large piles of coal, stone and dirt are of no use, I suppose?" "Why," said he, "not much use now, but they will be by and by; it won't be long before some Yankee will be in here with a machine to *burn dirt*, then those large piles of waste will be valuable."

My first experience in examining coal mines is fresh in my memory yet. It was many years ago, when the Tioga River Christian Conference held its annual session at Covington, Tioga County, Pa. It was about

six miles from this point to Blossburg, where the coal business was in full blast, and one afternoon a friend took six of us (green Yankees) out to see the wonders of the coal mines at Blossburg. The afternoon being warm and clear, the ride was pleasant to the point where we stopped to gaze on the wonders that were exhibited in and about the coal mines of Blossburg. After looking around and admiring the external curiosities, we came to what looked like the mouth of a cave. A fellow was standing there with a lamp on his cap, who asked us if we would like to be taken into the "diggins," saying he had a car there that would carry all of us, and that he would convey us in three hundred yards and farther if we wished, for ten cents apiece, and would explain to us by the way, so we "forked" over the money, sat down upon his car, and away we went into the bowels of the earth. He ran us into a cavernous chamber, and then told us how high it was from the solid floor beneath us to the close roof over our heads, and how many tons of coal had been taken therefrom, and how many props were necessary to keep the roof from falling in, etc., etc., then he would run us into another cavern and give about the same explanation. After passing through a number of these, he informed us that we were three hundred yards from the mouth of the mine, and asked if we wished to go farther. The decision was that we did not wish to explore those regions any farther and we might as well

go out, as we had seen all that would interest us. The mine was intensely dark, all the light we had reflected from the lamp on the cap of our conductor, who was now busying himself in looking about the mine, while we were closely nestled together on the car, but he did not make any move toward conveying us out of this dark and fearful place. Finally Elder Joseph W. Stearns spoke in rather a loud voice and said, "We are now ready to go out." "Very well," replied our conductor, "you can go out any time you please." "But," says the Elder, "are you not going to run us out on your car?" "Why," said he, "I will run you out for eighteen pence apiece." "But," said the Elder, "we paid you ten cents." "Yes," said he at once, "that was for running you in. I agreed to take you in three hundred yards for ten cents a piece. I did so. Now if you wish me to take you out I will do it for the sum I named." We decided that the best thing we could do under the circumstances, would be to pay his price and get out where we could see daylight again, and finally we thought it was cheap enough, and on the whole we enjoyed the joke very well.

From Carbondale, I went by stage to Honesdale. At this point I enjoyed a very pleasant interview with a Methodist Minister by the name of L. D. Tryon, who conducted me about the town. We enjoyed the visit and business well, or at least, I did.

The next morning I hastened back to Scranton to

adjust a loss that had recently occurred. On my arrival I found the parties, investigated the matter, then took the train for Wyoming, where matters were badly "mixed." I made the best arrangements I could, then took the cars to Bloomsburg where I appointed another agent, and then went home.

On Monday, June 29th, I took the cars to Lockhaven, where I called on Mr. Chapman, an insurance agent, and gave him the appointment for our company. Thence by rail to Bellefonte, where I appointed an agent. The next morning I went to Tyrone, where I formed the acquaintance of Capt. J. Bell, and made an agent of him; thence to Altoona,—made an appointment there and took supper at the Logan House, then took the train to Johnstown, putting up at the Foster House. The next morning I appointed an agent there, then took the train to Greensburg, made an appointment there. From there I went to Pittsburgh, stopping at Merchant's Hotel over night. Spent the most of the next day in the city, then went back by way of Tyrone and Lockhaven, to Antis Fort. The next morning I went to Williamsport in company with Bro. Griggs and his daughter Alice. Met Bro. Winner there and went home with him to dinner, then went to Fellowship Meeting at Warrensville. Enjoyed a good meeting. Went home with Henry Kline to supper, after which he took me to Loyal Sock to fill my evening appointment there. The next morning at eleven o'clock

I preached a funeral sermon, then went home with Henry Collins, expecting to preach at the brick school-house in the evening, but it was raining so hard that we did not go out at all. I staid with Enoch Winner over night. The next morning Alice took me to Williamsport, where I took the train to Elmira, where I met Melvin and went with him to Merchantville.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Sunday, July 12th, 1868, I preached at the Yost schoolhouse at four o'clock, P. M. I am sure that what I lacked in depth I made up in length, as my watch stopped and I did not notice it until nearly sundown.

On the 16th I went to Emporium to see Dr. Gibson. He had just been called to attend a man who was severely injured, and who died about two o'clock, P. M. Here I had the pleasure of meeting John D. Hamilton, and we came in company on the cars to Williamsport.

On Saturday I went to Newport, and called on Sister Bosserman. I had been there but a little while when Sister Shoaf of Sulphur Springs came in. A solemn feeling passed over me when I noticed how different was her appearance on this occasion, from what it had been at previous times. She was clad in deep mourning and appeared serious and thoughtful. She said, "Elder, I have come to take you to our house." I felt anxious to know for whom she mourned, and yet did not feel at liberty to ask, feeling assured that I would soon learn the facts. We were soon on our way. I thought of her children, and especially Allen, who had during the meetings held there, been almost persuaded to be a christian, but finally gave up that idea, and professed to be quite skeptical with regard to the truth

of the Bible, and the reality of the christian religion. I then thought of Mary, who for a time appeared as though she would like to be a christian. While I was thus thinking and wondering who had so recently been called to try the realities of death and an untried future, she spoke and said: "I suppose you have heard that Allen is no more?" I told her I had not, but now supposed that such was the case. She then related the circumstances of his short sickness and his death. He had been an officer in the Sunday School, and during his sickness sent for the school to come and see him in his trying time and hour of deep affliction. When his young friends, with whom he had so often met in the Sunday School in the days of his health and cheerfulness, were standing around his dying couch in this, his hour of darkness and gloom, he talked very good to them, and warned them to prepare for the dying hour and a vast eternity.

On the 30th I met my wife and daughter at Painted Post, on their way home. I accompanied them to Williamsport, where Bro. Lowe met and took me to his home in Cascade, where I preached in the church, which was in process of erection. August 7th I went to Dallas to adjust two losses in Mr. Roushey's agency, and then intended to go to Wyoming. On Saturday morning we started for the residence of Mr. Jacob M. Traverse. It was rather stormy, the traveling bad, and we made slow time, and it was nearly noon when

we arrived. I adjusted the first loss by the payment of five hundred dollars, which was satisfactory to both parties. We then went to John Shotwell's. This loss was only a horse killed by lightning, which was quickly and easily settled. It was now too late to go to Wyoming, and I went home to stay over Sunday with Roushey, who was a Methodist brother, and not a very warm friend to the Christians. His wife was an excellent lady, of liberal views on religious subjects.

Sunday, August 9th, Bro. Roushey informed me that the people met for Sunday School and Bible Class in the morning, and there was to be a funeral at the regular hour of service, soon after the closing of the Sunday School, and invited me to attend with him, saying that our folks had no meeting near, or he would take me to the meeting of my choice. I told him he might excuse me, and, if they were willing, I would stay at home and commence writing an annual address to deliver at the next session of the Pennsylvania Christian Conference, which was to be held at Lewisburg, commencing on Thursday, the 27th of the present month,—that I was appointed at the last session of Conference to deliver the address. To this he consented, and showed me to a room for that purpose. Before I had commenced, Miss Roushey, the daughter, entered the room, and said she wished I would attend their Sunday School. She believed I would think I was well paid after witnessing the order and system

with which it was conducted, and nothing would please her more than to have me accompany them to church, —that school would continue but a little while, and then I could use the remainder of the day in getting up my address. I decided to go, and went with them to church. Bro. R. introduced me to several of the leading men, telling them what my business was, and explaining the circumstances that had brought me there, not forgetting to tell them that those losses were settled all right, and to the full satisfaction of those sustaining the same. I was invited to take the charge of the Bible Class, to which I consented, after making some apologies. The lesson for investigation was in Romans, where many think the doctrine of eternal election and reprobation is clearly taught. On this subject I felt that I was somewhat posted, as it had been my study all through life. I was asked to give explanations of different passages, which I did as well as I could, but did not notice that I was talking loud enough to attract the attention of the whole school, until the superintendent remarked that he wished I would take the stand, and address the school on this subject, as the pupils were interested in that kind of talk, and that he himself had been much pleased to hear what he had, and would like to have the subject continued, so that the entire audience would hear. To this I agreed at once, telling them that I felt more competent to talk to children than to adults.

It was now nearly time for the funeral service to commence, but the procession had not yet arrived. I talked about fifteen minutes, then as the time had come for the other service, I closed my remarks, but was invited to continue, and told that if I occupied the time until the procession came it would be all right; so I took the stand again, and talked until the procession arrived. I then took my seat in the congregation and witnessed the appearance of the mourners and other friends as they entered the house. The coffin was borne up the aisle and placed in front of the pulpit, and the mourners properly seated, but I could see no one that I thought was the minister. The friends appeared very busy and a little confused, as they talked together, while passing in and out of the house. Soon a man beckoned me to the vestibule, where I met a number of persons, who, I understood, were acting as a committee of arrangements. One of them said to me that they knew it was not using a minister well to invite him to preach a funeral sermon without giving at least a little time for meditation, and they felt quite delicate in asking me to preach on this occasion, on the spur of the moment, but their minister had disappointed them, and as yet they did not know the cause, and they wished me to officiate on this occasion; they would be glad to listen to a sermon, but if I was not prepared to give one, to occupy a little time in prayer, singing and a few remarks that would be appropriate on the occasion.

I told them they need feel no delicacy whatever in asking me to preach,—that under the circumstances I was quite willing to make an effort. I took the pulpit at once and had a good time while trying to preach the gospel to that congregation of strangers. The service seemed satisfactory to the entire assembly. Bro. Roushey informed the friends that they must excuse me from accompanying them to the grave, as it was so late we must return home at once.

On our way home Sister Roushey remarked to me that the people were much pleased and interested in the sermon, and if they did not find out what denomination I belonged to it would do them good, but if they learned that I was a Christian perhaps they would not profit by it. "Well," said I, "Bro. Roushey what do you think about it?" "Why," said he, "I think you have done honor to the people you represent." He would like to hear more such preaching as he had just listened to, and would be happy to have me send an appointment at any time; the house would be freely opened, and well filled with hearers. I remarked to him that doubtless people missed hearing some good sermons by closing the doors of their houses, and also their ears.

On the 15th, Bro. Everhart took me to a pic-nic held in a grove. The Methodist school at Bloomfield and the Christian school at Sulphur Springs, met half way to enjoy a good social time. When we arrived the Methodist minister had given an address, and the

friends were preparing the dinner. The preacher was a kind and jovial fellow. As we passed a small party, one of them said, "That is a matched team. Those are hale fellows well met." I said, "Do you notice what those fellows say about us." "Yes," he said, "and I guess they are half right; what is the difference between us? I never met with a minister of your denomination before. I am happily disappointed. I did not think I would enjoy myself so well with those who were so very peculiar, and especially in matters of religion. My parents were Methodist, and I was educated for a Methodist minister, and have learned nothing denominationly but Methodism. Don't we stand as good a chance for salvation as others?" "Why," said I, "that depends on how you behave yourselves. In my opinion all who love God and obey him will be accepted of him." "Very true," said he; "now, please tell me the difference between the two denominations?" I then remarked to him, "You believe in making opinion the test of fellowship, and we believe in making christian character the test." "Then," said he, "you are right and we are wrong, for piety should, in my opinion, be the test; but I have yet to learn that we make opinion the test." "You want your members all to believe your discipline, and be governed thereby, do you not?" "Certainly," said he. "And your discipline," said I, "is a matter of opinion, otherwise it would receive all who are

christians, and live godly lives. It is your opinion that no one should be admitted to your class meetings more than twice or thrice, unless he wishes to become a member with you. Let him be ever so pious your discipline denies him the privilege of enjoying your class meetings, unless he can join you in declaring he believes it to be true, and I presume there are some things contained therein that you do not believe yourself." "Why," said he, "we believe in disciplining our converts. What do you believe on this point?" "Why, we believe," said I, "that as they have received Christ Jesus the Lord, to let them so walk in him." "Then," he said, smiling, "what would you think of me if I should receive members without disciplining them?" "If you received none but those who had been born again, and were walking in newness of life, I should think you were willing to receive all those whom Christ receives." He then said: "Now tell me what you would say to me if I should thus receive members without their saying that they believed our discipline?" "Say to you," said I, "why, I would say about the same to you that the boy said to the woman. On a certain occasion a lad was traveling in warm weather, and had become hungry and thirsty, and soon he saw a sign over a door which read:

"CAKE AND BEER."

He entered the room and laid some money on the counter, and told the woman he wanted some cake.

She informed him there was none in the house. "Well," said he, "then I will take a glass of beer." The woman replied, "We have no beer either." "I think, then, you had better take down your sign."

Now dinner was ready and we were invited to our places at the table, where we enjoyed a bountiful repast. Soon after dinner it was announced that it was now time for the second address. The seats were soon occupied, and I gave as good an address as I could. The audience seemed to enjoy it, and especially my brother in the ministry. When the parting time came he said that he had enjoyed the day very much, and was interested in the interview we had enjoyed together, and invited me to come to Bloomfield and supply his pulpit. I told him I had heard that the pulpit there had been closed against Elder Rodenbaugh, and I believed he was a better man than myself. "I don't know," he says, "how that may be, but our house will be opened to you, whenever you will come, as long as I remain at Bloomfield. We parted with the best of feeling, and I felt that I never enjoyed myself better with a fellow-laborer of a sectarian church in my life. We then returned to Bro. John Kough's and stayed over night.

On Monday, August 24th, I went by rail to Elmira, then at three o'clock, P. M., I went by stage to State Line. Esquire Bly met me there, and conveyed me to Jackson Morrell's, to adjust a loss which had quite

recently occurred. Before leaving home I had taken my private room and blocked out an address to deliver before the Conference, hoping and expecting to have time to finish it up; and did not expect to leave Lewisburg again till after Conference, when the dispatch came notifying me of the above loss. As it was the first in that locality and the company nearly a stranger there, I thought best to go at once and adjust the matter, and take my chances on having time to finish my address after my return, before I was called upon to deliver it.

The loss was settled by the payment of nine hundred and fifty dollars. The next day I did some business and returned as far as Williamsport, and went home the following morning. Some of the brethren had arrived, to attend the Conference. Elder Hays preached in the evening.

Thursday, August 27th, 1868, the Conference convened. I asked the privilege of having the address deferred until two o'clock the next day, which was granted. I did not enjoy much Conference that day, but listened to a good sermon in the evening, preached by Elder Milton Clark. On the following day I delivered the address before the Conference and friends convened, which was as follows:

Mr. President, Members and Friends of the Pennsylvania Christian Conference:

I arise before you on this occasion, agreeable to an appointment made during our last annual session.

When my name was announced as the one to deliver the next annual address, I must confess I was somewhat astonished. I had just been received as a member of this Conference. My judgment was, that some one who had been longer a member of this body would be better qualified for this interesting portion of our exercises. I have so often been disgusted with objections and excuses offered, when nominations have been made, both in churches and conferences, that I concluded to make no objections, and do the best I could, thinking that if I made a failure, we as a body would learn wisdom, and in the future make such appointments as in our opinion would prove successful.

My motto for the present occasion, is recorded in Exodus, 14th chapter, 15th verse, and Heb., 1st chap., 6th verse: "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward."—"Let us go on to perfection." We have not assembled at this annual gathering, respected friends, merely to greet each other and shake the friendly hand—not simply for the purpose of hailing again old and tried friends, and forming new acquaintances, and have a good social time. We have met to work—to work in the cause of our great Redeemer. We have met to counsel together, to devise plans for carrying forward the great interests of our beloved Zion. There is a work to be done which no sectarian institution can ever accomplish. However extensive their resources, and efficient their machinery may be,

they will never answer the prayer of our blessed Lord, when he prayed that his disciples might be one, even as he and his father are one. The true church has ever had its trials, and God has ever been its helper in times of need.

The children of Israel were guided by a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night, while they were traveling through the wilderness to the promised land. God provided a safe passage for them through the Red Sea, while their enemies, even Pharaoh's mighty host, were engulfed by the waters, and miserably perished. The same God now rules in the heavens above, and among the nations upon the earth. Various are the changes that have taken place between that day and the present time. God's people have been moving forward; have been going on to perfection. Time will allow us but few illustrations. There have been two wonderful displays of God's power and goodness manifested to the children of men. One under the old dispensation, the other under the new. The first was that rising cloud which overshadowed the temple, and filled it with such glory that even the high priest whose business it was to burn incense at the golden altar had to omit his service. He could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud, for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God. The one under the new dispensation was on the day of Pentecost, when there came a sound like the rushing of a mighty wind,

and filled all the house where they were sitting ; when the Partheans, the Medes, the Elamites, the dwellers of Mesopotamia, &c., heard in their own language the wonderful works of God. In contrasting these events, we see the children of God are moving forward, are going on to perfection. We see the manifestation of the law of progression in everything around us.

The ingenuity of man, by way of invention, has been developing itself in a wonderful manner. How true the expression that man has sought out many inventions ! Some of us can remember when it was thought to be a great task to go to one of the Western States. If a family contemplated moving there, it was considered by their friends next thing to death, for they hardly expected ever to see them again, it was so far away—such a long and tedious journey. Farewell visits were made ; parting tears were shed before the departing ones left to pursue the long and lonely journey by the overland route. The travelers have gloomy forebodings of the trials and hardships of their long and weary journey. True, there are vessels propelled by the wind to carry travelers from place to place ; but the wind does not always blow in the right direction, and may drive them from their destination instead of towards it. Mr. Fulton tells them they need not wait for favorable winds ; that he has invented a vessel propelled by steam, that can run up the stream or down the stream, with the wind or against it, in storm or in

calm, so that there is no necessity for depending in the least upon the fickle wind. But our travelers are far from navigable waters. These vessels and steamships cannot be reached, and beside, they cannot convey them to the desired haven.

What now is to be done? Are the inventive powers of man exhausted? "O, no," says the inventor, "I can obviate all the difficulties. I care not whether the wind blows East or West; whether there is a gale or a calm, or how far you are from navigable waters. I have invented a steam-car. The track is laid, the baggage-car is open—put in your goods—seat yourself and family on the cushioned seats of one of the splendid coaches of the train. I will run you over the mountains, around the mountains, through the mountains, over the rivers, across the swamps and through the wilderness, at the rate of 30 or 40 miles an hour. You shall soon be at your destination without any toil on your part."

We see the mother with her pale face, sitting in sadness, at the close of day. The twilight is gathering around; her only daughter, of whom she has been seriously thinking, is dangerously ill five hundred miles away. Oh that I could communicate a single sentence to her before she sleeps! I know that man has been going on to perfection with his inventions, but there is no sail vessel, no steamboat, nor car that can take me, or a word from me to my beloved daughter before

she dies. Mr. Morse, the inventor of the Telegraph, says to her: "Give me that sentence for your daughter, and I will put it on the electric wire, and in less than five minutes your daughter may read it." We *believe* in progression. It is written as with the finger of God all over the universe.

See that robust man whose brawny arm, nerved with herculean power, has striven with nature until the wilderness has budded and blossomed like the rose, until he has seen the earth all dotted over with cities, towns and villages, where many lofty domes from church edifices are pointing upward to the sky. This man was once a helpless infant. Look at that sturdy oak which has carried its lofty top and heavy branches high in the air. It was once a little acorn, seemingly without life or strength—easily thrown about with the slightest effort. It now defies the tempest and laughs at the whirlwind.

While we acknowledge that Christianity was perfect as it came from the hand of its Author, man's conception and application of it, has been marked by stages of progression. Has progress in this direction kept pace with the progress in worldly sciences? Let us investigate this matter for a moment. It has not been long since it was considered orthodox to believe and preach that infants were tormented in flames because Adam had sinned.

Can we not remember when it was supposed that a

man must become willing to be damned before he could be saved? How would such theology be accepted in our days? I must acknowledge for myself, that if this be true my salvation is not sure. I cannot recollect the time when I would as willingly be lost as saved. The time has been when I could have acknowledged the justice of God in cutting me off; yet at the same time I would much rather have been saved than lost.

How long has it been, since, to be admitted into the Church, a person must believe in "total depravity," "vicarious atonement," and the "trinity?" In short, must subscribe to dogmas, and articles of human invention, or be content to remain without the pale of any church.

It is not a century since O'Kelly stood upon the floor of a Conference and boldly declared that this human legislation for the church was not profitable unto godliness. And while his associates were endeavoring to amend or change some articles in their discipline, he recommended them to throw it away entirely; and said that the more they strove to make it a perfect rule, the more it bore the marks of imperfection.

He finally decided that he would stand alone, with the Bible for his only rule of faith and life; with no name but the name Christian; and would recognize as Christians all who loved and served God, whatever their opinions in a theological point of view might be.

It is hardly necessary to speak of Elias Smith, Barton, W. Stone, Wm. Kinkaid and others, who decided that rather than be fettered with human laws or pronounce the Shiboleth of sectarianism, they would travel alone through this world, believing that God's word would direct them aright and bring them home to glory. It is not necessary to give here in detail, the circumstances under which individuals of this class, from the East, South and West were brought together, or the circumstances of our rise as a Christian body, or why we exist at present as a religious denomination, or of the prosperity that has crowned our efforts. Those who read understand all this. I myself heard Elder David Millard say a few years ago that he was one of the five who composed the first Christian Conference in the State of New York, and that now there were seven Conferences, with a respectable membership in each, in that State. We are known as a religious body throughout the United States and Canadas. But our cause at present seems to be more prosperous in New York and in the Western States, than it is here in the old Keystone State. Now, my brethren, it seems to me that this ought not so to be. I am slow to admit that we lack the means, the piety, or the talent, that is necessary to our prosperity as a denomination in this, one of the richest states in the Union. Let us inquire after the cause, and as far as possible, remedy the evil. I do not thus speak because I think we are doing

nothing here. We are doing something; we are not altogether drones in the hive.

There are some three or four meeting-houses being erected within the bounds of this Conference. There has been a reviving in the minds of our brethren, and fair additions have been made to some of our churches within the past year.

Is it not a fact that we lack ministerial aid? Our numbers as ministers are small; our labors too much divided. Are not too many of us engaged as Farmers, Doctors, Insurance Agents, or agents of some other kind? And are not some who were once preaching Christ in all his bleeding beauty now in hot pursuit of such as teach for doctrine the commandments of men? I will not say here that those who cannot devote their whole time to the ministry, should not preach at all. Let every man do all he can for this the best of causes. I am satisfied, from the brief acquaintance I have formed with this Conference, that there is a sufficiency of means in this body to give a new impetus to the cause of liberal christianity in this portion of the land. Should we not inaugurate a plan or system by which this impetus may be given, and our Home Missionary Society become a living reality, and not a name only? There was \$1,000 voted by this Conference, at its last session, to sustain a missionary within its bounds. It is an easy matter to vote to raise money, but voting merely, still leaves our destitute churches in

a low condition, and sinners in the broad road that leads to death. The continuance of our existence as a denomination depends, not on our mere ability to defend ourselves against the encroachments of the sects around us; nor on our aggressive power simply, but upon our actual perseverance in the realization of our highest hopes in building up the cause of the blessed Redeemer in the earth. We shall either advance or retrograde. When a body ceases to grow, it begins to die. Let us inquire why it is that we wish to succeed; or why we exist and seek to perpetuate our existence as a distinct religious body. The first and more general answer would be: that we have formed churches, and are organized into Conferences, in order to do good and glorify God, by promoting the truth in every possible way, and by strengthening and perfecting the Saints in Christ Jesus. Now, there is no question but that our object is a worthy one; so that no other reply need be given were it not a fact that other and more powerful religious organizations are in being for the same purpose, and are no doubt able to do a portion of this work better than we can. This being the case, we naturally look for some special reason for our existence, aside from what all other denominations may, in common, render. That reason is this: We believe our Church is organized on a basis more in accordance with the teachings of Christ and his Apostles, than any other,—a platform on which all christians can stand, taking the Bible as a

rule—a creed which no christian can reject. Believing that the Bible *alone* is a sufficient rule of faith and life, so that in the language of the Methodist discipline: “What is not written therein, or cannot be proven thereby, is not to be believed.” Would to God that this had ever, universally been adhered to.

The present finds us occupying a respectable position in the christian world as a separate body, endeavoring to apply what we deem to be the great fundamental principles of Christ’s gospel, to the development and reformation of human life and character. We do not wish to be exclusive; we do not mean to say that we alone are the Church, and the only body of professed christians who are endeavoring to apply the principles of the Gospel to human life. Other bodies of christians are engaged in the same noble work, some of whom adopt very nearly our sentiments, and others differ more widely; but all endeavoring to do good to mankind. We dare not unchristianize any who are casting out devils in the name of Jesus Christ, although they may not belong with us, or extend to us the hand of fellowship, or think as we do on all points of religious belief. But what we mean to say is this: the peculiar circumstances to which we owe our origin, and which have attended us ever since we have had an existence, plainly indicate that, in the providence of God, we have been raised up to stand *alone*, and act an important part in reforming the world, in spreading true and

liberal views of christianity among mankind, and in placing the Bible above all human creeds. As a religious body we have commenced our work and are going on to pefection.

The work that has been done by us, is not all exhibited in the congregations we have gathered, nor in the meeting-houses we have built, but truths advocated by us when an infant body, and declared by others to be heretical, have not only found their way into the hearts of the outsiders and lay members of the different churches, but are now being sounded loud and shrill from what are termed orthodox pulpits.

Conventions are being held for the purpose of bringing the christian world into the unity of the spirit, and the bonds of peace. Their efforts are said to be made for the express purpose of uniting the children of God in one body. While I have watched with anxiety the efforts of those conventions and their effect, I am reminded of what the boy told the shepherd who was trying to get his several flocks together by throwing each sheep by main force over the fence. "Why," says the lad, "all this work is useless; just let down your fences, and your sheep will run together of their own accord."

The last Session of the Tioga River Christian Conference, was held at Bennettsville, Steuben County, New York.

I think there is not a member of the Christian church

in that village. The Conference was countenanced and encouraged by the different denominations residing there. We were kindly invited to their churches and dwellings, and they took part in our religious exercises, and some expressed a desire to have the Conference there again next year. How different from what it used to be years ago! When I contrast in my mind this difference of feeling and spirit manifested among the people everywhere, I feel like "speaking to the Children of Israel that they go forward," and saying, "let us go on to perfection."

I think, my brethren, while we have some discouragements, we have much to encourage us. We ought to "thank God and take courage."

There has been much accomplished through the sentiments advocated by us as a people. There remains much yet to be done,—*shall we not do it?* Our sun is yet high above the Western hills, and much may yet be accomplished. Let us hail with joy every opportunity to advance, and every indication of progress; and let us press on with untiring diligence in this great and glorious work.

It has become almost unanimous now, for the watchman on the walls of Zion, to tell the people that their salvation depends on their obeying the commands of God; and that they must work out their own salvation with fear and trembling.

Let us continue to tell the people what Christ told

his disciples: "That whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and *doeth them*, shall be likened unto a wise man that built his house on a rock." Let us tell them what Peter told the Gentiles at the house of Cornelius, after his conversion: "I perceive of a truth that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him." Let us continue to proclaim the truths of the Gospel, till all christians shall say: "Whosoever doeth the will of my Father in Heaven, the same is my brother, my sister, and my mother.

Elder A. J. Clark, of Scranton, preached in the evening. On Saturday I enjoyed the Conference all day, and was benefitted and strengthened in the good cause. Elder Z. M. Ellis preached in the evening. On Sunday, August 30, Elder John G. Willson, of Philadelphia, preached at ten o'clock A. M., Elder Calvin Newel at two P. M., and Elder Milton Clark in the evening.

Monday, August 31st. The brethren with whom we had taken sweet counsel for a few days, now took their departure to their homes and various fields of labor.

On Sunday, September 6th, The Free Masons laid the corner stone of the Lutheran Church at Jersey Shore.

On the tenth I was at Warren, hastening with my business as fast as possible, that I might again meet with the Erie Conference, which was to hold its annual

session at Waterford, Pa. I had met with this Conference, for the first time, one year before, at Fluvanna, in Chautauqua Co., N. Y. Although they were mostly strangers to me, I was much interested in their systematic manner of doing business. I learned that Fluvanna was four miles from Jamestown, where I left the cars, and went to the place of meeting by private conveyance. I called at a public house kept by Bro. Whittemore. It was a house of entertainment, not a gin shop. I told the proprietor that I had come to attend the Christian Conference. He said that was all right, and we are nearly full here. He then asked my name, and when it was announced, said he: "I have been acquainted with you for years, although I never saw you till now. You need look no farther, I have a room for you here." I was soon invited to dinner, which I enjoyed much, as it was late in the day for this meal.

After eating I went to the church. Elder Tuck was preaching. He was an entire stranger to me, as were nearly all the congregation. Elder A. S. Langdon was pastor of the church, and we had both been members of the Central Conference for years together, but some fifteen years had rolled away since we had met, and I felt sure that he did not recognize me. I also noticed that Elder Wm. T. Caton and Elder H. R. Kendall were present. Those were the only persons in the audience, that I had any recollection of ever seeing

before. Although a stranger among strangers, I felt that I was in my father's house with his children. This being on Saturday they were to enjoy their Fellowship Meeting after the sermon. I looked upon many strange faces, and asked myself which is Elder Totman, Field, Morse, Wyman, etc., but was pleased with the idea that although I did not know now, I should know hereafter. The Fellowship Meeting was quite spirited and very interesting.

In due time I arose and made a few remarks in favor of the Master's cause. As soon as I sat down I noticed Elder Langdon whispered to one, then to others, who were sitting near the desk. They all shook their heads, and I was then confirmed in the belief that I appeared to him a stranger. At the close of the meeting I spoke a few words to Elder Caton—then went to my boarding house. I had been there a very little while, when in came Elder Langdon, in haste, caught my hand in his, gave it a grip and a hearty shake, exclaiming: "God bless you O. P., how are you; I could not for my life tell who you were, and yet I felt sure that I had met with you before. We want you to preach this evening." I told him I was not in the habit of refusing when called upon, but as I had been on the train all the night before, I feared it would be hard business for the audience to listen. He said that would be all right, and they should expect to hear from me in the evening, so I did the best I could before my strange friends.

The next evening they called upon me again, and I did the best I could the second time.

On Monday morning the Conference session opened,—Elder J. M. Field in the chair. Their business moved like clock work, and before night it was so nearly completed that there was time to hear from visiting brethren, who were there as agents for our publishing interests. Bro. O. A. Roberts spoke in a very interesting manner, which seemed to cheer up our brethren to a new engagedness in the good cause. At this session I formed the acquaintance of a number of our ministers, whose communications I had read with much satisfaction, and I now rejoiced that my eyes beheld them.

Bro. Field gave me quite a lecture for being engaged in the insurance business,—thought I ought to give my whole time and attention to the ministry, and be continually inviting sinners to the Saviour; at the same time he said he was very happy to meet me at this Conference. I remarked to him that it was a privilege I had long desired,—but presumed if I had not been an insurance agent I never should have enjoyed this privilege, from the fact that I would have lacked the “stamps” to bring me here.

All these pleasant experiences passed through my mind as I was contemplating meeting those good brethren again. I retired early, and the next day I was at the place of meeting, and preached in the evening.

On Saturday I heard Elders Morse, Bourne and Dunlap preach. I attended Sunday School on Sunday morning. It was a model school. All were invited to arise and repeat a verse of Scripture. I thought of several verses, but they were repeated by others, when my time came, I arose and told them to "remember Lot's wife." Elder Field preached at eleven o'clock, Bourne told his experience at three, and O. P. was called upon to preach in the evening. On Monday the Conference transacted its business.

On Saturday, September 26th, I attended a Pic Nic at Loyal Sock. It was late when I arrived,—the little fellows had been waiting, and looked as though they were frozen. As soon as they saw me they hastened to their seats to listen to the remarks made from the stand. I felt sorry for those bright eyed children, as they sat shivering with cold, and thought I would try and warm them. I commenced in a low tone of voice, and then asked them if they could hear, asking as many as could to say I. The response was small. I told them that would never do,—that I must speak louder; then raising my voice, I called upon all those who could hear me now, to signify it by the former sign. A few more responded. I then told them we must improve a little,—then raising my voice about as loud as I could, I told them I wanted all who could hear to scream "I," with all their might. The response was loud and general. Then I began to ask

them questions about the Sunday School,—the woods we were in, etc., framing my questions so that yes, or no, would answer, and told them to answer in a loud voice, so that I could hear. They all joined in screaming as loud as they could, and I was soon pretty well warmed up, and judged they were too. They enjoyed it very much.

The address was short, after which we partook of the refreshments prepared for that occasion, and enjoyed a good time.

On Sunday I preached a Funeral Sermon at Warrentonville,—filled my appointment at the Brick, and the next day I went home.

CHAPTER XXV.

September 30th, 1868, I went to Harrisburg to attend the State Fair, took supper with Bro. Parker, and staid over night with Bro. Landis. I remained at the fair until Friday P. M., then went to Anthony, to attend a Two Days' Meeting with Elder Taylor. The following Thursday and Friday the County Fair was at Lewisburg.

Sunday, October 18th, Isaac Mariot was ordained at Ross, Pa. Elder Hayes preached the sermon, Alderman offered the prayer and gave the Right Hand of Fellowship, and Elder Rodenbaugh gave the charge. We then enjoyed a Communion Season, and adjourned till evening, when Elder R. gave us a good sermon. We then went to Bro. Samuel Long's,—staid there till midnight, then went to Bro. Joseph Long's and retired. It was raining a little, and we thought there never was a darker night this side of Egypt.

At three o'clock our breakfast was ready, and a man in readiness to convey us to the Depot. The rain had increased somewhat, and it looked, as the dying infidel said, like taking a leap in the dark. The driver said he knew the road and the team, and as we had to go, he could take us just as well as not; but if it would be convenient with us, he thought we would be just as

safe to stay till daylight. "But," said he, "if you expect to reach the Depot in time for the early train, it is time for us to be on our way." We were soon snugly seated, and started out in the dense darkness while the gentle rain was descending upon us. Not a thing could I see, except occasionally a light beaming from the windows. I remarked that I guessed the people got up pretty early. Our driver replied that I was mistaken, that the fact was the *beaus* go home late.

Elder Rodenbaugh and myself had to be at Lewisburg on Monday, and on Tuesday evening I had a wedding to attend at Big Stream Point, N. Y. When we arrived at the Station we thought best to enjoy another breakfast, as we could finish eating the same in time to pay our bill, before the cars arrived. Here the party separated, and Elder R. and myself took the train with our faces toward Northumberland.

On our arrival there we could get no train to Lewisburg until nearly night. We hired a man to take us to Mr. Morgan's, a son-in-law of Elder Rodenbaugh, who lived across the river, nearly opposite to Lewisburg. We arrived there in time for dinner, after which Mr. Morgan rowed us over the river, and at two o'clock I was at home. The next morning I was on my way to Watkins, going as fast as the train went. At Elmira were parties in waiting to do business with me, but I had no time to stop. One of them accompanied me to Havana. When I arrived at Watkins I

found parties in waiting for the boat, who were also bound for the wedding at Big Stream Point. One of them said: "We are all safe now, for the preacher is here who is to tie the knot." The ride on the boat was delightful, and we arrived in time to marry the couple, and everything pertaining to the wedding moved off pleasantly.

October 24th and 25th, I attended a Two Days' Meeting at Riker's Hollow.

On the following Saturday and Sunday, I attended a Meeting at New Albany, in company with Elder Ellis. It was a stormy time, and our remuneration small. On our way home I stopped off and took five risks.

November 17th, I was at Antis Fort. The next morning I went to Williamsport, where I met Mr. Corwin and his wife, and Rhoda, my son's wife, bound for Lewisburg. We all went home together.

November 28th, I went to Ellington, where I enjoyed some good meetings with Elder I. R. Spencer, the pastor there.

I had agreed to hold a series of meetings on the hill about four miles from Franklindale. The brethren had agreed to pay me a given sum for so doing, and I agreed that the influence of the meeting should pay four hundred dollars towards the meeting-house they had decided to build. This arrangement we called business. This meeting was commenced on the evening of Dec. 5th. The following evening there were five who mani-

fested a desire to become christians. After service the snow began to fall, and the next day there was a storm in full blast, which continued until the schoolhouse was nearly buried in snow. I spent a few days on the hill and was sure I would have to abandon the meeting. I told the brethren I was ready to receive my pay, and the amount named for building would be forthcoming. That evening we had a meeting in the schoolhouse, near Bro. Marshall's, feeling sure that a congregation would assemble in the Valley, as it was not drifted there, when they were to take up a collection, and take the balance of the amount necessary to pay me, out of their own pockets. The appointment was circulated, —the day fair,—the evening pleasant,—the house full, and the collection good. After meeting the friends were invited to enjoy an Oyster Supper at Bro. Marshall's, and while we regretted the non-success of the meeting, we enjoyed the oysters hugely. I was informed of the amount of the collection, at the same time told that the remainder they would make up. I told them that it was all right,—the collection was sufficient,—that they need not raise another cent. All was satisfactory on my part, as far as dollars and cents were concerned.

I was informed that Elder John Ellis was at Warrensville, and that there was quite a religious interest there. I decided to go and enjoy a few meetings with them, and made my way there, stopping at Lewis

Casner's. Soon the three Ellis' came,—John, Zephaniah and Charles. I had not met John for a number of years. Soon we went to church where we enjoyed an interesting time.

December 26th, I met Elders Ellis and Casner at Antis Fort, where we enjoyed a Two Days' Meeting. I then went to Liberty, to visit Elder Joseph Morris. The next morning Bro. M. and myself started out on the insurance business, and went by way of Block House to Roaring Branch. From there I went home, and arrived there in time to wish my family a Happy New Year.

Friday, January 1st. 1869, found me at home, in the Borough of Lewisburg. Bro. Bucannon of Philadelphia, was selling books there.

Thus business went on until January 9th, when I decided to start for Glens Falls, to meet with the company at their annual meeting, which was the following Tuesday. I had long had a desire to visit my niece, my oldest brother's oldest daughter. She was one year younger than myself. We spent the days of our childhood together, and she seemed to me like a sister. She married a good, respectable man, whose name was Dan Edson, and they were now living in the town of Gates, about seven miles from the city of Rochester. Years had rolled around since we had met and enjoyed the privilege of talking over the scenes of our youthful days. As Rochester was on my way to Glens Falls, I

decided to visit Dan and Fanny, and become better acquainted with their little family. I had written Dan to meet me at Rochester, and on the arrival of the train I saw him looking, as I supposed, for his uncle. I soon approached him saying, "How are you, Dan?" At ten o'clock I was in their family circle, where the scenes of other days were talked over. The children were interesting, and I enjoyed my visit much. Dan and Fanny were members of the Presbyterian Church, so we had a hope of meeting beyond death's chilling tide, to be separated no more forever.

At the Annual Meeting of the Company, the Directors decided that Pennsylvania was too hot for them, and they would close up business there. My agency was to close the following March. I was to appoint no more agents, but put business in as good shape as possible for closing. I returned home to decide upon what to do. I felt that I could dig, but to beg I was ashamed.

I continued my regular appointments, thinking that I would do the best I could during my stay in Pennsylvania. Some of my friends were anxious to have an Insurance Company organized at Lewisburg, and an effort was made in this direction. The Charter was obtained and a portion of the Capital Stock was raised, but before we got into operation there was a change in the times; money was close, business men failed, and the enterprise was abandoned. While looking after the

interest of our contemplated Insurance Company, I was at the Capitol a few times. In company with Bro. Landis, who lived near by, I spent one evening in looking over the curiosities contained in these buildings, which were quite interesting.

I was invited to assist a company that was being incorporated in the city of Williamsport, to be called the Williamsport Fire Insurance Company, and to become their General Agent. Arrangements were made to this effect with some of their leading men, but when a contract was written by their Attorney for me to sign, it was different from the former talk. I told them I should be some elder than I was at present, before signing that instrument,—that I chose to withdraw the stock I had put in, and have no more to do with it, and if my life was spared four years longer, I expected to live in a day when the Williamsport Fire Insurance Company would be numbered among the things that had been, and before the four years had passed away my expectation was realized.

I made an arrangement to become associated with the Guardian Insurance Company of Philadelphia, and acted in the capacity of General Agent for said company, at the same time doing a local business for other companies.

On the 28th of January, 1869, on my return from Sulphur Springs, I learned that the Rev. Mr. Evan, pastor of the Lutheran church, had left us to return

no more. He had met his congregation for the last time on earth,—his accounts were sealed up until the resurrection morn. He was a kind and liberal christian gentleman. His funeral sermon was preached by one of his brethren, from a neighboring town.

At a meeting of the Lodge of Good Templars of which I was a member, I was appointed to represent our Lodge in a convention to be held at Cattawissa, February 10th, and also at the State Convention to be held at Harrisburg, the 22d and 23d of the same month.

About this time I received a letter from Elder W. B. H. Beach, requesting me to become a Soliciting Agent for Starkey Seminary, as they proposed to raise a fund of thirty thousand dollars, to endow the institution. At first I thought I could not accept the appointment, but after further correspondence, I decided to make the effort. I had but little faith that I should be successful, and I thought if I could persuade any one to give for this object, it would be Bro. Griggs, but it was quite a task for me to introduce the subject to him. I knew he was a warm friend to our cause, and able to do something. One day while in conversation upon our general interests I introduced the subject, and he said he would give \$100, and send his daughter there to school.

On Thursday evening March 8th, Elizabeth Melvina, our second daughter was married to Wm. H. Rutherford, Esq., of Addison, N. Y.

The next time I went to Warrensville, I talked up the endowment, and the friends responded to the call; E. Winner, C. Ellis, and L. Casner, gave each \$25, and others gave smaller sums. John Kough at Sulphur Springs gave \$150, Wm. Everhart \$25, and Sarah Bosserman \$50.

Our oldest daughter, who had been in delicate health for a long time, had spent the most of the winter with us at Lewisburg. We had become fully convinced that her days were fast being numbered,—that ere long she would pass to the other shore. She was anxious to return to her home at Merchantville, and yet it seemed that she dreaded to go. She had a chill every morning, then would feel better in the after part of the day. Her husband had come down to take her home, as she desired, and still she did not seem ready to go. She thought she would stay until I went up, and would then go with me. To this we agreed at once, as we gratified her as much as possible. This was some time in February, and we were to change residences the first of April, and were fearful that the month of March would be a hard month for her, as she was in the last stage of the consumption. Her little son seemed to be a great burden to her, as the little fellow was fond of his mother, and wanted to be sitting on her lap or hanging upon her arm much of the time. I talked with her upon the subject of her return to her home, and told her that when I went, I should have

business at different points, and some a little off the road ; but no matter for that, I would go right through with her, if she desired me to, but had been thinking that, as her husband would be disappointed if she did not go, and as her friends there expected to see her when he returned, that if she wished to go with him we would keep her little son with us, and some pleasant afternoon, when the chill had passed over, they could take the train at four o'clock P. M., and arrive in Elmira early in the evening, stay there over night and till the afternoon of the next day, and then go on home. This seemed to suit her exactly, so the next day at four o'clock, they started, She seemed to be feeling as well or better than on previous days, and bid us good bye as cheerfully as she could, saying if she got no better she should expect us up. We gave the promise that we would soon come, and if she got no better, would come in a few days. We told Mr. Corwin that he must write us the next morning from Elmira, and the next from home, and keep us continually posted with regard to her prospects. The next day the letter came from Elmira, stating that Dell stood the ride well, and enjoyed it much ; was a little tired when they arrived, but enjoyed her supper quite well ; slept well through the night, and ate a hearty breakfast in the morning ; that it was now past ten o'clock and no chill yet, nor symptoms of any. A letter written the next day about noon from Merchant-

ville, informed us that they arrived home all safe; that Dell surely was better, appetite fair, and no chill since she left Lewisburg. A day or two later we received a letter informing us that she continued to get better, that she had gone out on a visit. This was cheering news, but we did not expect such favorable reports would long continue. Our second daughter, Elizabeth, was at Merchantville with Dell, and would inform us from time to time, as to the prospects of her recovery or death. After a few weeks she wrote us that Dell was running down again, and she thought we had better come soon, saying: "Perhaps you will not get here any too soon." Mrs. A. had already gone, and I was anxious to get along with Emma as fast as I reasonably could. My feelings were solemn. I supposed I was on my way to visit my daughter for the last time.

On Sunday, April 11th, in the morning, I preached my farewell sermon at Warrensville. During the two years that I had met with the people there, we had enjoyed many good and profitable meetings; the membership had increased, and the church was exerting a healthful influence in the community. Some of the leading members had asked me if I could arrange to supply them one half the time for the coming year, saying they would double the subscription, in case I could do so; but as Bro. Ellis had charge of no church, and had no permanent place to preach, I thought it was best for him to become their pastor again, as this

could be done with one half the amount it would cost in case I continued. I had become much attached to this church, but had learned in former days that the best of friends here on earth must part. I bid them adieu, hoping to meet them on the shining shore. I went home with Bro. Winner, and gave my farewell sermon at the Brick in the evening.

The next day we went to Merchantville, and found Dell no better than when she left. Dr. Hayes, of the Elmira Water Cure, was there to see her,—said there was no prospect of her recovery,—that she might live one month, and might not live ten days. I remained at Merchantville until Thursday afternoon, when as Dell did not seem any worse, but rather more cheerful, I thought I would go to Addison, to meet an agent, according to previous arrangement; instructing them to inform me by mail if she was any worse; and in case I heard nothing on the arrival of the mail at Addison the next day, I would then venture on still farther, in range where a letter would reach me the same day it was mailed, until Saturday night; with the promise that I would return the next Monday, as early in the day as possible.

I saw Mr. Rutherford, my son-in-law, at Addison. He had been repairing his house, and was now nearly ready to move in. As soon as I looked upon him and heard him talk, I felt sure that death had marked him for its victim, and that his dying day was hastening

on. I remarked to him that I was fearful that some fatal disease had fastened upon him. He said he thought not, that he felt a little down just now, but would be all right again in a few days. The next day I took the stage to Elkland, where I met I. C. Price, who took me to Elder C. D. Kinney's, at Osceola, and the next day went with him to Knoxville. I preached there the following Sunday, and then returned to Osceola, where I found James McDowell, from our place, who informed me that Dell was worse, and he had come for me. He did not say he thought she would not live till we got home, but said my wife thought he had better go after me, and return as soon as we reasonably could. We were quickly on our way home, but the darkness of night was soon upon us, the roads were bad and the horse tired; and although my anxiety was intense to get home that night, it seemed almost like an impossibility to do so. As McDowell's father lived on the way, we decided to stop there over night, and pursue our journey at early dawn the next morning. At five o'clock the next morning we were on our way. The miles seemed long to me, but we arrived in Addison just as the people were arising from their slumber. I called and informed Lizzie that Dell was worse, and I thought she and her husband had better go over. He said they would come around on the cars that night or the next morning. McDowell said Lizzie had better go with me, and he would take the first

train, which was agreed to, and we were soon on our way, filled with anxiety to reach home. When a few miles from Merchantville we met a man who lived on the hill the other side of our home. I asked him when he had heard from Dell. He replied as he turned his face from me: "She died yesterday morning about nine o'clock, not more than two hours after McDowell left." We arrived home about eleven o'clock, and found truly that it was the house of mourning and of death. Mr. Corwin opened the gate that I might drive into the yard. He had insisted all the time that she would recover. I told him only the day before I went to Addison, that I thought we would have to make up our minds to give her up, as there seemed to be nothing encouraging in her case. He said no, he should not give her up; he hoped she would yet recover, and believed she would. As we drove into the yard, I said, "Well, Orlando, the last hope is now gone." He replied "No, there is a hope beyond the grave." I was informed that among the last sentences she uttered, she said she would try and live till Father came.

There had been no arrangements made about the funeral, as they were awaiting my return. We decided to have the funeral and interment the following Wednesday, and as there was no Christian minister within twenty-five or thirty miles, (the pastor of the Christian church at Merchantville was absent on a visit,) we decided to call on Dr. Wakeman, the Presbyterian

clergyman at Campbell. He was my friend in my school-boy days, and we were both in the Franklin Academy at the same time. On Wednesday, April 21st, the funeral was attended, Dr. Wakeman preaching an excellent and comforting discourse; and at the close of his discourse, while weeping, he read her last testimony, which was written by her own hand, when she was not able to attend church in person. She felt that, as she could not meet with the church, of which she was a member, at the regular Fellowship Meeting, she would send her testimony, to be read in the meeting. It produced a deep sensation upon all present. The following is a copy of the letter:

“My christian friends: Although I cannot be with you this afternoon, my mind is with you, and gladly would I be with you in person if possible. I have been waiting to have an opportunity to meet with you, but as the prospect looks rather poor just now, I feel it my duty to resort to the pen.

“You all know, as well as I can tell you, that I have not been very faithful in discharging my duty, since I started out to serve the Lord. O, how I feel to regret that I have not been more faithful; but if my life is spared, I think I shall always do my duty in whatever circumstances I am placed, the Lord being my helper. Pray for me, that I may be restored to health if it is the Lord's will, and if not, pray that my last days may be peaceful and happy. DELL A. CORWIN.”

The next day was spent at our old and now lonely home. I attended prayer meeting in the evening. Sunday, April 25th, I preached at the Christian church at Merchantville, in the morning, then went to the Yost Schoolhouse in the afternoon, where Elder Kinney had an appointment, and returned in the evening. The next day I started alone for Lewisburg, to board awhile with my son, who lived there. As Mr. Corwin was so sad and lonely, my wife had agreed to stay and keep house for him, until some other arrangement could be made. I took the afternoon train to Elmira, and the early train the next morning for Williamsport.

On Wednesday morning I reached Lewisburg, feeling sad and lonely, and to my surprise I found Rhoda, Henry's wife, sick. Her health was delicate at the best, but now she had an alarming look to me, but I appeared as cheerful as possible, while she inquired with regard to the particulars of Dell's death. I asked her what the doctor said about her. She said he did not say much, but she guessed he thought she had the consumption, as he had left her some Cod Liver Oil to take; but she talked as though the doctor was much mistaken if he thought any such thing, as she had coughed but very little, if any. I told her he might have some other object in prescribing the Cod Liver Oil, but at the same time I was fearful with regard to the result.

The next day, Thursday, Rhoda was no better. I

wrote letters to her brothers and sisters that she was ill, and the prospect of her recovery very discouraging,—that in my judgment, if they ever saw her alive it would have to be in a few days. I felt poorly qualified to transact the business which was pressing upon me. My mind was sad and gloomy. When I looked back I saw death,—when I looked ahead, death appeared near at hand.

The next day, Friday, I had intended to go to Antis Fort, where I had appointments Saturday evening and the following Sunday, and wished to transact some business there, prior to those appointments; but did not feel at liberty to leave at all, unless there was a favorable change in Rhoda. It was evident that she was still failing. I did a little business, such as preparing such matter as we needed printed, for the printing office.

The next morning, Saturday, Rhoda appeared better,—was quite cheerful, and I thought I would take the afternoon train to Antis Fort, and return on Monday morning. Prospects now seemed to brighten a little, but alas, how soon they changed. When I went in at noon, I saw at once, that she was much worse. Nearly all hope of her recovery now failed, and I was sure that I should not be able to go away. I sat down by her side and began to talk seriously with her about the prospect of her recovering, and of the future. She had not until now, expressed any fear of death. I

asked her if she did not think we had better have another physician, to counsel with the one we already employed, Dr. Willson, who was supposed to be as good as any in the Borough. She said she was getting no better, and would like to have the opinion of Dr. Blair, a prominent physician of the place,—that she wished to know whether she was going to live or die, hoping she was prepared for either. I then called on our family physician, who inquired at once how Mrs. Alderman was. I told him no better,—that I was fearful she would soon leave us, and then told him I wanted his honest opinion of her case. “Why,” said he, “I have thought for months that she would not live long. I had thought of saying to Henry, before the birth of her child, that she would not stay with him long, but did not know as this would be best.” I then asked him who he counseled with in critical cases, as I thought we would feel better in the future, to have a council. He said he would council with any regular physician,—that Dr. Blair would be his choice. As that was our choice we were agreed. I then asked if they would meet at once. He said any time when Blair was ready. I proposed that it be at once, in case it could be arranged. It was then agreed that I should call on Blair, and if he could go within thirty minutes, that I would not come back to inform him,—that if I was not back in ten minutes, he would be at Henry’s within thirty. I then called at Blair’s. The lady in-

formed me the doctor was out, but would be in soon, perhaps in five minutes,—felt sure he would be in within fifteen. I then told her the arrangement I had made. She replied: "I am not acquainted with the family, perhaps the doctor is; give me the name and street, and if it is not more than ten minutes walk, I think he will be there in time." I gave the information desired, and said that it is not more than five minutes walk. She said, "Then he will doubtless be there." I then hastened home, and saw at a glance that Rhoda was failing fast. Soon our doctor was there, but Blair was not. He staid until some little past the time, then said he would have to visit a patient near by, and if Blair came let him know, and he would return. He was scarcely out of sight when Doctor Blair came, and said as our Doctor had gone to visit another patient, and as he was very busy himself, he thought they had better meet the next morning at an early hour. I asked him if he would examine the patient, and if he saw that any thing could be done I proposed going immediately for Dr. Willson. He examined the patient, then calmly said he would meet Dr. Willson there at eight o'clock the next morning. As he went out I followed him, and he said: "Come, walk down street." I asked him what he thought the prospect was, saying I wanted to know just what he thought. "Well," said he, "there is no prospect whatever of her recovery, but perhaps we may be able to do something that will

make her more comfortable, while she does live." He then asked, "Does Henry suppose she is going to die?" I told him I thought he was fearful, but did not think that he realized that she would soon depart. "Then," said he, "it will come like a clap upon him;—she must have the best of care or she will go before morning. You have an excellent nurse there, who will, doubtless, watch her continually. She ought not to be left alone one minute." When I returned, and I had been absent but a short time,—perhaps not thirty minutes,—I was sure she was dying. She said she wanted the doctor to come and give her something, so that she could talk. I did not think it would do any good, but it was the dying request of a daughter, and I would go with all possible speed. Perhaps not more than ten minutes had passed, and the doctor was there again. I told him her request and he gave her something, I think it was liquor of some kind, after which she talked more freely than before. She told her husband she was going to leave him, and she wished him to take good care of the little children, two in number, the youngest only a few weeks old. She requested to be taken to Merchantville, and buried beside her mother,—then she met the monster, in the last conflict, and at half past eleven, P. M., she sank to rest. She was a good woman, but her work on earth was done.

The next day, Sunday, May the second, I was busily

engaged all day in making preparations to start on the early train the next morning, for Merchantville. On Monday morning we were at the depot in time, but the train was late, so that unless they gained time we would fail to connect at Elmira. The dispatch had gone to inform her brother to meet us at Campbell, at two o'clock. Mrs. Winegardner, the nurse, went with us. As we started I thought how uncertain is human life. Now instead of returning from Antis Fort, as I had expected, to see how Rhoda was getting along, we were going the other way, to lay her beside her mother, to wait the call of Gabriel. I noticed we were gaining no time, and must, of necessity, lay over at Elmira until evening, unless the conductor there would, after being asked by telegraph, hold the train until we arrived. When at Troy, a little over an hour's run from Elmira, I stepped into the telegraph office to send a dispatch to the conductor, stating that we were traveling with a corpse, and the friends would be at Campbell to meet us, on the arrival of his train. The operator remarked: "You had better save your money, and I my time. I would send the dispatch with pleasure, but it will do no good, for the more we want them to wait the more they hurry to get away. I have tried it repeatedly, and have no confidence in their waiting one minute,—don't believe they would hold the train thirty minutes if all Pennsylvania was dead. So we went on without sending the dispatch. We arrived

in Elmira about thirty minutes too late for the train. I then went to the telegraph office, and asked the operator if a dispatch sent from Lewisburg to Campbell, giving notice of the death of Mrs. Rhoda Alderman, had passed his office. He asked me if I was particularly interested in the matter. I replied that I was, and after telling the circumstances, he said the dispatch had gone up in the forenoon. A little before two o'clock, I then sent a telegram, informing our friends who were in waiting at Campbell, that we had missed the train, and they might meet us on the arrival of the evening train. We then made ourselves as comfortable as possible until evening. When the evening train arrived at Campbell the friends were there ready to convey us to Merchantville, and the lifeless form was taken to the home of her childhood, where her brother now lived, only a few rods from my old home. The next day, Tuesday, May 4th, the funeral was attended. Dr. Wakeman preached the sermon, and the body was deposited, as she requested, beside her mother. After the services as I returned to Mr. Corwin's, our former home, sad and gloomy reflections passed through my mind, as I looked upon the little motherless children. The question arose,—who is to take care of them, but I remembered that this is a world of affliction and sorrow, pain and death; and that the widow's God would remember the orphans.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The next day I felt it my duty to resume business again. I wrote different parties to meet me at various points, and started on my way. I spent the following Saturday and Sunday at Ashland, and did something there for the Endowment Fund. On my return to Lewisburg I took supper with Deacon Slifer, then went to the home so recently the house of death. How solemn were my feelings as I entered the apartment to spend the night alone, where so recently I had enjoyed the society of my family. The rooms had been put in order after we had left with the corpse for Merchantville, and the silvery brightness of the moon afforded light sufficient for me to see the white clothing, as it hung about the room. The large rocking chair in which Rhoda died, the little girl's carriage, and the baby's crib were near each other on one side of the room. Here I spent a lonely night.

I had decided to visit the brethren of the Ray's Hill Conference, in behalf of Starkey Seminary. I had but very little knowledge of this Conference. I wrote Elder Joseph Barney, at Clearville, Bedford Co., Pa., stating that I had a desire to visit the friends in that section, asking him to give me some information with regard to the route, etc.

I soon received a reply, and to me it was a very interesting letter, as it breathed forth the spirit of pure Christianity, untrammelled. Bro. B. seemed much pleased that I intended to visit them, and wished me to fix the time, and inform him how long I could stay, that he might give out appointments accordingly. The route he said, would be from Harrisburg to Huntingdon, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, then the Huntingdon and Broad Top R. R. to Bloody Run, where I could call on Deacon J. A. Mann,—that he would meet me there and take me to his home.

On my arrival I found that Deacon Mann lived across the road, nearly opposite the Hotel where I staid over night, at the time I made my previous trip to this place. I was kindly welcomed at Deacon Mann's, where I enjoyed my dinner. Elder Barney came about three o'clock. He smiled as he said, "I presume this is Bro. Alderman." As he grasped my hand it seemed as though old friends had met. On our way to Clearville one of his carriage wheels gave way,—broke completely down. I thought this a good time to test his religion. He looked at the broken wheel and then looked up and began to sing, "O, how happy are they," etc. As I saw no disposition to fret I concluded he was a good Christian. He borrowed a wagon and we went on our way, and just as the sun was disappearing behind the western hills, he drove up to the door of his pleasant dwelling and introduced

me to Sister Barney, a very pleasant lady, who, at once made me quite at home, and I was truly thankful for the privilege of enjoying the society of such pleasant friends, when so far from my own home. Their children, two in number, a son and daughter, although young, made their home pleasant, with their bright and happy faces.

The next morning Elder Cooper came in, and I soon found that he was a good and competent fellow laborer.

The canvass was opened by Elders Barney and Cooper giving \$50 each, and without my asking them thus to do. Elder Barney went with me during my stay in that region, and aided me in soliciting funds. I enjoyed a pleasant and profitable visit until the following Monday. I preached at Clearville, Rock Hill, Pleasant Hill, Ray's Cove and Brush Creek, and raised for the Endowment about \$650.

On Saturday, while on our way to Ray's Cove, where there was an appointment for me that evening, Bro. B. said there was a man by the name of Sams, who lived a little off our direct route,—that he had just come among us, and perhaps would aid in our work. We called on him and he gave one hundred dollars. We enjoyed our dinner there. How it cheers the mind to meet with such noble hearted, truth loving people, who thus love the good cause.

Now the question arose, which way shall we go to reach Ray's Cove. Shall we ford the Juniette River,

or go around, about three miles farther? Bro. Sams said the River was high, but had been recently forded by strong teams and heavy wagons, but what would be best for us he could hardly tell. My mind was to go around, as we had plenty of time to reach the Cove, it being only seven or eight miles if we went around, and about three less to ford the river. Bro. Barney said we would drive down to the river, and see how it looked. When upon its banks it looked to me like a dark, deep and dangerous stream to ford with so light a horse and carriage as we were driving. Bro. B. said he guessed we would try it,—we could nothing more than be drowned; so in we went, and were glad when we were safe on the other shore. It was deeper than B. supposed, and as it seemed that we would go down the stream, Bro. B. says: "Bro. Alderman, put your trust in him in whom you believe;" said I, "Give that horse a cut or two, if you please." The horse being a good swimmer, soon struck *terra firma*, and drew us out. I was truly thankful that we were on land again. On our arrival we found that the deacon, Bro. Foor, was absent, and Barney asked a young man who was present to assist him to mend his carriage. I then told Sister Foor that, if convenient, I would like to lay down a little while. "O, yes," she said, "you can do that." Come into this room; here are two beds, and as you tire one out use the other.

When I awoke I could hear them talking in the

other room, and was sure the deacon had returned. They seemed much animated in talking up the interests of the Christians. The preacher from the North was a good fellow, Starkey Seminary was to be endowed, and things were going to move briskly, and in the right direction. I thought now was a good time for me to join their number. As I opened the door the deacon waited not for an introduction, but took my hand in his as though it belonged to him, and he was not going to let me keep it any longer, exclaiming: "You are welcome here, sir!" Then said he: "What is it about Starkey Seminary?" I told him it was a Christian School, and we desired to give it an endowment of thirty thousand dollars. "Well," said he, "what do you want me to do about it?" I then asked him if he had plenty of money. He said, "No, not much money just now." "Well, sir, we would like to have you give your note for fifty dollars, payable at some future day; pay the interest for one year in advance, then continue to do so until you pay the note." "I will do that," he said; "you write the note, while I go and mend Barney's wagon. Sister Foor placed the pen and ink before me, together with paper enough to supply a lawyer, for some little time at least. The latter I did not need, as I had plenty of blanks. The note was soon in readiness. "Now," says the old lady, "there is our son Samuel; he is a good boy, he belongs to the church, and is making money. I think he would give twenty-

five dollars 'to this thing.' He sits on the stoop,—you go and ask him." I did so and he consented, and gave his note for twenty-five dollars. Then she remarked, "There is Newton, (making about the same remarks about him that she did about the other) "he is in the garden; you go and ask him." I was also successful with him to the amount of twenty-five dollars; then the old lady continued, saying, "There is our son William, he is a good boy and making money. He does not belong to the church. We have talked to him and prayed for him, but he don't make a profession, but is a friend to the Christian Church, and I would not wonder if he would give twenty-five dollars." Soon he came in and his mother gave us an introduction. Calling him by name I remarked about as follows: "We are making an effort to raise an Endowment Fund. I now lack twenty-five dollars to make five hundred in this Conference. Your mother informs me that your interest is identified with the Christian Church,—that you are not a professor, (for which I am sorry,) but wish to do good, and perhaps it would be a pleasure to you to give twenty-five dollars for this object." He said he did not understand this matter of religion as some others did, but had a desire to do good, and if he could do it in this way, he was willing to do so. After he had signed his note and advanced the interest, he looked up and pointing toward his mother, said: "That is our mother. We think she is

a good woman; her religious sympathy is with the Christian Church, and I would not wonder if she would give twenty-five dollars towards endowing Starkey Seminary." "Now," said I, "Sister Foor, what do you think?" "Why," said she, "write the note and Mr. Foor will endorse it." I told her that her note was good without an endorser. When the deacon came in to sign his note she told him what she had done. "Well," said he, "you may give a hundred dollars if you want to." I thought the family had done well, and felt that I could preach pretty good that evening.

As soon as twilight was come we went to the meeting house, and I had good freedom in presenting the glorious truths of the gospel to a fair congregation. I now saw that I had made a mistake in not arranging to spend more time in this Conference. Instead of writing Bro. B. that I would spend a week with him, I ought to have said one month.

I attended the Tioga River Conference, where I enjoyed a good time, and the friends responded liberally to the call for the Endowment Fund.

On Sunday, June 13, I was called upon to preach in the morning, and was followed by Elder E. R. Wade. After morning service I went with Elder H. C. Wilber to Enfield Centre,—took dinner with Deacon Bross. I preached at the church there at three o'clock, after which we repaired to the stream, where Elder Wilber administered the ordinance of baptism.

On Sunday, June 20, 1869, I preached at Merchantville in the morning. After service we went to our modern Jordan, where a goodly number were baptized. The ordinance was administered by Elders B. R. Hurd, H. C. Wilber and myself. Among the number who followed their Lord and Master down into the liquid tomb, were three of my children, viz: Melvin, Lizzie and Emma, also Mr. Corwin. In the afternoon we enjoyed a communion season, and I preached again in the evening.

The following Thursday, by the request of Elder Rodenbaugh, I took the afternoon train and met Elder P. Casner at Linden, and told him my errand. He took me to his dwelling, nicely situated in a niche on the mountain side, where I enjoyed a good visit and refreshing slumber. As it was necessary for me to leave early the next morning, arrangements were made accordingly. The prancing horse was driven to the door, Sister Casner put on her driving dress and said, "Come Bro. A., it is you and I for this trip," or words to this effect. "O, dear," said I, "it will not be safe for you to drive this horse down the hill,—I dare not go with you,—let the Elder go." "Why," she replied, "no one about the premises can drive this horse but me. Get into the carriage that we may be in time for the train." I was somewhat fearful as we proceeded down the dugway. She said I need have no fear, that she broke that horse and he was all right.

Tuesday, June 29th, I met Henry, Lizzie and Emma at Williamsport, and went with them to Lewisburg, and the place now seemed more like home.

On Sunday, July 4th, I was at Elder Joseph Barney's again. That evening I preached at the residence of H. Barton, for the benefit of an aged lady residing there.

Death had entered the family of Bro. C. H. Cooper, and taken a child from the family. I preached the funeral sermon the following Thursday, and then returned home.

July 24th, Elders Hurd, Kinney and myself met at the residence of Bro. C. Armstrong, at Conhocton, as we were appointed to do by the Tioga River Conference, to consider the propriety of ordaining Charles Lamont and James P. Topping. Elder S. Morris, pastor of the church at Riker Hollow, met with us and said it was the request of the church at the Hollow that Topping should be ordained there, as that church, of which he was a member, had called for his ordination. Some opposed his being ordained at all, saying, those brethren who made the call had since said they thought it would be wrong to ordain him. We agreed to meet one week later at Riker Hollow, then and there to finish the investigation. It was then agreed that I preach in the evening, also Sunday evening, and that Hurd and Kinney preach on Sunday.

On July 25th, 1869, Bro. Lamont was set apart to the work of the Gospel Ministry.

On my return to Merchantville I was informed that William H. Rutherford, my son-in-law, was at Cooper's Plains, very ill. He had been traveling, hoping to regain his health, for some length of time,—had traveled more than one thousand miles by water, but instead of getting better was growing worse. At the time of Dell's death he was not able to attend the funeral. At that time he had his house nearly ready to occupy, and we had shipped some boxes of goods to Addison for Lizzie, which had been taken from the station to the dwelling where they expected, in a day or two, to commence keeping house; but alas, how uncertain are our future prospects. As he was no longer able to attend to his business, he decided to visit his brother, residing at Hart, Michigan, and travel until he recovered his health. He was determined to obtain relief, but with all his ambition he could not escape; disease had fastened upon him, the grim monster on his pale horse was upon his track in close pursuit, soon to overtake his victim.

At the time he started to visit his brother in Michigan, Mr. Corwin went with him to Buffalo and saw him safely upon the boat, then thinking it was all right he returned. William arrived at his brother's in safety, and remained there several weeks, but not finding the relief which he sought he determined to go to California. His brother told him he would go with him and as his wife wished to visit her parents at Cooper's

Plains, N. Y., only eight miles from Merchantville, that they would go that way and she could visit with her parents until they returned. To this he consented, in case his brother would go right on with him, and not let it be known at Merchantville that he had passed that way, as he did not wish his wife or mother to know he had been so near home. Soon after they arrived at Cooper's Plains he was asked if he wished to see his wife or mother. The latter was only eight miles distant, the former was at Lewisburg. He said he would like to see them, and especially his beloved wife,—he would like to see her dearly, but he had parted with her once not expecting to see her again till he met her in good health,—that if they should meet now they would have to part again, which would be a great trial to him. His friends there informed his mother and our family that William was at the Plains, and his mother went down at once. I also decided to go down at early dawn the next morning, and satisfy myself with regard to his condition. As soon as I saw William I felt sure he would go no farther toward California, but did not think it best to discourage him much. He inquired about Lizzie, speaking in the highest praise of her, saying she was a noble lady, and he would much like to see her; but must soon be on his way, and if they met they would soon have to part again. I told him it was true that the best of friends must part; that Lizzie was at Lewisburg now, with Emma, but if

he desired to see her we would have her come. He hesitated a moment. Poor fellow, I could sympathize with him, but was sure that his bounds were set, that he could not pass. He finally said he wished Lizzie was here. Then the question arose as to how we should inform her. Some thought I had better write her to come; others thought that might be too slow,—had better telegraph. I knew that a letter or dispatch for her to come at once, would more or less excite her, and she would have to change cars at Williamsport, amidst the throng of a hurrying multitude, where many passengers take the wrong train. I thought her father was the best dispatch that could be sent.

Accordingly I stepped on to the next train and made all possible speed for Lewisburg, arriving there at three o'clock the next morning. I awoke the children, who were all glad to see me, but rather surprised that I should come at that time. I told them I expected to stay only one hour. Lizzie asked with a look which I shall long remember: "What is the news, Father?" I told her William had returned. After a little hesitation she asked, "How is his health?" I told her he was no better than when he left,—that he was intending to go to California soon, and wished to see her before he went. I could then imagine what effect a letter or telegram would have had. I remarked to Emma that we would need a little breakfast,—that Henry and myself would help what we could, and she must assist

Lizzie in getting ready to start. We were scarcely ready when I heard the rumbling wheels of the omnibus over the pavement, and soon it stopped at our door to convey us to the depot, and forty minutes past one o'clock, P. M., we stepped off the cars at Cooper's Plains. There had been no marked change in William since I left, but it was evident that he was gradually running down. After a little time Melvin, who was there when I arrived, got a horse and buggy of the landlord and we went together to Merchantville.

The next day after dinner we went down to see William again, and found him full as well as we expected. The presence of his wife seemed to be a comfort to him. While passing through Campbell on our return, a frightened horse jumped between one of the hind wheels and body of our wagon and spoiled the wheel. We left the wagon to be repaired, borrowed one and went on to Merchantville.

On Saturday morning, after instructing the friends to send to me at Riker's Hollow, in case William was worse, I took the train to Blood's, where Bro. Lewis Polmanteer met me and took me to his residence, near the place of meeting. The people from Conhocton,—the neighborhood where Topping lived, were out *en masse*, some for and some against him. Elder Kinney preached at two o'clock, P. M., then we enjoyed a good fellowship meeting, after which the committee on the case of Bro. Topping convened and proceeded to organ-

ize. Bro. Hurd was not present, and Bro. Morris, according to previous arrangement, met with us in his stead. I was elected chairman, and we voted that Elder Lamont should be added to our number. We opened the case and nine charges were preferred against Topping, and some of them if sustained would not only prevent his ordination, but were of so grave a character as to forbid his being a member of the church. The committee proceeded with the investigation, taking up each charge in due form, as it appeared on the list. We worked until seven o'clock, P. M., when a motion was made to adjourn. The time and place seemed the only question to settle. I thought as the parties were all assembled, that perhaps it would be well to continue the investigation. It was thought by some that it would be improper to do this, as there was to be preaching in the evening by Alderman, and when he got started there was no knowing when he would stop. I remarked that I had never commenced preaching but what I had stopped, and if I commenced again I should stop again; and if it was the wish of the parties to continue the investigation, that I would close in time to open the investigation again at nine o'clock. The motion was then made that the committee adjourn to meet again at nine o'clock, P. M., and that all present have the privilege to vote in deciding the matter. The vote was largely in favor of this question, only a few voting against it.

We now had scant two hours for refreshments and evening service. My text on the occasion was the first verse of the 133d Psalm; "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." At a little past nine o'clock the committee was in session again and continued to investigate till past midnight. Every allegation was considered, and in the judgment of the committee not one was sustained. Liberty was then given for any one present to tell anything they knew against the character of Bro. Topping, but nothing appeared, only it was the opinion of some that he was a fast, self-conceited young man, and it would be an injury to the cause to ordain him. The parties who, it was said called for his ordination, and afterwards said they thought it improper, denied ever saying any such thing, and those who it was said heard them say so, had stepped out. The council then voted to adjourn, to meet at Bro. Lewis Polmanteer's the next morning, to agree if possible on a decision.

Sunday, August 1, 1869. The committee met as per adjournment, and after due deliberation cast their votes. There were three in favor of ordination and one opposed. It was then arranged that we should repair to the church and listen to a sermon by Kinney, then the ordination sermon should be preached by Alderman, ordaining prayer by Lamont, charge by Morris, Right Hand of Fellowship by Kinney, and benediction by the candidate. Elder Lamont refused to take any part in

the exercise. We repaired to the meeting house, which was crowded, all anxious to hear the decision we had made. As we entered the house I noticed that Elder Edger, a Free-Will Baptist Minister, who lived near Corning, was there. My acquaintance with him satisfied me that he was a good, kind, and free hearted christian. On informing my brethren of this fact they agreed that I should invite him forward, and ask him to fill the vacancy in the committee. To this he readily consented, and the services commenced. Bro. Kinney gave us one of his good, sympathetic, stirring sermons, after which the writer endeavored to preach the ordination sermon founded on the following texts: "Preach the Gospel."—"If I do this thing willingly I have a reward." After which the candidate was set apart to the work of the ministry

CHAPTER XXVII.

On Monday I went to the Plains to see William. I found him very low, but seemingly resigned to his condition. He had been informed by the physician that if he had any matters to arrange it would be well to attend to it, as he would not remain with us much longer. He was somewhat surprised to hear this, and asked the doctor why he did not tell him before. He immediately sent to Addison for his partner, A. S. McKay, who came at once. He made his will, appointed Mr. McKay his Administrator, and felt that he had repented of all his sin and neglect of duty, and was prepared for the solemn change that awaited him. Until his last sickness I never heard him say but little on the subject of religion, except to express his opinion of the sermons which he heard from time to time. While living at Addison he attended the Presbyterian church, and was chosen by them to deliver an address at a pic-nic. The address was really good, and attracted so much attention that it was published in some of the county papers. One would suppose it was originated by one who had deep meditations upon God, and the duty of man to his Maker.

He said to me: "Father Alderman, I ought to have prepared myself for the pulpit instead of the bar." It

was a great comfort to him to listen to prayer and singing. Some of the singing and praying people of the place often met there to enjoy such seasons with him. He asked his friends who were professors to pray with and for him, and exhorted his unconverted friends to prepare to meet him in heaven. He said at one time, as we were about to engage in prayer, that he saw the New Jerusalem, and expressed his willingness to depart and be with Christ, which would be far better than to remain here with those he loved so well. I then took my leave, not much expecting to see him again while here in the flesh. He died the next morning between the hours of nine and ten. His funeral was attended on Friday, at Savona, in the Baptist church, near where he had spent his school-boy days,—and his body was laid in the graveyard, but a few rods from the home of his childhood. The sermon was delivered by Elder Malory, one of William's favorite preachers.

I had an engagement to attend a meeting at Loyal Sock, Pa., the next day, and had agreed with Bro. Jones, our near neighbor at Merchantville, to take us to the station. Mr. Corwin had decided to keep house no longer, and my wife was going with me as far as Williamsport, on her way to Lewishurg. Our time to prepare was very short, but Jones said that when he was in no hurry he took about an hour to drive to the station,—that forty-five minutes was time enough — and if he had but twenty he would get us there. We

had but fifteen when ready to start. We took little Willie, Dell's son, with us. Bro. Jones would look at the time, then the horses while on our way, and we arrived in time to get our baggage checked and step on the train before it was in motion, and at bed time we were ready to retire at the Delevan House, in Elmira. We arose at half past three the next morning, and at half past seven were in Williamsport. Here I was again to part with my wife and little grandson, who was much company for us in our hours of sorrow,—they bound for Lewisburg, and I for Loyal Sock.

Once more I was a lonely wanderer, separated from my family, knowing that some of them I should meet no more on the shores of time.

I was at Loyal Sock in time to preach at two o'clock, P. M., on Saturday.

Sunday, August 8th, was bright and beautiful, and at an early hour the people began to assemble in the grove. They came from every direction, and at the appointed time there was a large audience. Elder Ellis came to assist me. After the morning service we went to George Ready's for dinner, and I preached at the grove again at three, P. M. The friends there gave me a liberal collection, and I did something for Starkey.

On my return home I could truly say that life was a checkered scene. I was still General Agent for the Guardian Insurance Company, but my business did not afford much salary.

The next Thursday I started to meet Elder Kinney in a Two Days' Meeting at Sunderlinville, Pa. I called at Addison to see Lizzie, who was at Mr. McKay's, and she agreed to meet me at the depot the next Monday on the arrival of the express train. I then went by stage to Knoxville and called on Bro. Wm. Markum. About six o'clock Elder Kinney, his wife, and Sister Parker came, with two buggies. The Sisters then took one buggy, Kinney and myself the other, and we went on; wending our way over and among the hills of the Keystone State.

At early twilight we called at the residence of Silas Rushmore, where we were kindly entertained until the morning light dawned again.

Before noon we reached the residence of Bro. C. P. Kilborne, in the neighborhood where the meeting was to be held. Here I found one of the best and pleasantest families that I ever visited. Bro. Kilborne and his excellent wife were, seemingly, as good as they could be; then there were two lovely daughters, not one whit behind their parents in goodness,—all four being active members of the Christian church; and then there were the little son and daughter, bright eyed little creatures, who continually wanted to be doing something for our comfort. I felt to thank God for such christian families as this.

Sunday, August 15th, at the close of the morning service there was a collection taken amounting to fifteen

dollars, five of which were dropped in by Bro. Kilborne. I took dinner with Bro. Cyrus Sunderlin, one of the respected citizens of the town,—preached again in the afternoon, and rode to Knoxville with Bro. Markum. The next morning I went to Addison. The train was there, but where was Lizzie? Mrs. McKay was at the door of the ladies' room, talking to me and pointing at the cars, but I could not hear a word she said. The cars were now starting, and I did not suppose that Lizzie would go unless I was there. I was hurrying as fast as I could to get where I could hear what Mrs. McKay was saying, and she was making her way toward me and talking with great earnestness. The thought rushed upon my mind that Lizzie was sick,—perhaps dead, as death was so frequent with us. Just at this moment I heard some one exclaim: "Here, Father! Father!" As I looked around I saw Lizzie at the car window,—I sprang upon the train, which was now in motion, and in a moment was by her side. I had not fairly recovered from my excitement when I saw the conductor approaching. I took thirty cents from my pocket, as I was sure that was the fare from Addison to Corning, (having paid it many times) and handed it to him saying: "Corning." "I want thirty cents more," said he. I replied that I only wanted to go to Corning. "I must collect of you thirty cents more, sir," said he. I then asked, "Is the fare to Corning sixty cents?" "Yes," said he, "unless you

buy a ticket, then it is only thirty." I told him I had no time to buy a ticket,—that I only got there in time to jump on after he had started, but he said it made no difference, I must pay sixty cents or leave the train. If I had been alone, I presume, in the state of feeling I was in, I should have let him put me off, as I was somewhat perplexed, but I handed him the sixty cents.

When we arrived at Corning we walked to Mrs. Rutherford's, who lived across the River. She was a sister to Elder Kinney, and the widow of Elder Wm. D. Rutherford, who was once associated with us in striving to build up the cause of the Redeemer. He was a good fellow laborer, but had now gone to reap his reward. We remained here till afternoon, taking dinner with the family. When we sat down to the table I thought how changed the scene from other days, when Elder Rutherford sat at the head of the table.

A few days later Lizzie went with me to Lewisburg.

August 25th, I started for Madisonville, to attend the Pennsylvania Conference. I met Elder Cooper on the way, and on our arrival at Moscow there were carriages in waiting to convey us to the place of meeting.

The opening services were conducted by A. J. Clark, the President of the Conference last year. They then elected O. P. Alderman to serve in that capacity and proceeded to business. Elder J. E. Hayes gave the

Annual Address. I went home with Bro. Irvine Ives, and made his house my home during my stay in the neighborhood. Elder Cooper preached in the evening. On Saturday it was necessary for me to start toward home, as Emma was to start the next Monday morning for Starkey Seminary, and I wished to go as far as Williamsport with her and get her baggage checked through, which could not be done at Lewisburg.

On Saturday morning the session was opened, and at eleven o'clock business was suspended, and I gave a short discourse, and then went to the depot. The Railroad Companies furnished a free pass to return persons attending the Conference, to the point where they took the cars when going to the place. While at Madisonville the brethren there arranged with me to hold a series of meetings with them, at my earliest convenience.

On Wednesday, September 1st, I started to meet the Ray's Hill Conference, at Milligan's Cove. When I arrived at Bloody Run I was disappointed, as there was no one there to take me. I was there at Deacon Mann's all the next day. He said if there was no other chance he would take me there the next morning. As this was the best I could do I tried to be content, and retired at an early hour.

I awoke about four o'clock in the morning, and heard a wagon rumbling along, which stopped at the door and some one called for "James," at the same time rapping on the door. The Deacon soon responded and

the man asked if the "Yankee Preacher was there." Being informed he was, he said: "Route him out then, if he wants to go to Conference." I was nearly ready to go down when the Deacon rapped at my door, saying: "There is now an opportunity for you to go to the Cove." As I entered the room below I was introduced to Nelson Miller, of Clearville, then to six others who were in company with him, five of whom were ladies, all bound for the Conference. They were quite cold, having ridden from Clearville since one o'clock, A. M., and this Autumn morning convinced them that winter was near at hand. At five o'clock we started for Milligan's Cove, a distance of sixteen miles, eight of us in one wagon of suitable capacity to carry us comfortably. By the light from the twinkling stars and the silvery brightness of the moon, we sped our way over the hills and through the ravines, of which this country furnishes a good assortment. As we became somewhat chilly we would occasionally alight from our carriage, while climbing up the mountain, and skip along awhile on *te ra firma*, and when the entire company were out we would try our speed on foot.

Soon after the dawn of day we arrived at the city of Bedford, about one-half the way from Bloody Run to the place of meeting. Here we called for breakfast, and after resting two or three hours we again started on our way. The road over which we were traveling was a turnpike, made at great expense, and occasionally

we found a toll gate. The toll was high, but we were among the favored ones, as we were on our way to a religious meeting, and therefore passed free. About noon we reached the residence of Bro. Daniel Miller, near the place of meeting. Here we enjoyed our dinner, and at three, P. M., we reached the church where the Conference was in session.

I was introduced to this strange assembly by Elder Cooper, and was asked by the President, Elder John Barney, to make some remarks. At the close of service I called on John Miller, who said he had paid a great deal towards building the meeting house, and as there was still a debt upon it which he would have to help pay, he did not think it his duty, at present, to invest anything in the Seminary. I told him that Elder Joseph Barney had informed me of the debt, and that the brethren wished to paint the building before it was dedicated; and that we intended to pay the debt, and raise the funds to finish the house, before we left the place. "What," said he, "you and Barney going to do that?" "Yes," said I, "we intend to raise the funds from the people while assembled here, at this annual gathering." "Well then," he replied, "in case you do this I will give fifty dollars to the Seminary."

On Saturday, after a harmonious session, Elder John Barney gave the closing address, and Elder Joseph Barney preached in the evening.

On Sunday, September 5th, 1869, by invitation, I

preached at half-past ten, A. M. The congregation was large and attentive. After the discourse I presented the church matter to the audience by calling their attention to the neat house of worship which had been erected by the citizens of the place, and stating the sum necessary to pay the debt still outstanding and paint the edifice properly, and the amount was soon raised. After the service I called on Bro. John E. Miller, who did as he agreed with regard to the Endowment Fund. Others also contributed liberally. At three o'clock, P. M., we listened to an interesting sermon by Elder Cooper, and I preached in the evening.

The next day I took the cars for Philadelphia. I spent a little time in the Guardian Insurance Office, then called on Elder J. S. Smith, who went with me to Elder Plummer's, where I staid over night, and went home the next day.

The next session of the Erie Conference was to be at Waterford, N. Y.

September 13th. I was there on the Saturday prior to the Conference, and was appointed to preach the first sermon on Sunday, but as my carpet bag had been carried beyond our station I begged to be excused, but the committee said the meeting was to be held in the woods, and I would need no change of raiment until after service. I found my carpet bag at Union.

On Monday evening Elder Collins of Corry preached. His sermon was followed by some remarks by Elder

G. H. Hebbard, who did not endorse all the discourse.

After the Conference was over Bro. Willard Wood presented me with a ticket to Corry. I then went to Elmira, to attend the State Fair. I was informed that Mr. Gillett, who lived about twelve miles from Elmira, had sustained loss by fire,—was insured by the Guardian Insurance Company. I went out home with him on Thursday evening, and settled his loss by the payment of \$500, which was satisfactory to both parties.

The following Saturday and Sunday I was with Elder Hurd, at Trumbull's Corners, N. Y., in a Two Days' Meeting.

On my arrival home I found plenty of business. I had agreed to attend a pic-nic on Saturday, September 25th, a few miles from Williamsport, near Bro. Enoch Winner's. I attended closely to my business until Saturday morning, when I took the train to Williamsport, where Miss Ann Winner was in waiting to convey me to her father's; thence with Mr. Winner, his wife and other members of the family, I went to the grove where the pic-nic was to be held.

The programme arranged for the day was for me to give the first address, then a recess for play and dinner; after which the Rev. Mr. Griffeth, of Montoursville, would address the audience. I occupied about twenty minutes. The service then closed and I noticed they were preparing the ground for a play. Directly a good

looking lady, an entire stranger, approached me, and with a smile said: "Preacher, catch me, please." I told her she must excuse me,—that I did not practice running, and presumed I should fail, in case I made an effort. She said she would not run fast, and would tire out in a little while, but I declined. With apparent reluctance she passed on, and a moment later she was under full headway and a preacher in pursuit as fast as he could run, and they went around the circle like circus performers. I thought how different the customs of different nations and people.

After the play was ended and the dinner eaten, the people were seated again, and listened to the second address, which was well timed and interesting. Just at the close of this address, it was announced that Doctor Green, from the city, had arrived, which much elated the people, especially the children. Then the question was asked if the audience wished to remain and hear him. The vote was for the address. The Doctor was a *live* man, and made a pleasing speech.

I then attended the New York State Association, which commenced its session the last Wednesday in September, at Newark, N. Y.

A few days later I started for Osceola, to meet Elder Kinney, stopping for dinner at Culver's Hotel, at Elk-land, about one mile from Osceola. There I met a fellow who was very talkative. He seemed to want to

know where every one was going, and what their business was; and could give any information desired, and some which I presume no one desired. He asked me where I was going. "To Sunderlinville," was the reply. "I am acquainted there. Are you going a viewing?" "I am going there to attend a meeting." "Well, you will get among the Christ-ians there,—are you acquainted with them?" "No, sir, I am not acquainted with the Christ-ians." "Well, they are a queer set, and are making quite a splurge." "What are their peculiarities?" "They teach that the Saviour is nothing but a mere man." "Who did you hear preach that?" "Elder Kinney." "When?" "About two weeks ago." "Where?" "At Brimmer Settlement." Having obtained all the information that I desired just then, I thought some one else might have the benefit of his talk for a little while. Soon questions were asked by others, I judged for no other purpose than to give him an opportunity to display his talents. About the time we were finishing our dinner, I turned to him rather quickly, and asked if he was acquainted with Elder C. D. Kinney. "O, yes," said he hastily, "he lives at Osceola now." "How long since you last met him?" "O, it has been six weeks or two months, I can't tell the day exactly,—saw him one day when he was coming down from Westfield." "Where were you two weeks ago, when you heard him preach that sermon at the Brimmer Settlement?" He did not answer

this question as readily as he did the others, and the company began to laugh. After hesitating a little, he said: "I did not hear him preach that sermon myself, but I *heard* about it." We now only had time to settle our bills before the stage started for Osceola. Elder Kinney was nearly ready to start for Sunderlinville, and about eight o'clock, P. M., we were at Bro. Kilborne's. On Sunday I preached in Sunderlinville, morning and evening. The meetings were quite interesting. There appeared to be some prospect of revival, and the friends were anxious that I should continue the meetings, and by consent of the brethren at Madisonville, where I had an appointment for the 5th of November, I did so. We continued the meetings and visits about the neighborhood, until the 7th of November, and although we did not see what we desired, we had a good meeting. The church was revived, and some enlisted in the good cause.

Sunday, November 7th, 1869, I gave my farewell address. I shall long remember when I parted with so many kind friends.

On Tuesday, with Bro. Kilborne and his wife, I started for home. We stopped at Osceola to dine with Bro. Kinney, and I arrived home about three o'clock the next morning.

On Saturday, November 18th, I commenced a series of meetings at Madisonville, Pa., and on the 18th gave a Thanksgiving sermon. I supposed Elder Clark would

give the address on the 18th, but he said he could not afford to "keep a dog and bark himself."

The next morning I met Bro. Clark, as per agreement, and went with him to Theoren Secor's, to hold religious services before the burial of their seventh child, which was now a corpse. The parents were both sick, occupying separate rooms. This was truly the house of mourning. I was informed that they had lost one child after another at a certain age, and now the seventh had departed.

On Saturday, the 27th, we enjoyed a season of baptism. Twenty-nine or thirty were received into the church. I gave my closing address on Sunday.

The following Thursday I went to the Seminary after Emma, and to transact some other business. In the evening Miss Jenny Crawford, of Williamsport, Miss Alice Griggs, of Antis Fort, Emma and myself took the train bound for our homes. The girls were enjoying themselves finely in anticipation of the good visit they were to enjoy at home, during the vacation. It was past midnight when we reached Williamsport, where a Mr. Casner met Jenny and Alice to convey them to Mr. Crawford's. The cars rolled on their way, and it was past three o'clock in the morning when Emma told her mother how glad she was to see her.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

On Saturday, Dec. 19th, I started for Trumbull's Corners, but the storm was so severe that I took shelter with my old friend, Dewitt Burhans, at Pine Valley. Sunday morning the storm had abated but the snow was badly drifted. I attended church and as the minister did not come, I was invited to preach and accepted the invitation, and was then invited to preach again in the evening. After the evening sermon, one of the members arose and said he was glad that it was the lot of the stranger to be storm-stayed,—that he had been interest and benefitted, and believed others had, and proposed that a contribution be taken for the benefit of the preacher.

On Dec. 25th, I had the pleasure of wishing my friends at Ellington a Merry Christmas, after which we enjoyed a good oyster supper. I remained here nearly a week, preaching and soliciting, and obtained \$150 for the Endowment. I then went to Arkwright, where Stephen T. Reed opened the canvass by giving \$25, and went with me to the residence of Dea. A. Tarbox, where I ended the year 1869.

I was up on Saturday morning in good time, to wish the family a Happy New Year. I told the Deacon that I wished to begin this year in earnest, and he

joined with me in this resolution by giving \$25, and then spent the day with me soliciting. Briggs, Crawford, and Rice, gave each \$25, and took a collection on Sunday; then by adding \$5 paid by Hart, the amount raised at Arkwright was \$138.

I went to Delanti on Sunday afternoon and stopped with Dea. Rolph. It was a very windy night. On my way home I was much interested in Lake Erie, as the cars were running on its beach. A strong wind had been blowing the previous night, and the waves were running high, and rolling madly to the shore.

The subject of organizing a State Association had been talked quite freely by the brethren of the Pennsylvania and Ray's Hill Conferences, and a call had been made through the Herald, for a convention for the purpose, to be held at Sulphur Springs, on Tuesday, the first of February. The Philadelphia and Western Conferences had been invited to join in this enterprise, and thought favorable of it, as far as they had investigated the matter.

The Convention met at the appointed time, and after some deliberation, appointed a committee of five, to draft a constitution. Said committee consisted of J. Rodenbaugh, of Lewisburgh, Pa., L. Coffin, of Medway, N. Y., B. A. Cooper, of Clearville, Pa., Edward Parker, of Harrisburg, Pa., and James Riber, of Junietta, Pa. The convention then adjourned to meet again at two, P. M. Bro. Leonard informed us that

he had a turkey that had not been eaten, so we went over and devoured it. Met again at two o'clock, P. M., when the draft of the constitution was read before the convention, which adopted it, then adjourned to meet at Franklindale, where the Pennsylvania Conference was to hold its next annual session, on the twenty-fifth day of August next.

After the adjournment, Jacob Kough took Elder Coffin and myself to Newport, where we took tea with Paul Rider, after which we took the evening train to Harrisburg, where I met Melvin, my son, on his way to Philadelphia, to arrange with the Guardian Insurance Co., to take my place as General Agent, as I desired to move back to Merchantville. We took the early train the next morning, and before noon reached the city, where we enjoyed the hospitality of the President of the Company, A. N. Atwood, at the Mt. Vernon House. The desired arrangement was effected. I then went home and made hasty preparations for moving.

On Saturday, Mrs. A., Melvin and myself went to Antis Fort. Henry and Lizzie were to finish packing, ship the goods, and meet us at Williamsport the next Tuesday morning, that we might go together to Elmira, where my wife desired to leave us and visit her parents, who lived near Watkins, before returning to Merchantville. We arrived at Antis Fort in time to fill my evening appointment.

Sunday, Feb. 6th, 1870, I attended the Sunday School, and preached morning and evening. This was my last appointment at this place, and as I looked upon the congregation of kind friends for the last time, I asked myself have I done my duty. Monday morning came and I was to part with the best of friends;—to leave my pilgrim home, but not as in other days when I expected to be there again soon. I received from Bro. Griggs as usual, a five dollar greenback, out of his own funds. He had given me this amount at every appointment for the past year, except once, and then the next time he gave me ten dollars; and now he wept because he could have the opportunity of doing so no more under like circumstances. The parting time came, and Melvin took the train to Emporium, and Mrs. A. and myself for Williamsport, where we spent the day,—she at Bro. Lewis Casner's, and I about the city. The next morning we arose early to be in time for the train, and after breakfast, made our way to the depot. A light snow had fallen during the night, which made the walking unpleasant. Lewis went with us to the station, carrying little Willie, our grandson, on his back. When we arrived at the depot, we learned that the train was two hours late, and we not only had to wait here, but would fail to connect at Elmira. Henry and Lizzie came on the train. Mrs. A. kept the train to Watkins, while the rest of us stopped at Elmira to wait for the evening train, which was also late, and we

reached Campbell at a late hour, where we remained over night, and the next morning made our way to our old home at Merchantville.

After nearly three years of unceasing and perplexing toil and labor, I was once more at my former peaceful home with a portion of my family, but how changed the scene. I was several thousand dollars out of pocket, and some of my dearest friends had departed this life. While my meditations were solemn, I knew that the past could not be recalled, and decided I would go ahead and do the best I could in the future.

I had an engagement to attend a quarterly meeting with Elder S. H. Morse, at Dewittville, N. Y., to commence the next Friday evening. I was there on time, and we enjoyed a good meeting. There was a prospect of revival, and notwithstanding I had agreed to be with Elder Alden Allen, at Springfield, the following Saturday and Sunday, by the urgent request of Bro. Morse, I continued the meeting. We enjoyed a good revival, and there was something done for the Seminary. Bro. Willard Wood gave fifty dollars in cash. He was the Superintendent of the County House, and his son-in-law, Mr. Hunt, of the Insane Asylum. There was much to interest the visitor about these buildings. I preached there a few times and remained about Dewittville until March 14th, when Bro. Hunt conveyed me to Mayville and presented me with a ticket to Buffalo.

On the 16th I started for the Seminary. It was

storming at a fearful rate, which prevented the cars running, except a portion of the way. At Watkins I took the boat, and the next day I was there just in time to take dinner with Prof. Ingalsbe.

On Sunday morning I preached at Rock Stream, and in the afternoon at the Seminary. The next morning the cars were running, and Emma and I went home.

Bro. John B. Young, who lived across the street, opposite our dwelling, was very sick, and the family wished me to tarry a few days. He died on Monday, and on Wednesday I preached the funeral sermon.

April 17th I preached at Ellington in the morning, and attended the Baptist meeting at two o'clock, P. M., where I listened to a sermon by Elder Hoag, who had just settled there. He attended my appointment in the evening, and spoke in high terms of Starkey Seminary. There was a member of the church at Cherry Creek, by the name of S. H. Carr, who lived four miles north of the Village, in the town of Villanova. I had not as yet formed his acquaintance personally, but had heard of his liberality in helping our institutions, and also when collections were taken. Deacon Rublee said I could have his horse and buggy to make the trip, and as I was informed that Bro. Otis Mallery and his son Alvin, both members of the church, lived on the road about one and a half miles before reaching Bro. Carr's, thought I would also give them a call. I had met them at previous meetings and formed their ac-

quaintance. I reached there about ten o'clock, A. M. Their houses stand in the same yard, and I called on Alvin, the son. It was raining briskly and I thought best to tarry until the shower was past. The horse was at once taken care of, and after a few minutes conversation, I lay down upon the lounge, and the next I realized I was called to dinner, the rain still descending. It continued raining all the afternoon, and as night drew nigh I told Alvin I must go to Bro. Carr's, rain or no rain. He said if I insisted upon going, he would get up the horse, and would ride up with me. The mud was deep, and the darkness of night was closing in upon us when we arrived. I was at once recognized by the members of the family, who informed me that Bro. Carr would be present soon. A gentleman soon entered the room and said, as he took me by the hand: "How glad I am to see you." I remarked that I presumed this was S. H. Carr. "That is my name," he replied, and then said: "I have heard you preach a number of times and want to hear you again. How long can you stay with us?" I replied, "Over night, —will have to return to Ellington to-morrow." "I am sorry," said he, "that you can stay no longer, but if you cannot, I wish you would preach this evening." I asked, "where?" He replied, "At our Schoolhouse, near by." I told him I would do so if he would furnish a congregation. Two youngerly men started out to give notice that there would be preaching at the

Schoolhouse that evening, and in about forty minutes one of them returned, saying he had got his half of the house full. I looked out and saw lights moving toward the Schoolhouse, which was already lit up, and to my astonishment I found the house filled with hearers. If a man can preach at all he ought to preach good under such circumstances. Bro. Carr gave fifty dollars to the Endowment. I then returned to Ellington.

The next day I went to Franklinville, where I expected Elder Field to meet me on the arrival of the stage. It was nearly night when we arrived. I saw a carriage near the Hotel, but saw nothing of the Elder. There was a young man standing near, who, I thought, looked as though he might be a preacher's son. He stepped up to me and asked me if my name was Alderman. I told him it was. "Well," said he, "my name is Field. I have come to take you to Machias." I enjoyed the company of this intelligent young man very much.

Sunday, April 24th, I preached at the Village in the morning, and told the friends I was going to call on them to aid the Seminary, and if they would not respond I hoped they would put for the woods when they saw me coming. The Elder went with me as much as he could and preach funeral sermons nearly every day. Bro. P. M. Orne also assisted me in the work. There were a number who gave \$10 each. Bro. Danford Wright gave \$50, and insisted that I should go on the

Hill and see Deacon Webber, notwithstanding we had repeatedly heard that he would give nothing. Bro. Wright said to the Elder, "You go with Bro. Alderman to Deacon Webber's." He said he would willingly do it, but "had no faith that the effort would be successful; but as you have, I will go." After climbing the hills awhile we came to the desired residence, and were cheerfully received by Sister Webber. When I asked for Bro. Webber she laughingly said, he had put for the woods. The Elder told her we had come to get their donation for the Seminary. She replied, "Put your horse in the barn and stay to dinner. We will talk that matter over when Mr. Webber comes in." As we went out to care for the horse, I noticed Bro. Field was encouraged. He said, "I tell you, sir, we will get something. I see it in Sister Webber's eye." While eating our dinner the matter was talked up freely, the Deacon giving his "hundred-and-one" reasons why he could do nothing in this cause. Finally Sister W. said that if he would not do any thing she would. "Well," he asked, "what will you do?" "I will give fifty dollars," was the reply. We were on our return to the Village, rejoicing over our success and talking about going to Franklinville the next morning, when a man met us with a call for the Elder to preach a funeral sermon the next day. The next morning Bro. Orne took me to Franklinville in time for the stage.

CHAPTER XXIX.

April 28th, 1870, I went by stage from Franklinville to Hinsdale, where I formed the acquaintance of Bro. C. A. Jones. On my arrival at Franklindale, I found their new meeting-house was nicely finished, and enjoyed a good meeting there.

Elder Newell had recently moved to this place, and as I had in a quiet way, talked with some of the friends about making him a visit, I gave public notice on Sunday, that there would be a Reception Visit at the pastor's the next Tuesday afternoon and evening; inviting all to come and give the family a hearty reception. The visit was a success. The only thing which grieved us was the misfortune of a lady who spilled a nice rice pudding out of a large tin pan, while in the act of getting out of the wagon. But there was a plenty of provisions brought in, and the company left in money and other articles a nice little sum.

Bros. McKee, Rockwell, Shiner and Marshall, gave \$25 each to the Endowment Fund. On my way home I called at Milan, and made Elder John Chase a short visit. On the 15th and 16th of May, I enjoyed a Two Days' Meeting with Elders S. H. Morse and A. Allen, at Arkwright. I went with Allen to Springfield, where I enjoyed some good meetings, and witnessed

the ordinance of baptism administered by Elder Wyman. At this place I spent some pleasant hours with Elder S. Washburn, on the shore of Lake Erie, looking at the vessels and gathering curiosities.

I then went to Spring, where Elder I. R. Spencer was pastor. There I was elated in hearing about a water on the canal called the Basin. It was said to be quite deep, to look somewhat like Lake Erie, and large quantities of fish had been taken therefrom,—and some very large ones. I was anxious to become a participator in such spoils,—was informed that one of the brethren owned a boat, and we could go the next day to the Basin; that we could tow the boat in the canal, and when we caught a load we would return. I told Bro. S. to be sure and secure the boat, that there might be no disappointment. I thought it would please my family to receive a letter stating that I had caught some nice fish that weighed from thirty to forty pounds each. The next morning the boat was in the canal, drawn with a tow rope by the Elder and his son, while I was the favored one to ride and act as captain. When we came to a lock we went through the same process as though a loaded canal boat was passing. By and by the water of the basin was in full view. It was really quite a large water, and I suggested that we fish from the shore until I saw some specimen of the fish we were to catch. We fished a while from the shore, then from the boat, with no success. Finally I

drew forth a fish, and such a looking one I never saw before. It was larger than my thumb-nail. I should have called it a very small sunfish but for the darkness of its color. I asked, "what sort of a fish is this?" The reply was, "It is a BLACK BASS." We continued fishing till nearly night, and caught eleven fish, which, altogether, would perhaps weigh one pound.

June 5th, I preached in a grove at Beaver, about five miles from Spring, after which Elder Spencer baptized fourteen happy converts.

June 9th, I met with the Tioga River Conference, at Knoxville, Pa. Elders Hurd, Ford and myself were appointed a committee to go to Halsey Valley, and investigate matters of difference between the church there and Elder Bourne. I was called upon to preach on Sunday morning, and was followed by Elder A. G. Hammon. While at Knoxville, I was kindly entertained at the residence of George Gilbert.

Sunday, June 19th, Bro. C. D. Woodhouse took me to Cameron to fill an appointment for Elder Wilber. This was one of my old preaching places, and I had cheek enough to tell the audience that as I had preached so good I thought some of them could afford to give me a bushel of potatoes. At the close of the service a friend said to me, "Your potatoes are measured up and ready."

On the 2d of July, I went to Holland, Erie Co., N. Y.,

and spent about one week with the friends in that region, and enjoyed some excellent meetings there. The church was revived, and some decided to live christian lives. On the Fourth of July I was at the residence of Edwin Jackson, where I enjoyed a pleasant time with a party who had met there to eat roast turkey, and enjoy a good visit. Mr. Ward, Mrs. Jackson's father, gave an interesting account of his early life, and the scenes he had passed through during the time he had resided in the place,—he being one of the early settlers.

On the 8th, Bro. C. A. Jones met me at Hinsdale, and conveyed me to his pleasant home on the hill side, about two miles from the depot; and at the school-house near by, I told the story of the cross, and left an appointment there for the following Monday evening. Bro. Jones took me to the Five Mile, where we enjoyed a Two Days' Meeting. Edward Hitchcock gave \$5, Jones \$10, his wife \$2, and Jennett May \$1. We had no meeting on Monday evening, on account of a severe rain. The people were disappointed, and wished me to stay and preach on Tuesday evening. Jones said if I would, he would take me to Olean the next morning, in time for the express train, (which did not stop at Hinsdale,) and that would take me through in time to meet my engagements, and also give me an opportunity to form the acquaintance of John S. Shaw, the ticket agent, who was a liberal man and, perhaps

he would help the endowment five or ten dollars. The next morning we went to Olean. Bro. Shaw was absent, but returned about twenty minutes before the train was due. He gave \$50, then started for the ticket office, saying: "Stay over with us if you can, and if not, call again when you come this way."

On Saturday, July 23d, I attended a Fellowship Meeting at Jasper,—preached at Thornbottom in the evening, and on Sunday morning, and at Jasper in the afternoon. Monday evening I preached at the residence of Spencer Hayes, partially for the benefit of his wife, who was in poor health, and her father who was aged and infirm. After the sermon four arose, manifesting a desire for salvation. The next evening I preached at the Drake schoolhouse and others made a start. Had another meeting on Friday evening. The interest still increased, and others enlisted in the cause of religion. The friends were anxious I should remain, but as other engagements would not allow, I took my leave. Elder Cheeseman was on hand to continue the meetings, and a few days later he baptized twenty-five. The following Sunday I filled my appointment at Merchantville, and in the evening attended a wedding at the residence of Lewis Masters. His daughter, Alice, was married to Mr. Willis Rising.

Mr. Gilbertson was very anxious to sell me a farm, situate in Allegany County, N. Y., which he represented was worth \$8,000; in fact, he said it had been

sold for that. He said it contained a large quantity of black walnut, and other valuable timber. He offered it to me for \$2,000, and gave me ten days to render my decision. I had heard G. talk so much, that I decided to see the place before closing a bargain. Accordingly, on Friday, August 5th, I started for Allegany County, accompanied by my wife, who was to visit her brother, John Conklin, who lived in Howard, about one and a half miles from Canisteo station. I had written John to meet us at the station, but on our arrival there at half past nine, P. M., we could find nothing of John. We then went to the hotel but that was closed. It was a very light, still evening. I saw a man on horseback coming from the village, on his way to the road which led up the hill where John lived. I asked him if he was going up the hill? He replied, "Yes, sir." "Do you live there?" "Yes." "Are you acquainted with John Conklin?" "Yes, sir, well acquainted with him,—I live just beyond him." I noticed he had some letters, and asked him if he had one for Conklin? He replied that he had. I asked him if he would let me look at it. I could see by the moonlight that it was the one I had written to inform him of our intended visit. I then asked him if he would tell Conklin that the persons named in the letter were at the station, and he could find them at the hotel as early in the morning as he chose. He said he would do the errand, and started on his way,

and we started for the Hotel. Just as the stranger was turning his course to go up the hill, my wife said hastily: "I wish you had told him to tell John to come down to-night." I at once called to him to hold on. He responded saying: "What will you have now, sir." "Tell John to come down at once." He replied, "all right," and away he went, cantering up the hill, and we returned to the depot, where I enjoyed a pleasant interview with the telegraph operator, who was a kind, sociable fellow.

About one hour had passed away, when I heard the wagon wheels rolling from John's wagon-house towards the Station. "There," said the operator; "your friend is coming. I can hear the wagon, and hear him talking to his horses. He is an ambitious fellow, I dare say." "Just listen," said he, "can't you hear him?" "I can," was the reply. About an hour and twenty minutes had passed, when John and his wife were on hand to convey us up the hill.

On Monday morning we started in pursuit of the "*Black Walnut Farm*." We found some rough traveling, but could endure this, with the prospect we had in view. We met a number of men who knew the farm occupied by Frank Parsons, but no one knew of the Walnut Grove, or anything else to make it worth more than \$2,500. On our arrival the occupant asked if we had come to close up on them. I told him we heard the farm was for sale, and had come to look at

it. He then appeared quite friendly, and said he would show us over the farm. I told him we would like to look at the walnut timber first. He replied that there was none there. I then asked him who owned the land. He said he believed an Insurance Company in Philadelphia,—that there had been a sham sale of the farm at \$8,000, for the purpose of selling to another party,—and that there was a mortgage of \$1,500 against it which was now due. We judged the farm was worth about \$2,500. We took dinner with Mr. Parsons, and left Allegany County as soon as we could.

I had written John Kough, that he might expect me there on the thirteenth, and he might give out such appointments as he thought proper for the following Sunday. I anticipated an interesting visit with him. I remembered well the first time I ever saw him,—and the smile that was on his face. It was one Sunday morning, the first time I was ever in that vicinity. I did not get there on Saturday, as I expected, and I took an early train from Harrisburg, and arrived at Newport before the dawn of day. There I enquired for James Everhart. I arrived at his house while the family were enjoying their slumber. All was quiet, and the darkness of night was around me. I was approaching a splendid looking mansion, whose inmates were strangers to me. I gave an alarm at the door, and soon heard some one tripping down the stairs with a light. The door was opened and a beautiful damsel

stood before me. I announced my name, and with a smile she said : " Walk in, sir. You are quite welcome here. We expected you yesterday. Now, as it will be some little time before the family will arise, I will show you to a room where you can rest until breakfast is ready, then we shall all be happy to form your acquaintance." As I entered the pleasant room I felt to bless Elder Rodenbaugh for directing me to such a home as this. When I awoke the sun was gilding the eastern horizon. I arose, and as I entered the room below, the lady who had welcomed me there, extended her hand and announced her name, and then introduced me to her father, mother, sisters and brother. They all appeared so kind that I asked myself, who would not be happy, in a family like this. Before our breakfast was finished one of our number said : " John is coming,"—then went to the door and told him he need go no farther. I soon stepped out at the door where I met for the first time Bro. John Kough. He seemed overjoyed and said : " We were wofully disappointed yesterday, but will hail you with joy to-day." " Come," he says, " let us be going, for the people are in great suspense."

Now, kind reader, we will return to the time I left my home to journey to this place. I stopped at Elmira, as per agreement, and retired at an early hour. Soon I heard a rap at the door, and the landlord said : " Your friend you were looking for, has come." I opened the

door and in stepped Mr. Gilbertson, and in his usual manner began to tell what great wonders he had done, and what piles of money he had made since we last met, etc., then asked if I had decided to buy the *Black Walnut Farm*. I told him I had not. "Now then," said he, "Alderman, there is a few thousand dollars there for you if you accept my offer." I told him I failed to see it. He said: "There is money in that farm, and you may as well have it as any one." I told him the farm was a long way from Hornellsville and the walnut timber, still farther from a sawmill. "Why," says he, "the farm lays just above Hornellsville, and there must be sawmills all through that region, and that farm has been sold for \$8,000, and stands in the assets of the company at that amount." "I presume, sir, that is all so; but I do not wish to purchase." "Why," he asked, "will you not accept of such a bargain as this?" I asked if there was not a mortgage on the farm. "Yes," said he, "I believe there is a small mortgage, but that is a trifling matter in comparison with the bargain I offer you." "Well, sir," I replied, "if you should see the farm you might think differently. The mortgage calls for more than half the farm is worth." "No, sir," said he, "the mortgage is not more than \$1,500, and why would a man give \$8,000 for a farm not worth one half the money?" "That was a mere sham sale," I replied, "for the purpose of selling it to an Insurance Company,

whose Directors buy farms without seeing them.” “Why,” he says, “you are mistaken about this matter. I am sure there are sawmills near that *Black Walnut Timber*.” I then informed him that I had looked the farm over,—that there was no such timber on it,—that the buildings were poor,—the land in bad condition,—and that I would not give \$1,500 for it. He looked surprised, shook his head and began to swear. I told him that was useless, that if he had got cheated in this bargain, he could off-set it against some of the big bargains he had made. He then said he must raise some money, and would like to see Melvin, as he was owing the company. I told him I was not aware of that;—that I had been informed that he reported that I owed the company a large amount,—“how is that?” “Well, I guess I did tell Davison that, but I had an object in view.” “No doubt of that,” I replied, “and I presume you have an object in view now.” He then said he would go to Addison,—that the Eldridges were going into a grand speculation with him, and would expect him there that night. He then took his leave, and left me to think, that as the Eldridges were Hotel keepers, his “speculation” would result in beating them on a snug little board bill.

On Thursday I went to Lewisburg, expecting on Saturday to meet Bro. John Kough at Newport; and as I had written him twice, I had no doubt but that he would be there on my arrival. I fancied I could

see just how he would look, as he watched with anxious eye, the passengers as they left the cars, and the smile that would come upon his face when I stepped upon the platform. While this train of thought was passing through my mind, Deacon Slifer's little boy came in, holding in his hand the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*. I took it, and as I opened it I saw an obituary notice headed "Kough." I was painfully surprised, as I read the name, time, place and age, and knew that Bro. John was gone, and that I should only meet him beyond the rolling billows of death's dark stream.

August 18th, I attended the Ray's Hill Conference, at Ray's Cove. I was conveyed there from Bloody Run, by Mr. Definbaugh. The passengers were four ladies, the driver and myself, all in a bark rack placed upon a heavy wagon. As bridges were few and far between, we occasionally forded the river. It reminded me of the time Barney and myself were in his light carriage in this same river. The Conference convened at two o'clock, P. M., and after their officers were chosen, we listened to the opening address by Rev. Joseph Barney. I gave a discourse in the evening, and Elder A. Miller preached on Friday evening. On Saturday there was preaching by Elder J. M. McDaniel, and Elder John Barney. On Sunday morning as I looked up the high hills on either side, I saw the people making their way to the place of meeting, which was a grove near the church. I addressed the congregation

morning and evening. Elder S. Logue preached in the afternoon. After the evening sermon, Elder Miller took a short bench in his hands, then commenced to exhort the people, and walked into the midst of the audience, inviting sinners to the Saviour. When he found those who desired salvation, he would put down his bench, and a number would kneel around it, and pray for those who desired to become christians. Their devotion was loud and fervent. While Cooper, McDaniel and myself were in conversation near the stand, one came out from the multitude, saying there was a colored gentleman in the crowd who wish prayer in his behalf, and wanted to know if it would be proper to pray for him, and if so if they should use the same bench they did for the white people. On being informed that it would be right to proceed with the negro the same as with others, he returned and soon they were earnestly engaged for the benefit of the penitent one. As I was weary I proposed to Cooper that we go to the Deacon's and retire. On our way he said, "I suppose you do not make christians up North in the same manner we do here," and asked me to tell him the difference. My reply was, that "here you kill the victim with thunder, up North we kill them by enlightning."

During the Conference the contemplated State Association was talked up, the constitution read and heartily endorsed, and delegates were appointed to attend the

Convention, viz: Cooper and McDaniel. Elder John Barney was to represent the Western Conference. The next day we started, and at eleven o'clock in the evening, I rang the bell at the door of the Pilgrim's Home, kept by John Griggs. At Williamsport Elder Rodenbaugh joined our number, and at Canton our hearty teamsters were on hand to convey us to Franklindale. On our way Bro. John Barney said that he felt it would embarrass him to represent the Western Conference before such a christian body as we were to meet,—that as he was young in the cause he hoped he might be excused from preaching,—but if called upon at all he hoped it would be that evening, as it was the day before the Conference was to convene, and the multitude would not be there. Just before service Elder Newell said to me: "As I am not acquainted with the Ministers from the South, you select some one to preach to-night." I told him to call on John Barney. The congregation assembled,—John was in the desk,—the glittering walls seemed to dazzle his eyes, as he cast an humble and penitent look upon the strange faces before him. It was announced by the pastor, that the audience would be addressed by Rev. John H. Barney, delegate from the Western Pennsylvania Christian Conference. I noticed our good brother was embarrassed, and my heart ached for him, as I remembered the scenes of other days. Just before he arose to speak, Elder Wm. Lane stepped in at the door,—and in his dignified

manner walked with a quick step up the aisle, with his high hat in one hand and his nice carpet bag in the other. We all felt that a strong man was with us. He placed his carpet bag on the table before the pulpit, and then sat down and looked John squarely in the face. I had no opportunity to feel his pulse, but judged from his appearance that he was getting no better. He arose to speak, but ah! poor John! He did not seem to know whether he was in the body or out. He said some good things, but was not much older when he closed his subject than when he commenced it.

The next morning the Conference convened. It was my duty according to rule, to conduct the opening exercise. This being done, Elder Rodenbaugh was elected President, and the Conference proceeded with business. Elder Milton Clark gave the annual address in the evening.

On Saturday the Convention met to fully organize the long contemplated Association. Elders E. H. Plummer and H. Conrad represented the Philadelphia Conference, J. H. Barney the Western, B. A. Cooper and J. N. McDaniel the Ray's Hill, and the Pennsylvania was well represented. The Constitution drafted at Sulphur Springs and endorsed by the Ray's Hill Conference, was read and freely discussed. Some changes were made, and after a long deliberation it was approved,—the proper officers elected,—a Missionary Agent employed, and some funds raised at once.

It was now late and the brethren retired, some to rejoice that a good day's work had been done, and others to dream over the matter. Their dreams were terrible. In the visions of the night they beheld, and lo! a calf stood before them, frightful in its appearance. It was very large, and as it turned around, and looked toward the North, the East, the South and the West, they saw in the vision, that it was very young, but had tremendous horns. It was a wonder to look upon. Then they saw in the vision of the night that it stretched itself and showed its enormous size, shook its head and horns, then spake with a loud voice (like Balaam's beast). "Woe be unto the Convention that created me; I will bring swift destruction upon it. I will spare none of its members. I am too large to be handled. I will prove the ruin of my creator! I, the calf, hath spoken it." Then they awoke and behold it was a dream. On Sunday the preaching was done by Elders Spoor, Cooper and McDaniel. During the day several hundred dollars were promised to the Association. On Monday morning after some of the officers had left, supposing all was right, the Agent was directed to cease his labor for the Institution, *because the calf was so large they could not manage it.*

On Thursday I went to New Albany, and called on Bro. Ashley Ladd, who said he had one hundred dollars for the State Association. I informed him that the Association had closed up its business, and per-

suaded him to put his \$100 into the Endowment Fund. I enjoyed some good meetings in this vicinity, and others aided in endowing Starkey Seminary. O. Hibbard gave \$25, and John Brown \$50, and others smaller sums.

CHAPTER XXX.

September 9th, 1870, I went to Springfield to attend the Erie Conference. On Sunday I preached at the Methodist house in the morning, and at the Presbyterian in the evening. Both houses were filled. On Monday the Conference transacted its business, as usual, and I preached at the Christian house in the evening.

I then went to Beaver, where I enjoyed some good meetings, and did something for the Seminary. Hacket, McPheeters, Wilson, Gates, Ross, Loucks, West, Wood, and Shurman, all gave something to aid in the good cause. I then went to Conneaut, Ohio, where O. T. Wyman was pastor, and spent about one week in that section. At Monroe I called on Bro. John Haviland, whose age was seventy-eight. He gave five dollars, and the next day took me back to Conneaut. On our way the horse took fright, and ran away, throwing Bro. H. from the carriage, and leaving me to do the best I could with a frightened horse, without any lines to guide him. I continued to ride until the horse ceased to run. I then went back and found that Bro. H. was badly hurt. He was taken to the residence of Lewis Thayer, his son-in-law, where the physicians, on examination, found his hip was badly broken. This accident detracted much from the pleas-

ure I enjoyed while I was in this vicinity. On Sunday, the 25th, I preached at the Freewill Baptist Church in the morning,—Conneaut at one, and Monroe at four, P. M. A number responded to the call for funds, giving from one to twenty-five dollars each, Elder Wyman being among the number who gave the most.

I then went to Newark, N. Y.,—attended the annual session of the New York State Association,—made my report there, and thence went to Lawrence, Pa. At this place George and Truman Middaugh, and Levi Andrews, gave their notes, \$25 each, for the endowment.

October 7th, 1870, I went to Castile, N. Y., and attended a Quarterly Meeting with Elder P. R. Sellon. The next Monday evening Bros. Sellon, Phelps and myself met a party of friends at Rochester, where arrangements had been made for half fare tickets for the round trip over Lake Ontario, to attend the Quadrennial, at Oshawa, Canada. We bought ours and were ready to take the cars for Charlotte, about eight miles from the city. At this point we embarked on board the steamer *Norseman*, bound for Coburg, on the Canada side. Our party now numbered about forty. In the evening, when the darkness of night was upon us, the landscape was partially hidden from our view. I looked as far as the gathering darkness would allow, over the vast waters that lay before us, and thought of many who had sailed out upon these

waters to return no more. By and by the signal was given to start, and we glided over the waters of Lake Ontario. Some of us took supper on board of the steamer, and for one, I was well satisfied with the meal. After enjoying the ride a short time, I retired to rest. My sleep was not as refreshing as when I used to slumber, in my youthful days, in the chamber of my dear old home. There I could sometimes hear the wind howling around, the storm beating upon the shingles just above my head, and the thunder rolling along the sky, and dying away in the distance, while the room was lit up by the vivid lightning. I then felt safe, for my father and mother were in the building, and that was built upon the solid earth. How changed the scene. Now I am rocking upon the rolling waters, while my father and mother are no more.

About 6 o'clock in the morning the steamer landed at Coburg, and after our baggage was examined by the Custom House officer, we took the cars to Oshawa. There we found a plenty of carriages, some crying out one place and some another. One fellow sang out: "To the Christian Church." I stepped aboard at once, and learned that he was Jesse Henry, a son of Elder Henry. His vehicle, which was prepared to seat a goodly number, was soon filled, and we were conveyed to the Church. After tarrying here a short time, Jesse took a load of passengers to his home to dinner. I boarded with him during the Convention, and had the

pleasure of knowing that the Christians have just as good homes, and are just as kind, in Canada as in the States. Elder Iams preached in the evening. Wednesday we listened to a discourse by Rev. H. Y. Rush, editor of the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*. In the afternoon I went with Bro. Henry, in company with others, to a fair, a few miles distant. This I enjoyed much, with one exception,—a heavy shower of rain fell during the afternoon,—the people all rushed for the building, myself among the number. As I drew near, I thought I would rather be in the rain than in such a crowd as this, but I found in this case that I was not a free agent to do as I pleased, for I was hustled into the building in a hurry, and was glad when the rain abated. Dr. A. Craig preached in the evening. On Thursday, at eleven o'clock, we were addressed by the Rev. Bid- erson, a delegate from a people calling themselves the Christian Union.

The afternoon and evening were spent in session. I was much interested in meeting so many fellow laborers in the good cause of our Great Master. I agreed to visit the friends in Canada again.

On Friday morning we embarked on board the steamer, bound for home. I sat at the stern of the boat, and watched the village from which we were departing until the buildings appeared to co-mingle, and finally vanished away in the distance. The billows rolled, the boat rocked, the passengers sickened,

until a number were lying on deck, both male and female. A number of our party took a deck passage. I began to feel that I must suffer the same, but Elder Hebbard gave me some of his "Doctor-Stuff," and after lying down a little while, my stomach was settled, my head level, and all was right with me. Our party at this time numbered about forty, a fair portion of whom were lying on the deck.

October 26th, 1870, I arrived at Villanova, and commenced a series of meetings at the schoolhouse, near Bro. S. H. Carr's, where I enjoyed a good time until Nov. 5th. I then started for Halsey Valley, where I was to meet Elders Hurd and Ford to investigate matters of difference between the Church there and Elder A. Bourn, as directed by the Tioga Conference. On Saturday we met at the Church in Halsey, and investigated as best we could. I preached there in the evening, and after service went home with my old friend, Nelson Rumsey. On Sunday morning Nelson took me to Strait's Corners, where I filled an appointment that had been previously announced. The following Monday and Tuesday evenings I preached on Prospect Hill. The meetings were quite interesting, and Bro. Topping, the pastor, requested me to stay and hold a series of meetings with him at this place and another near by, but owing to previous engagement with the Church at Castile, N. Y., of which Elder P. R. Sellon was pastor, I was obliged to decline.

On my arrival home my wife handed me a letter, saying, "You hardly get home before you have to go again." The letter was from Bro. Sellon, who said, "Come as soon as you can;—would like to see you on the next train;—shall look for you every day till you come." I made my way to Castile, the work soon commenced and we enjoyed a good time. On Thanksgiving day I gave a discourse, which seemed to be well received. We soon had the privilege of hearing from twenty to forty who had just found peace in believing, together with those who were seeking the Lord, speak in quick succession, in favor of the Great Redeemer's cause. On Christmas I gave a discourse on the "Lamb of God." On the first day of January, 1871, I gave a New Year's sermon. I was expecting to leave the next day. Bro. Sellon had attended the Ordinance of Baptism during the meeting, and a goodly number had joined the church. I felt that a good work had been done.

While at Castile I received a number of invitations to hold meetings, and had given encouragement to the brethren at Honeoye Falls, that I would commence a meeting there when I closed at Castile. Elder Wm. Sibley, of North Rush, had written me several times, and was urgent in his request. I had also written him that I would call and see him, as I should need a few days' rest; then, if satisfactory arrangements could be made at Honeoye Falls, I would hold my next

meeting with him. I remembered that about the twentieth of November I received a letter from Bro. Ives, of Madisonville, Pa., saying the church there had voted to invite me to hold another series of meetings with them, to commence the twentieth of January, "and as we give you two months' notice, you must not disappoint us." I had replied that they might expect me there at the time named. I had been here at Castile so long that there were now scarcely twenty days to hold the meetings at Honeoye Falls and North Rush, and was fearful the time was too short for either place. I also remembered that the previous year I got an extension at Madisonville, and perhaps I might again if circumstances required it. I decided I would pull out from Castile, and do the best I could under such circumstances.

At the close of the meeting at Castile, on the first day of January, Bro. Phelps said: "Stay and preach to us once more and then I will take you to Honeoye, and as there is now good sleighing, we will have a fine sleigh ride, and it is not half as far as to go on the cars." I told him that to do so, the meeting must be the next evening, as I had written to the Falls that they might give an appointment for me there on Tuesday evening. Phelps replied, "All right, give out the appointment for to-morrow evening,—bring your baggage to the church and go home with me, and on Tuesday we will be at Honeoye in time for your ap-

pointment there. On Monday morning it was storming and before night the wind blew and the snow flew furiously. I took my baggage to the church, but did not see Bro. Phelps, nor his representative. On Tuesday evening, about sundown, I stepped of the cars at Honeoye Falls. Bro. Baker, who was there in waiting, informed me there was no appointment for that evening,—that they were preparing for a donation visit for the benefit of Elder Hobbs, which was to come off the next Thursday, and as they thought I would want a few days' rest, they had decided to not have the meeting commence until Saturday evening. I then asked him if he would take me to Elder Sibley's the next morning. He said he would if I wished to go so soon, but thought I had better rest a day or two,—that we could start some morning, make a good visit, and return in the evening. I said to him, "Let to-morrow morning be the time, and the earlier we start the better." The weather was cold and I rather dreaded the ride, but we had a top carriage and plenty of robes, and about forty-five minutes from the time we left Bro. Baker's we halted at the residence of Elder Sibley. The distance was seven or eight miles. Bro. S. appeared much pleased. I asked him if he was ready for the meeting? He said, "Yes." "Well," I asked, "when shall we commence?" His reply was, "To-night." I told him all right,—to put the appointment in circulation at once. Bro. B. then asked when

I would return to their place. I told him I could not exactly tell,—that they need not give any appointment until they heard from me.

After preaching a few times and visiting some, we found the church was in a very low condition, and would doubtless require more time than now remained before my appointment at Madisonville, to awaken an interest sufficient to promote a revival. Bro. Sibley wished me to write and inform the brethren that perhaps it would be a week or two later, before I could reasonably get to Madisonville. I wrote and the answer soon came, but there was no adjournment this time. Bro. Ives wrote that last year circumstances were somewhat different,—that the appointment for Elder A. to commence a series of meetings on Friday evening, the twentieth of January, had been announced each Sunday, from their pulpit, for the past six weeks, and I must not fail to be there. I continued at Rush until the evening of the eighteenth, with a prospect for a good revival. I then closed, with the promise that I would return as soon as the meeting closed at M., unless duty called another way. On the nineteenth I reluctantly left the friends here, and went to Campbell, then went in company with Mrs. A. to Elmira. It was necessary to make this point, otherwise I could not get through to Madisonville in time. The meeting there commenced at the appointed time.

Bro. Ives informed me that it was expected that I

would go to Chapmantown and hold a series of meetings, as soon as I closed here. I informed him that I expected to return to Rush, as soon as I closed up at Madisonville. The meeting was prosperous and bid fair for a good work. On Wednesday I visited Wesley Knapp, who was a son-in-law to Bro. Ives, and had a serious talk with him,—heard his many reasons for not becoming a christian, and when we parted he said that he would think more seriously upon this matter, and would be at the meeting the next Saturday night, that he could not be there any earlier. The house was filled at an early hour for evening meeting. Elder Clark, who seemed a little playful as he sat by my side in the desk, pinching me a little, asked me to notice the man with heavy whiskers who was sitting near the stove, saying: "He is a first rate fellow, and last night he was much interested. I think he will make a start to-night, and will influence others to seek the Lord. I tell you we are going to have a glorious time." About this time I noticed Wesley walking through the aisle, looking for a seat. I remarked to Clark that there was another man who would soon be converted. As only a few hours had passed since he told me he could not come before Saturday, I felt sure he had decided to become a christian. "Well," said Clark, as he pinched me a little, "when Wesley Knapp is converted, please leave word at the Post-office, for that news I shall be glad to hear." I remarked, "He will move

to-night." Bro. C. said: "That fellow has passed through revival after revival; you need not expect him to make a start." At the close of my discourse, as usual I called upon those who had decided to try and live religious lives, to manifest their desires by rising up. Wesley was on his feet before the invitation was fairly uttered, and some others, including the man the Elder had pointed out to me. It was not the custom here to invite forward those who desired salvation, and I had previously talked with Elder Clark about the propriety of so doing. His reply was that he would have no objection himself, but as others were opposed to pursuing that course, he thought we had better not practice it; but on this occasion, when a number had arisen, Elder Clark said: "Invite them forward." I did so, and ten came,—Wesley among the number. He was quite free to talk, and seemed very earnest in the matter. He returned to his home a distance of nearly three miles, called up his family, and set up the family altar. Elder H. Black was also present this evening, and took part in the exercise. He told over the condition of society at Chapmantown,—that they had a new meeting house which had recently been dedicated, and the people were expecting a series of meetings,—that the friends at Madison said there was no doubt but that Alderman would assist him, as soon as he closed at Madisonville. After hearing his request, and the opinion of some of the leading men in Madison,

Elder Clark among the number, I wrote to North Rush and Honeoye Falls, stating the condition of our cause in Pennsylvania. Rush reported for me to do as I thought best, and they would be content. The report from Honeoye Falls was to do what I considered to be my duty, and return to their place as soon as it was reasonable. The meeting moved on much to our satisfaction. Elder Black remained over Sunday, and was determined to take me to Chapmantown. I finally promised him that I would help him a few days when the present series closed. On Saturday, notwithstanding it was stormy, eighty-seven attended the Fellowship Meeting, and all but one spoke in favor of the good cause.

The next Tuesday evening I was with Elder Black, at Chapmantown, where a number made a start during the week. On the night of the 16th of February, 1871, there was quite a fall of snow, and the next day we enjoyed a sleigh ride. Bros. Swindle, Leshner and Wilcox, and their wives, Elder Black, myself and others, were in a sled drawn by four yoke of cattle, mostly young, on our way to visit Bro. George Frisbee. This was an interesting ride to me, and as I looked ahead and at the eight head of horned cattle tripping through the deep snow, I thought if Mrs. A. was now by my side, and then the sled would upset, that this would be a perfect sleigh ride. We enjoyed a good visit, and returned in time for evening service.

The meeting increased in interest and prospered finely.

I was expected to attend the dedication of the new Meeting House at Riker Hollow, N. Y., on Thursday, the 9th of March, and had just received a letter from Elder Hebbard, asking me to be there the night previous if possible. Besides I had business to attend to, so that I ought to be on my way at once; but as the cause seemed to demand it, and the friends were very anxious, I decided to remain through the week, thinking that with good management and activity, I could then reach Riker Hollow in time. I had also written to Honeoye Falls that they might expect me there on Friday, March 10th. The interest of the meeting continued to increase through the week, and converts were multiplied. The collections amounted to \$42.40, then \$5 each from two persons, which had been previously handed me, made \$52.40 received at this place. One of the persons who gave me \$5 was a Methodist sister, whose husband had recently been converted.

On Sunday, March 5th, after the morning service was concluded, the congregation repaired to a pond near by, where the ordinance of baptism was to be administered. They went on the ice with a rush, some jumping upon logs that were frozen in the ice; but directly the logs began to roll, the ice to crack, the people to scatter and soon there was sufficient room for Elder Black to attend the solemn ordinance. At

this moment I was informed that the team that was to convey me away was in readiness, and if I got to Madisonville that night, there was no time to be lost. I left Elder B. in the water, without bidding him good bye. We went to Bro. James Swindle's near Osgood's Corners, to dinner,—then Bro. James went with me to Madisonville. He was taken sick on the way, and I was afraid he would die before we could reach Bro. Ives, but he soon recovered so as to return home. I here learned that Elder Clark had baptized twenty-nine, and received them into the church. The next morning Bro. Samuel Swartz took me to Moscow in time for the morning train east, but this train ran no farther east than Scranton, and I then had to wait till nearly night which was quite perplexing to me. I called on Prof. Bassett, formerly of Steuben Co., N. Y., who was now teaching in this city, and spent the time there quite pleasantly until the time for the train. I arrived in Elmira about midnight, took the early train the next morning to Starkey, where I looked over some matters with Prof. Ingalsbe, and then found that I could get no train to Blood's in time for the dedication, which I regretted, but could not help.

I staid over night at Watkins, and the next day went to Honeoye Falls, but they were not exactly ready for a series of meetings yet. There was a man there giving a series of lectures, which would continue through a portion of the following week, and many of

the citizen, has purchased tickets for the course, our brethren not excepted. They wished me to remain until the lectures closed, or go ahead with the meeting with those who chose to attend; but I decided to remain over Sunday, and then make good my promise to visit the friends in Canada.

When I heard from the dedication the news was sad. Mrs. Edson, my niece whom I had visited the year before, heard that her Uncle Oliver was going to preach the dedication sermon of the new church at Riker Hollow, and as she had never heard him preach, thought she would improve this opportunity, and at the same time visit her friends in that section; but she was disappointed when there, taken sick on her way home, and died at her daughter's in Rochester.

On Wednesday, March 14th, 1871, I left Honeoye Falls early in the morning, and at eight o'clock in the evening I was at the residence of Elder S. M. Fowler, in Oshawa, Canada. The next day, in company with Bro. F., I visited Elder Benj. Rogers, and preached at the Christian Church in the evening. On Friday we started for Orono, but after traveling about two miles through the deep mud, Bro. Fowler turned about and went to Elder Thomas Henry's, who lived on the Lake Shore. The next day Bro. Henry took me to his son Jesse's, where I boarded when I attended the convention. The following Sunday, I preached at Oshawa, morning and evening, and notwithstanding the bad

going the attendance was good. We continued the meetings a few evenings. There was a mass meeting almost every evening, and other circumstances lead us to believe that it was not best to protract the meeting.

On Thursday, March 30th, I went to New Market and called on Bro. Brooks Howard, where I found another good home. On Sunday I heard Elder C. H. Hainer preach in the morning, and I made an effort in the evening. I received an invitation to hold a series of meetings here, but some of the brethren living in the country, wished it deferred until the going was better. On Tuesday I called on Elder Percy, the pastor of the church, and after counseling with him, I went to Bro. J. W. Collins, the clerk of the church, took the names of the members and went to work. One morning, Bro. Oliver Lundy took me to Sharon, where we spent about half the day in viewing the Temple, the Tabernacle, and various curiosities connected with them. I was much interested while passing through these buildings, and learning the history of the people who assembled there to worship. David Willson, the leader in the enterprise, had gone the way of all the earth, and the membership, I understood, was fast decreasing. Those who yet remain are generally called Davidites. The Temple was seven years in building, and there are many things connected with this institution, calculated to interest the visitor.

I continued my appointments at New Market on

Sundays, and at such other times as seemed advisable, and held prayer meetings at different places within the bounds of the church, at the residences of John Milliard, Calvin Weddle, Israel Haines, and Robert Barker, some of which were very interesting.

One day I decided to visit Bro. Francis Garbut, who lived in King. I made some calls on my way, and spent the most of the day with Bro. Robert Miller, who persuaded me to stay to tea, assuring me that I would have plenty of time, and he would direct me so that I could find Bro. Garbut without even making any inquiry. When I turned into a lane which he had named to me, it was nearly dark. I followed this lane till it ended at some bars, beyond which I could see no road in any direction. Thinking I might be wrong, I hastened back to the main road and inquired for Garbut. I told the man where I had been, and he said: "You were within one hundred rods of the place when you were at the bars. You should have gone through and then turned to the left. By this time you can see a light." I started again, and when near, I found that little ponds or puddles of water were quite frequent, and ere I was aware, I was in one of them nearly waist deep, but was soon out again. I began to think this was taking the bitter with the sweet. I now decided I would call aloud and perhaps I might make myself heard. I commenced hallooing, but it did not seem to tell. Soon some one came out of the dwelling with a

light, and started towards the barn. I then hallooed again. He stopped at once and asked: "What are you doing down there?" My reply was: "I am looking for Frank Garbut." "Well," said he, "I live up here;—ain't that Elder Alderman?" "Well it was," said I, "when I started from New Market." "Hold on a minute," said he, "I will come there with a light;—be careful or you may fall into the goose pond." "I don't think there is any danger of that," I said, "you will not catch me in the same goose-pond twice in one night." He was soon there with the light, and then it was an easy matter to find the way to the house. After taking off some of my clothes and putting on some of his, I enjoyed a good visit with his christian family. On Thursday morning I made my way back to the main road, and called on Bro. John Greenwood, who lived a hermit's life. I then called on Bro. Levi Rogers, staid till afternoon, then returned to New Market and stopped with Dr. Scott.

On Friday, April 21st, I went to visit Elisha Dillman, who lived four miles east of New Market. He and his wife were both members of the church, and very regular in their attendance. While there I was informed that there were two Quaker Churches, and a British Templar's Hall, one mile east, at a place called Pine Orchard. Bro. Dillman's son said if I would preach at the Hall he would be happy to announce an appointment,—that he was one of the Room Committee,

and was sure it would be right. I asked him if I could have the hall for a protracted meeting. He said he would report my request to the Lodge the next evening, and let me know on Sunday. Dillman said if I would preach there the next Sunday at half past two, P. M., that he would convey me over from New Market after morning service, and return me there for evening service. To this I agreed, and the appointment was given out. The room was filled and good attention paid. I judged from the dress that a fair portion of the audience were Quakers.

The Lodge voted that I could have the use of the hall for religious meetings as long as I would thus occupy it, excepting Saturday, and they would furnish light. Some of the brethren wished to know what I intended to do at Pine Orchard, where there were so many Quakers, who were settled and grounded in their faith. I told them I intended to preach the Gospel.

The next Tuesday evening I commenced a series of meetings there and continued through the summer.

CHAPTER XXXI.

As the meeting at Pine Orchard progressed the interest increased, and I found many good homes. Saturday, April 29th, I called and took dinner with John Crome. The following morning Mr. Cook, with whom I boarded, presented me a nice suit of clothes from hat down to gaiters, which he said was left there for me the previous evening, after I had retired.

On Monday after leaving Jabez Johnson's, hearing some one call to me I halted, when up drove Elder Hainer, and laughing as he was wont to do, he said : " Why don't you hold on, when a fellow is so anxious to see you ? " In a moment we joined hands in a friendly Canadian shake. I then returned with him to Bro. Johnson's, where we spent the afternoon in talking over matters pertaining to the meeting then in progress.

On Tuesday evening Elder Percy was with me at the hall but declined to preach. That evening many arose, expressing their desire to become christians. I could not count them, but Elder P. said they numbered over sixty.

There was a Methodist church at Hacking's Corners, about four miles from the hall, the members of which attended the meetings, and took a part. Some of

them were good workers, and a number of the converts at the hall joined the Methodist church almost as soon as they were converted. Bro. John Hacking, who was a member there,—a merchant and farmer,—attended quite often, and became much interested in the meetings. He invited me to preach at their church as soon as circumstances would allow, which I agreed to do. One evening at the close of meeting, I gave notice that Freeman Clark would preach at a given time, but was soon informed that I was not thus instructed; that I was only requested to give notice that he would be there; that no one knew whether he would preach or not; that would depend on the moving of the spirit.

By the request of Abram Skinner, the highest officer in the Lodge of British Templars, I gave a temperance address in open lodge to a crowded assembly. I learned that at their next meeting there were a goodly number of applications for membership. On Thursday I called on Bro. Geo. Forster. Both he and his wife belonged to the Methodist church. They lived about two and one half miles from Pine Orchard, were regularly at the meetings, and were good workers. She was an excellent singer, and would act as chorister when it was necessary.

May 16th, Elder Hainer preached at the hall in the evening. I went home with Geo. Forster. There had been an anxiety expressed to have meetings in this neighborhood, and Bro. George had a vacant house,

which we arranged for religious meetings. This was called the Temple. It was one and a half miles from Hacking's Corners, and accommodated many who could not conveniently attend at the hall. I preached here on Wednesday afternoon and evening. Wm. Williamson, an aged brother, and his wife, who had lived at Hacking's Corners, members of the Methodist church, attended this meeting, and were much engaged in the good work. We had an excellent meeting. Wm. Forster and wife, aged people, made a start in the good cause. Bro. John Standering and his wife, who lived near by, had made a profession at the hall, and there were now converts enough in this neighborhood to make a meeting interesting. I continued the meetings at the hall and the temple, at the same time filling my regular appointments at New Market. On Friday, the 26th, I preached at the Temple in the afternoon, then went home with John Hacking and preached there in the evening. Bro. John gave me a pair of nice slippers, and other friends gave me a few dollars in money.

I now decided to return home and visit my family and friends, and wrote Elder Sellon that he might notice an appointment for me at Castile, on the evening of the last day of May. On Sunday, May 28th, I filled my regular appointments, and went home with Oliver Lundy. The next day I took dinner with J. H. Johnson, and tea with Dr. Scott, who prepared

me some medicine, such as he thought I might need on my journey. The doctor was very kind to me. I rode many miles with him. I took the evening train to Toronto. The next morning was beautiful. The lake was scarce rippled, and the sky was serene when I stepped on board the steamer bound for Lewiston, on the American shore. It was not yet noon when I saw once more the stars and stripes floating in the gentle breeze, on the shores of my native land, while just across the river was the flag of the Queen's Dominion. I felt to thank God that I had been protected during my pilgrimage journey, under both these flags. At five, P. M., we arrived at Castile, where I entered the dwelling of Bro. F. Thomas. I was met at the door by his daughter Sarah, the first convert in the meeting previously held at this place. On Thursday morning I arrived at Starkey Seminary in time to witness the opening exercise of the school. In the afternoon I went with Emma to Father Conklin's, and the following Monday I started for Merchantville, to meet with the Tioga River Conference. I stopped at Millport to attend to some business there, and found it necessary to see a man who lived sixteen miles from there. This was somewhat perplexing, as it would prevent me from attending the Conference. On Tuesday, June 18th, I counted out two dollars more than it cost me to come from New Market and leaving the balance of my money with my wife, I started for Can-

ada. I went by the way of Honeoye Falls, where I attended the Central Conference, and enjoyed a pleasant session. On Saturday I took an early train, and supposed I was all right until I arrived at Clifton and asked for a ticket for New Market, when I was informed that I could go no farther than Toronto, until Monday. This confused me as I had three appointments on the following day, where large congregations would be disappointed; besides, after paying for my ticket to Toronto, I had scant money enough to take me through, without paying a hotel bill. I found that it was more expensive to travel by cars than by boat; then coming by the way of Honeoye had increased my expenses a little. A dark cloud now gathered over my mind. Here I was in a strange land, with but a few dimes in my pocket; and when at Toronto I would be about thirty miles from my place of destination, among entire strangers. I stopped at the Albion House, and thought I would report my condition to the Landlord, but I had no opportunity of seeing him that evening. When I retired I thought that I was making bad worse, that I had already called for more than I could pay for, and I did not sleep as comfortably as I do sometimes. The next morning I walked out into the city, observing the houses of worship, and thinking I would attend service with some worshipping assembly. I noticed a small brick Chapel with a notice near the top of the door, which read as follows: "The disciples of

Christ meet here at eleven o'clock, A. M. Seats free." At the time named I entered the Chapel, a Bible and Hymn-book were handed me, and I felt that I was with kind hearted friends. I enjoyed the service as well as could be expected under the circumstances. When the plates were passed, I thought: "Cast your bread upon the waters," etc. At the close of the service the brethren shook hands with me, and expressed friendship. Soon the minister came along, and extending his hand, asked me if I lived in the city. I told him my headquarters was New Market. He then asked if I held forth the good tidings, and my answer being that I tried to, he appeared much pleased and invited me to take tea with him, to which I consented. It was nearly five o'clock when I called at his dwelling and he met me at the gate, and said he began to fear that I was not coming. I made a short job of letting my wants be known. As soon as I related the circumstances to him, he said at once (pulling his pocket book from his pocket), "I am happy that I can relieve you in this matter," at the same time asking how much I would need, and when informed he handed me the amount. I expressed my thanks for the favor, and promised to send it to him by return mail. He said no matter about that, I could wait if I chose, till I was in the city again. His name was T. C. Scott, and he was not only a preacher, but a custom-house officer. On Monday morning I went to New Market; just called

at Wm. Cook's, then went to Dr. Scott's, then rode with John Crome to Levi Rogers', and returning, took dinner with Crome; then enclosed the money to Elder Scott, and went to Pine Orchard, and from this time preached at the Hall and Temple as I had done before.

The friends at Hacking's Corners had made arrangements for me to supply the pulpit there each alternate Sunday evening, during my stay at New Market. The following Tuesday Bro. Kertin came by agreement, and took me to his home at Glenville, three miles from New Market. Mrs. Kertin was not a professor of religion, but had some feeling on the subject, and talked encouragingly of commencing a christian life. Her health was delicate, but she thought she would attend the next Fellowship Meeting at New Market. The next day Bro. K. took me to Bro. Barker's, and he went with me to my appointment at Pine Orchard.

The following Tuesday Wm. Williamson took me from Hacking's to New Market, where I learned that there was a messenger after me to preach the funeral sermon of Mrs. Kertin. I thought how uncertain is human life. I attended her funeral the next day.

Thursday, August 3d, a large party of us went to Mussleman's Lake, where we enjoyed a season of baptism. The Methodist minister met me there and baptized some converts who had joined the Methodist church. This was a beautiful sheet of water covering

about three hundred acres, surrounded by evergreen. At this point I met Elder Jesse Tatten, who led the singing as we walked from the dwelling of sister Emily Helemca to the water side. Elders Hainer, Macklem, and Johnson were present on the occasion. The baptismal scene closed a little past three o'clock; I preached at the residence of sister Emily at four o'clock, and at Bro. John H. Stalee's in the evening. The house was filled to its utmost capacity we had a warm spiritual meeting, and heard many testify to the goodness of God. On Friday I went with Bro. Wm. Macklem to his home, a few miles from Pine Orchard. On our way we passed the ruins of an old fort, where, doubtless, a battle had once been fought. Bro. M. said that years ago the bones of human beings were found near the ruins of the fort in abundance. In some places it was supposed there were large numbers buried together, perhaps thrown into piles in a careless manner. I preached in the evening at the residence of J. Hutchinson, in the vicinity where Bro. Wm. lived. Sunday, August 13th, 1871, I preached at the King church in the forenoon, and attended their Sunday school, and found a band of noble hearted christians, actively engaged in the good work. I received from T. Hilborne thirteen dollars for a Bible to present to the Superintendent, to be marked in gold letters: "Presented to M. J. Bogart, by the King Sunday School."

August 23d I went with Elder Macklem to Brougham, where we called on Wm. Dunning, who said to me: "Although this is the first time I ever saw you, I have been acquainted with you for many years." At this place we have a nice brick Chapel, where we enjoyed meetings that day and evening. The next day I went home with Elder Tatten, and we made a short visit at Casper Wilson's. Long shall I remember the pleasant interview enjoyed with this kind, interesting, and christian family. The next evening I preached in the new Church at Whitevale. The following evening about sundown, Bro. Tatten was sitting at one of the windows in Smith's Hall, at Green River, singing some of his beautiful songs, which attracted the attention of the people, and the room was soon filled, and I had a good time preaching to an attentive audience. After service I went home with Bro. Verro.

Sunday, August 27th, I preached at Ringwood, Stouffville, and Bloomington. The next morning Elder Johnson took me to the Forster neighborhood. September 10th I preached at the Temple in the morning, at the Hall in the afternoon, and my closing sermon at New Market in the evening.

On Wednesday Bro. S. Johnson took me to Keswich, on Lake Simcoe, where the Conference and jubilee were held. There I met an aged lady who was one of the original members of the First Christian Church in Canada, organized fifty years ago by Elder Allen

Huntly. On Saturday we went to the beautiful Evergreen Grove, where Elder Joseph Blackmar gave a discourse in the morning, and Elder I. C. Goff in the afternoon, and I put forth an effort at the Church in the evening. On Sunday, Sept. 17th, we enjoyed services in the Grove again. We truly felt that this was the Jubilee. The Conference was ably conducted by their President, Rev. Thos. Garbut. At this gathering I formed the acquaintance of many that I expect to meet no more, until we are called together by Gabriel's Trump.

I had accepted an invitation to attend a quarterly meeting at Ellington, N. Y., to commence on Saturday, the last day of September. I had written Bro. S. H. Carr, of Villanova, to meet me at Forestville, on Thursday the 28th.

On Tuesday I called on Wm. Case, and was there informed that the friends, wished to see me at the Temple the following evening, Sept. 20th. At an early hour the friends commenced gathering, bringing refreshments of various kinds. We enjoyed a good social time, and the friends left for my benefit about twenty dollars.

Sunday, Sept. 24th, was spent with Elder Tatten. I filled three appointments for him, the collections that day amounted to thirteen dollars, Canada money. On Tuesday evening I preached at Hacking's Corners, and the next day I went to Toronto, and called on Bro.

Stephen Webster, whose acquaintance I formed at the Conference. I called on my old friend Elder T. C. Scott; then in company with Bro. Webster I visited the Normal School Museum, and stayed with him over night. The next morning I left Toronto and sailed over the waters of Lake Ontario, bound for the American shore. The sun had not reached its meridian, when we were sailing up the Niagara river, between the flags of the two nations, on either shore. On my arrival at Lewiston, I learned that I could not leave Dunkirk for Forestville until ten o'clock in the evening. I felt sure Bro. Carr would be in waiting at Forestville, and gloomily thinking of the hours I would have to wait at Dunkirk, when the brakes were whistled down, and the brakesman called out, "Silver Creek!" The wheels had hardly ceased to roll, when a fellow rushed into the car, and looked sharply at each passenger as he passed hastily along. I thought him to be a sheriff or detective, and supposed of course he would pass me, but in a moment he caught me by the collar exclaiming: "You are the fellow I am after, sir! Out of here mighty quick!" I said to him, "I guess you are a little too fast,—perhaps you are mistaken in the person." "No," he said, "I am none too fast, neither am I mistaken in the person; come, out of here, and I will take you to Bro. Carr's on double quick time." "Who are you?" I asked. "Don't you know Earl Douglass? Come on. We will be home

before you can get to Forestville on the train." I now recognized my friend, and understood full well what he wanted. I hastened and got my baggage, and was soon beside my gallant driver in Bro. Carr's carriage, drawn by those horses that I had often rode after in other days. The evening was beautiful,—warm enough, the moon was shedding her silvery brightness around us, and the sixteen miles seemed short. When the carriage was at the door, Bro. Carr and the family rushed out joyfully, to welcome the returning friend. The table was loaded with luxuries, and the pleasant scenes of former days were again revived. The next day in the afternoon we went to Ellington, where we enjoyed a good meeting.

While at Ellington I promised to make them another visit before returning to Canada, and also agreed to hold a Two Days' Meeting at Arkwright, to commence on Friday evening, the 20th of October.

The following Saturday as the sun was sinking behind the western hills, I reached my home in Merchantville.

On the 19th of October, 1871, I started for Canada by way of Arkwright. I called at Ellington, where I found a letter from Rev. E. R. Wade, Secretary of the Missionary Department of the New York State Christian Association, asking three questions: "Can we engage you as a Missionary, what salary must I pay, and when can you commence." I replied, and was informed

by return mail, that my proposition was satisfactory, and that I might commence my labor in Chautauqua county. The churches at Arkwright, Delanti, Cherry Creek and Ellington joined in a petition to let me remain within their bounds, and they would help pay my salary. This was partially agreed to, and I entered upon my work..

December 5th I was to meet my wife at Dayton, N. Y. The wind was blowing at a fearful rate, and the snow was fiercely moving over the landscape. Sister Briggs appeared as cheerful as though it was a summer day. Bro. Briggs came in covered with snow. I asked him what he thought of this. "Why," he replied, "this is nothing but an Arkwright thaw." It was nearly twenty miles to Dayton, and Bro. Carr lived about one-half the way. At eleven o'clock we were at Bro. Carr's, and at five, P. M., Bro. C. and myself were at Dayton, where I received a telegram from my wife, stating that she had missed the train at Painted Post, but would come the next day, if I would meet her at the station. The following day was still more tedious, but we were there on time. On the arrival of the train Mrs. A. appeared on the platform. She was well, wide-awake and full of talk. She was quite surprised that we were there with a sleigh expecting to ride nine miles, when there was no snow whatever at Merchantville. My wife remained with me about four weeks. It was a cold and tedious time.

Sometimes I could not meet my engagements, as we were obliged to stay nearly a week at one place. We were disappointed about attending the surprise party at Elder Totman's, visiting the County House and Asylum, and several other places where we intended to go. We attended the donation made for our benefit, but it required quite an effort to get there.

Monday, January 1st, 1872, we were at Alonzo Bailey's in Pomfret. We made a New Year's visit at Hylas Webster's, where we enjoyed a pleasant time and a good oyster supper. Mr. Webster, although a mute, seemed to be as sociable as any of the company.

The following morning Bro. Bailey took us to Fredonia, and we came together to Blood's, about thirty miles from Merchantville. The next morning we parted, Mrs. A. taking the cars for home, and I the stage to Naples, where I was to hold a series of meetings with Elder Beach. On Tuesday, the 30th, my wife came to visit me at Naples, where we were enjoying a good revival. About thirty made a profession of religion.

On Saturday, February 3d, J. M. Pressler came and took us to Riker Hollow, where I was to preach the following day. On Monday Mrs. A. returned home. I accompanied her to Blood's, and preached at the Hall in the evening. The next morning G. W. Walden started with me for Ricker Hollow. We went by a circuitous route for the purpose of calling on some

friends. The going was *all sorts*, and we partially lost our route and found ourselves before a dwelling where we could not tell which way to go; in fact, we could see no road in any direction, and the storm was beating briskly upon us. I suggested to Bro. Walden the propriety of calling and making some inquiry. We were welcomed by the man of the house, who seemed like a resolute fellow, and willing to give us all the information we needed about the geography of the country, and seemed a little curious to know what our business was. I asked him how far it was to Harrison Briglin's. He told us very correctly and described the way.

I told him we were going to the Hollow to hold some meetings, and asked him if he thought it would do any good. "Well" said he "it might. It won't do any hurt, any way." "Do you attend meeting there." "Yes, sir, sometimes." "Will you come down and see us, when we get fairly a going?" "Yes, sir. When does it begin." "To-night." "I'll be there, sir."

After we had started on our way, Bro. Walden said: "You did not ask that fellow whether or not he was a professor." "No," I told him, "I knew that without asking, but I expect to see him among the converts." His name was Wm. Polmanteer. He was at the meeting nearly every night. At first he sat quite remote from the desk, but continued getting a little nearer, until he was quite nigh. One evening he arose and

exclaimed, "I am the *worstest* man among you and would like to be a christian if possible." He soon came out clear and bright, and made an earnest christian.

March 14th the friends made a donation at the residence of Harrison Graves' for my benefit; and the following day I returned to my field of labor in Chautauqua county. While I was enjoying good revivals at Naples and Riker Hollow, our cause was on the decline in other places. After spending a few days in Chautauqua county, I returned again to Steuben, and spent about a week in the vicinity of Riker Hollow and Merchantville. At the latter place I married a couple on the 11th of April. I then went back to Chautauqua county, and in addition to filling my regular appointments at the four churches before named, I preached some at Arkwright Center, Pleasant Valley, and other places in that section, and saw some revivals.

I attended a Two Days' Meeting on the third and fourth of May, with Elder Field, at Machias, and had some appointments along the way.

On the evening of June 3d, at a late hour, I arrived at Blood's, where Frank Simons, his wife, and my daughter Lizzie, were in waiting to take me home with them. The next day my wife came, in company with others, to attend the Conference at Riker Hollow. Valentine Reep went with me to Naples, where I had

been invited to preach on Sunday. After Conference I returned to Arkwright.

On Sunday, after morning service at Arkwright, Wm. Allen started with me to my appointments at Delanti. On our way we were called upon to stop and help eat a nice strawberry pudding. I notice that Allen was not as bashful when away from home as one might suppose.

July 7th, I preached at Ellington, Cherry Creek, and Kenedy. The following Thursday I preached the funeral sermon of sister Philena Malery, at Cherry Creek.

August 4th, at the residence of S. H. Carr, I married his daughter Sarah and Mr. A. Johnson. I did not feel very bad when Mr. J. put a \$10 greenback in my hand.

On the evening of Aug. 18th, I preached at Slabtown, where I was cordially received by the Methodist minister, and kindly entertained at the residence of John Cadwell.

On Wednesday, August 21st, Eli Northrup, a convert, met me at Blood's and conveyed me to my evening appointment at Riker Hollow. The next day he took me to Naples. While on our way he said that the day before, when we crossed the river, he felt it his duty to be baptized. I asked him why he did not tell the chariot to stand still, while he obeyed the Master. He said he was in hopes I would remain

over Sunday and administer the ordinance. A previous engagement prevented my doing this. He then said: "I now want you to baptize me before we get to Naples." We called at Bro. Blodgett's, near where there was much water; and in the presence of a few spectators, we went down into the water, and when we came up out of the water Eli went on his way rejoicing.

On Friday I went to Lawrence, Pa., where I enjoyed a good meeting with Elder Kinney. On Sunday we went to the river where I baptized Bro. Storkes and his wife. The following Monday I went to Wellsboro to attend court as a witness, and remained until Saturday. Although I was never at this place before, I met brethren with whom I had associated in other days. I gave two discourses at the Christian Church in Charleston near by. I could not now reach my appointments in Chautauqua county, so I went home, and preached at Merchantville on Sunday.

I then went to Garland, Pa., to visit Elder B. Mason, and went with him to Fairview to attend the Erie Conference, where I did a fair business for the Association.

On Friday, the 13th, I met Elder E. R. Wade, at Dunkirk. He had come to look over my work and settle with me, that he might make his report to the Association, at its annual meeting the last Wednesday in the month, at which time his term of office expired. The settlement was made in a business and christian

like manner, and I had the pleasure of knowing that I had not run the institution in debt. While Elder Wade was with me, we held two general meetings, one at Arkwright, the other at Ellington; also attended a pic-nic at Fluvanna, and heard Roscoe Conklin deliver a political speech at Jamestown, and enjoyed a good time.

I attended a Two Days' Meeting on the 19th and 20th of October, with Elder Totman, at Pleasant Valley. On Monday I visited Milo Ames, who was at his father's house sick, without any prospects of recovery. He had been a professor of religion but said during his trials he had been too unmindful of his Saviour. I gave him the best instruction I could, and prayed with him, and on Sunday, November 17th, I preached his funeral sermon.

About the time I closed my labor for the State Association, I received a letter from J. P. Watson, Secretary of the American Christian Church Extension Society, asking me to take the field as a Missionary Agent. I had just written him my terms, when I received a letter from Cyrus Barber, President of Starkey Seminary, asking me to become their soliciting agent, again.

My choice was to work for the Seminary, but Bro. Watson wrote me that my proposition was accepted and wished me to commence at once. I held a series of meetings on the hill, four miles, west of Cherry

Creek Village, where sixteen made a start in the good cause.

On Friday, November 22d, I went to Machias to hold a series of meeting with Elder J. M. Field. I remained there until the 4th of December.

On the fifth, I went to Castile on my way home, and spent several days at Merchantville; married one couple while there, and returned to Machias on the 12th, and remained there until the 28th. It was a stormy, tedious time, but amidst the clouds and storm there were some bright spots to cheer the mind, and a few who forsook the error of their ways and turned to the Lord.

I enjoyed a merry Christmas at the home of Elder Field. His entire family were there, and it was an interesting time. The Elder went with me to such places as we could reach, aiding me in collecting funds for the Extension Society. He was a very ambitious, persevering man, and decided we would go onto a certain hill, if he had to drive his horse through the snow forty feet deep, but when he got where it was not more than ten he backed out and went home.

I then went to Allegany and the Five Miles, where the friends did nobly for the Extension Society. When I called at Olean, Bro. Shaw was ready with his ten dollars to become a life member. I then went to Deacon Brainard's in Ellington, and thus ended the year 1872.

CHAPTER XXXII.

January 1st, 1873, I went with Deacon Brainard and his wife to S. H. Carr's, where we met a party of friends and enjoyed a good New Year's visit. The next day Carr started with me to Briggs'. The snow was so deep we had to go the last half mile on foot. The next morning Briggs took me through the drifts to see Rice, who took me to Cassadaga, where I took dinner with Elder Totman, who took me to Fellowship Meeting at Delanti; then Wm. Wood took me to Nathan Lee's, at Pleasant Valley; then he took me to his son Albert's at Owltown, and he took me to the residence of Lewis Ellis at Sinclairville; then I took a notion that I would not be *took* any further that day.

On the 9th, I visited Elder Beach, at Naples, and the next day went with him to Ira Polmanteer's, where there was a donation for Beach. On the evening of January 18th, I commenced a series of meetings at Charleston, Pa. February 1st, Brother E. Hart went with me to Lawrence, where Elder Kinney was pastor, to enjoy a Fellowship Meeting. At the appointed time the people assembled, but as their pastor had not yet arrived, I was invited to take charge of the meeting. Soon Bro. Kinney came in, as smiling and pleasant as in other days, but I could see that time was making

its mark upon him. But when he talked of those things pertaining to the kingdom, he appeared as bouyant as in former days. We returned to Charleston in the evening.

February 10th, I started for home, to spend a few days with my family, and attend Elder Leonardson's donation. I called at Lawrence, where my daughter Emma was teaching a class in music. She said if I would remain until morning she would accompany me home, and make a short visit too. Of course I waited. We enjoyed our visit and then returned to our places of labor in Pennsylvania.

On the evening of Feb. 25th, the friends met at the residence of George Chrisnot, and made me a liberal donation.

Sunday, March 2d, I closed the meeting at Charleston, and agreed to return the fourth of April and baptize the converts. I preached morning and evening at the church, and at the County House at half past two, P. M.

On the evening of the 8th, I was with Elder Wm. Hornbaker at Ross, Luzerne County, Pa., where they had been waiting for me all winter. Sunday, I preached at the old Ross Church in the morning, at the Marsh in the afternoon, and at the Center in the evening.

On Monday we went to Lake and commenced a series of meetings, and continued until the 26th. I found some good, earnest, working brethren at this place, but

we had such a muddy, snowy, windy, and stormy time, that we had but little opportunity to work in public capacity. Elder Hornbaker, the pastor, who lived at Ross, about eight miles distant, met with us but a few times, but we enjoyed a good and profitable meeting.

I returned to Ross on the 26th, and preached there nearly every evening until the second of April inclusive. The churches at Ross and Lake became perpetual members of the Extension Society, and I obtained in that section sixteen life members.

The churches at Naples, Merchantville, Arkwright, Delanti, and Lawrence also became perpetual members.

On the fourth of April, I was at Charleston again. The people were anxious I should remain with them through the summer, and said they would pay me as much as I was getting from the Extension Society. To this I consented by their agreeing to let me attend the Conferences and such other meetings as I thought proper, providing I would not be absent more than half the time. I had already five appointments for Two Days' Meetings in Cataaugus and Chautauqua counties, called Extension Meetings. Thus my time was engaged until about the middle of May, when I returned again to Charleston. After morning service on the 18th, I baptized four in a stream near by.

On the 22d of May I attended the New Jersey Conference, held at Milford, where Elder Beck was pastor. Elder J. C. Soule gave the annual address and opened

the way very nicely for me to present business. Elder I. C. Goff preached in the evening. On Saturday, after sparring about an hour, the Conference became a perpetual member of the Extension Society, and paid the sum required, \$25. Others made donations to the Institution;—George Zellar gave \$25, and others smaller amounts. I gave a discourse at three, P. M., and Prof. Ingalsbe preached in the evening. On Sunday, A. Craig, D. D., preached in the morning,—we enjoyed the Bible School in the afternoon, and the Rev. John Willson preached in the evening.

While in New Jersey, I visited Frenchtown, Carversville, and some other places, and found many pleasing acquaintances. After the meeting had closed and we were about to separate, I saw the robust form of Elder W. H. Pittman at a window of the car, and as he extended his hand, he said: "God bless you, brother; keep Extension on the brain and you will do well enough."

Prof. Ingalsbe was on the train with me, and I enjoyed his company full better than usual, from the fact that he had a good lunch, sufficient for us both a good dinner. At Moscow, Elder Black met me and took me to Madisonville and Chapmantown, where I spent a few days with my friends, and then returned to Charleston in time to fill my appointments there.

On Thursday, June 5th, I attended the Tioga River Conference at Trumbull's Corners, N. Y. This Conference became a member of the Extension Society.

June 12th, I attended the New York Central Conference at Westbury. The annual address was delivered by Elder John Guthrie. I preached once at this session, and assisted in the ordination of Prof. Ingalsbe. There were \$25 raised at this Conference for the benefit of the Extension Society. On the following Monday, in company with Elder Leonardson and Ingalsbe, I visited Sodus Point, where we enjoyed a few pleasant hours and saw some large fish. I then went to Gates, and called on Dan. Edson.

The following day I went, in company with L. M. Wooden, Esq., and wife, Emons Edson and wife, Lillie Edson, Helen Alderman and Alice Alderman, to Charlotte, out about seven miles from the city of Rochester, where there is much of interest. I also visited the grave of Fanny Edson, my niece.

On the night of the 18th, I stayed with Elder J. D. Child, at Shelby, and the following day he took me to Clarendon, where I stopped with Elder Langdon Hood, to remain through the annual session of the New York Western Conference. Elder D. W. Moore gave the annual address, which was well timed, and his recommendations were excellent. This Conference voted at once to become a member of the Extension Society. On Sunday the preaching was done by Elder J. D. Child, Thomas Holmes, President of Union Christian College, and G. H. Hebbard.

I then returned to Charleston, and remained in that

vicinity until the 22d day of July. On the 29th of June, I married Mr. Theodore Johnson and Miss Alice Bellenger, at the residence of John Bellenger, the bride's father.

On the 26th and 27th of July, I attended a Quarterly Meeting at Merchantville, where Bro. J. H. Carr was pastor. On the 7th of August I went to Blood's, and in the afternoon, with Willett Riker and his sister Kate, I started for Riker Hollow to attend a pic-nic. Willett did the driving, and Kate and myself occupied the back seat. When about two miles from the Hollow the horses sprang suddenly, and Kate and myself went with the seat over on to the ground. I was senseless for more than an hour. The first I realized I was in a strange room, nicely bolstered up in a large chair, a lady standing before me with a fan in her hand. All in the room were as strangers except Kate, it seemed to me that I had seen her before. My mind soon rallied so that I had some idea of my whereabouts, and what I was intending to do. We then went on our way, but before we arrived the exercises were closed. I went to Blood's and took the evening train and went to Wellsboro. Bro. E. Hart stepped on the train at Lawrenceville. The next morning I was hardly able to get up from the bed, and it was several days before I felt like myself again.

On the 19th I attended a pic-nic at Charleston, and the next day I attended one at Lawrence.

On my way to attend the Erie Conference, at Conneaut, Ohio, I arrived at a Junction just as the day was closing, where I had to change cars and remain over night. I was directed to a place they called a Hotel, where there was drinking, gambling, and profanity in abundance. I could once have got along with all this, but now it seemed awful to me. I was shown my room, which was almost anything but desirable. There were two beds, such as they were, in the room, but no lock or bolt upon the door. I asked if any one would occupy the room with me; the answer was, "I think not." I made an effort to fasten the door but could not. I then placed my carpet bag against it and went to bed, but it was a very uncomfortable place for me. I would have left, but knew not where to go. By and by the door was pushed open, and in came the landlord and some one with him, and said that another traveler had called to stay till morning. This for a moment was a satisfaction to me, as I thought it might prevent other callers at a later hour. But soon I was fearful again. I asked the stranger a few questions, and his answers were such that I feared he was not all right. I judged from his complexion and features that he was an Indian. I ask him if he could give me the time. He drew a watch from his pocket announced the time. He took some provisions from his satchel and began to eat, and then asked if there was any water in the room. I told him I knew of

none; he then took the light and went down stairs, and soon returned with a pitcher of water and a tumbler, and offered me a drink. He finished his meal, and was soon in a sound slumber. I then concluded that there was nothing ugly or malicious about the fellow, but that he had been on "a drunk," missed his way, and did not like to tell his real residence.

On our arrival at Conneaut, the friends met us at the station. Bro. Marion said that I was to go with him, and that he had sent for the *large fish*. Elder P. Zeigler gave the annual address in the afternoon, and S. H. Morse preached in the evening. On Saturday B. Mason preached in the morning, J. M. Field in the afternoon, and N. Summerbell in the evening. On Sunday I preached at South Ridge, in the Baptist house in the morning, and in the Methodist house at Amboy in the afternoon. On Monday their business was transacted with their usual dispatch and harmony. O. P. preached at the Christian Church in the evening. On Tuesday morning just before breakfast, when the guests were in the room, Bro. Marion arose and made some remarks about the pleasant time we had enjoyed together,—that some brother had led in prayer each morning, and now, as we were about to separate, he desired that each brother present should offer prayer. This being done we enjoyed our breakfast, and then took our departure.

On Friday, Sept. 12th, I was at Charleston again,

and continued preaching there and at the Dart Settlement, until the 22d. On the 25th I attended the State Association at Newark, N. Y., and on my return I preached at Naples, Riker Hollow, and Lawrence. While in the vicinity of Charleston, I preached at Cherry Flats, the Round Top, and Brewster School House. At the latter place, in company with Bro. M. Yale, we witnessed quite a good revival. November 7th, the friends at Charleston met at the residence of Thos. A. Robinson, who superintends the County House, and made me a donation. On Sunday, the 9th, I closed my labors with the church at Charleston, and the following day went home. On the 12th of November I went to Cameron, where Bro. J. H. Carr was holding some meetings, and helped him about a week, and enjoyed a good time. I then went to Troupsburg, and spent a few days with Bro. A. B. Rigby, and went with him to a Quarterly Conference at Jasper, and went to Greenwood and preached for Elder J. H. Cheeseman. I then went to Howard, and spent a few days, and the first day of December, I was at Elder Hornbaker's in Ross, Pa., for the purpose of finishing up the meetings there and at Lake, which I commenced last March. Bro. H. was anxious, and full of zeal as usual. We commenced a series of meetings at Ross, and were quite successful. Converts were multiplied. On the 25th, Christmas day, by special request, I went with Bro. Samuel Edwards, to Huntington, a distance

of twelve miles, to visit a sick man who felt that he was going into eternity without a well grounded hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave. We enjoyed an excellent visit, the family treated us with great kindness; we gave the sick man the best advice we could, prayed with him, and then returned to Ross in time to attend the donation, which was held at the meeting house, for the benefit of Elder Hornbaker. The house was well filled, all seemed to enjoy themselves well, and donated to the amount of \$125. The following day the house was put in order, and we enjoyed service there in the evening. The donation did not seem to impede the interest of the meeting at all, but seemingly gave it a new impetus.

On Monday, the 28th, Bro. Frank Allen took me to Lake, where I commenced a series of meetings with good success. There was a glorious revival going on at Ross, and the work at Lake starting finely.

And now, kind reader, I take my leave of you while in the midst of a good revival, and surrounded by warm hearted friends.

ADDRESS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

In closing this work with an address to those who are young and hopeful, seeking for comfort and happiness in this world, where there are so many snares to entangle them, so many pits into which they may fall, so many delusive charms to flatter, and so many deadly poisons to destroy the comfort of this life, and shut against them the door which opens into a world of peaceful joy ; I can only wish that I was capable of presenting to them the dangers to which they are exposed, and also, of presenting such truths as would lead the steps of the young into the paths of wisdom, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and lead to honor, goodness and everlasting life.

When we see the young man in the gutter, the prisoner in the court, the thief in jail, the felon in the State's prison, the prostitute in the lock-up, the murderer on the scaffold, the dying man with the cold sweat upon his brow and in agony of soul because he has no hope beyond the dark tomb, we are ready to ask in the language of sorrow, why all this wretchedness. Could we trace the lives of those unhappy ones through their youthful years, the days of their innocence, before they had become polluted with sin, we

could easily see how they had been led astray, step by step, until sin had woven the net work about them which holds them in its dark mazes. When the little fellow begins to play "pin" with his associates, and wins or losses in this trifling game, he would shudder at the thought of ever becoming a gambler. When the child, in the absence of its mother, takes the sugar from the bowl, or the sweetmeats from the jar, it has not the least idea that it will ever be a thief. When the lad takes the first sip of liquor with his friend, he would scorn the thought of ever becoming a drunkard. When the young man becomes enraged and fights his fellow, he would tremble at the thought of being a murderer. When the young lady begins to associate with the immoral and vicious, she would faint at the thought of ever becoming a prostitute. But when we see the gambler, the thief, the drunkard, the murderer, and the prostitute, suffering the misery which their indulgence has brought upon them, is it not an easy matter for them, or others to see how that, step by step, they have gone astray, until they are ruined for this world and the world to come.

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The young mind desires, and should enjoy amuse-

ment and recreation, but not in a manner to destroy its comfort or happiness.

The lad may be fond of honey and have a great desire to obtain it, but if he rushes hastily into a bumble-bee's nest, or into a hive of honey-bees, he will doubtless pay dearly for all the honey he gets.

There is a course for him to pursue by which he may obtain the desired object, and at the same time not be guilty of any wrong. Obey the commands of God, and seek first the Kingdom of Heaven, and all these things which we ought to enjoy, will be added.

When children know good from evil, and have the facilities for doing right and wrong, they then step into the great arena of human life, and begin to form those characters which are to govern them in future life. To say that the child is filled with wickedness, ripe for destruction, a poor little, helpless, totally depraved, God-forsaken and Hell-deserving creature, is taking the extreme bad view of the case. To say the little fellow is pure, happy, holy, and righteous, and deserves the Kingdom of Heaven, is taking the extreme good view of the case. Let us look between these two extremes for the truth. One mother may look upon her child as an ugly, wicked creature, and say she can see the works of the old man of sin exhibit themselves in the child, because it cries, and strikes at those who are near. Another mother looks upon her child as a little saint because it is so pleasant, so calm, and sleeps

so sweetly. These phenomena may appear in the same child at different times, but do not prove it to be a saint or a sinner. When the child is in pain it cries; when it strikes at its supposed enemy it displays the first law of its nature—self-defence. When the pain has ceased, and the fear passed away, then the child appears calm, pleasant and sleeps sweetly.

The child before actual transgression, is in a state of innocence. If it does wrong it will become wicked; if it does right it will become righteous. This life is man's state of probation. Here we decide our future destiny, and this is frequently done in our youthful days. These are facts that should be remembered by the young, as they commence the duties of life. The character is generally formed in youth; indeed, I dare not say there is a single exception. It is generally conceded by men of experience, that the man is moulded, and the bent of his character given, in the days of his youth. There are cases, it is true, where the young man is highly respected in the community until he is twenty-five years of age, and then he may become corrupted and debased; but if we could closely examine his former life we would doubtless find that the foundation of a vicious character was laid in his youthful days. Hear what men have said upon the scaffold, when the rope was around their neck, and they about to swing off into the dark future. They have stated that the basis of their crime was laid in their youthful

days, but as their associates were virtuous, their vicious character was not developed, but pent up in the bosom like the fires of a volcano. When their associations had changed and there was less desire to keep the favor of society, these passions have burst forth, like the fires of heated Vesuvius, in streams of moral destruction through our land. Then let us look for a moment at those who were vicious in younger life, whose youth was stained with crime; but their associations have changed, and they have become useful members of society. Is it not true that some circumstance in childhood made an impression on the mind that years of crime could not blot from the memory? Look at Napoleon Bonaparte. His character was formed in his youth by his ambitious friends teaching him that the time was coming when he would be a great conqueror. They formed mimic armies and set him at the head of them, thus giving him a love of conquest and fixing his future destiny. Had his training been different, instead of going like a scourge through the continent of Europe, he might have been one of the greatest reformers of the age. It is said that Hume was once a conscientious believer in the Bible, but in debate, for the sake of controversy, he was induced to present the arguments of the infidel. He studied long and close that he might gain the argument and ere he was aware, had embraced their notions, and his whole life bore the deformed and unsightly image of infidelity.

It is said of Voltaire, one of the most brilliant writers of his age, that when five years old he committed to memory an infidel poem, and was never able after that to undo its pernicious influence upon his mind. He lived and died a corrupter of the world, and doubtless thousands who have been ruined by him, will bewail his memory. Those men might have been very useful if their early impressions had been correct.

Never imagine that it is best to live in sin and become noted as one who excels in fun, in rioting or in mischief of any kind, thinking that, bye and bye, you will become pious, and then will be more useful than you would have been if you had not been so great a sinner. This is a delusion of the enemy. It is not necessary to be sinful that we may be useful. I cannot tell the number who have thus thought that have died without becoming pious. You run a great risk by pursuing this course, and the supposition that it will be a satisfaction to remember that you have excelled in wickedness, you will find to be a mistake. In an hour when you cannot recall the past, you may think of those wicked scenes with sorrow; you may mourn over them, but neither your grief nor tears can recall your misspent time. However useful you may become, that portion of your time which was spent in sin and folly will be worse than a blank in the history of your life. It is true there are some who oppose the cause of truth, and go so far as to glory in that shame,

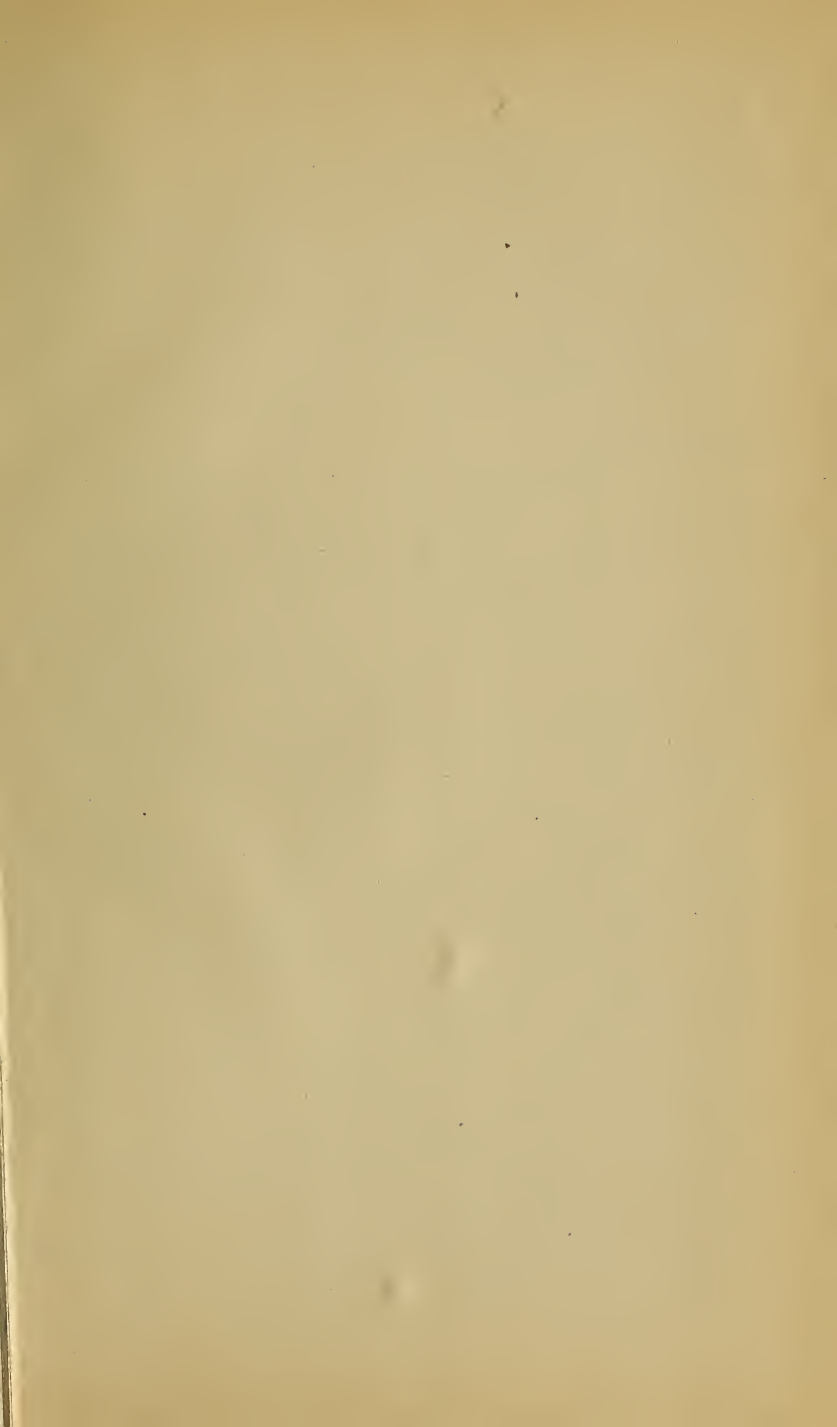
that finally embrace religion and become useful, but their number is comparatively few. Saul of Tarsus ceased to be an enemy of Christ and became his true friend, but he was only one among a large number, and he was caused to fall by an unseen hand before his hard and impenitent heart yielded to the mandate of the skies.

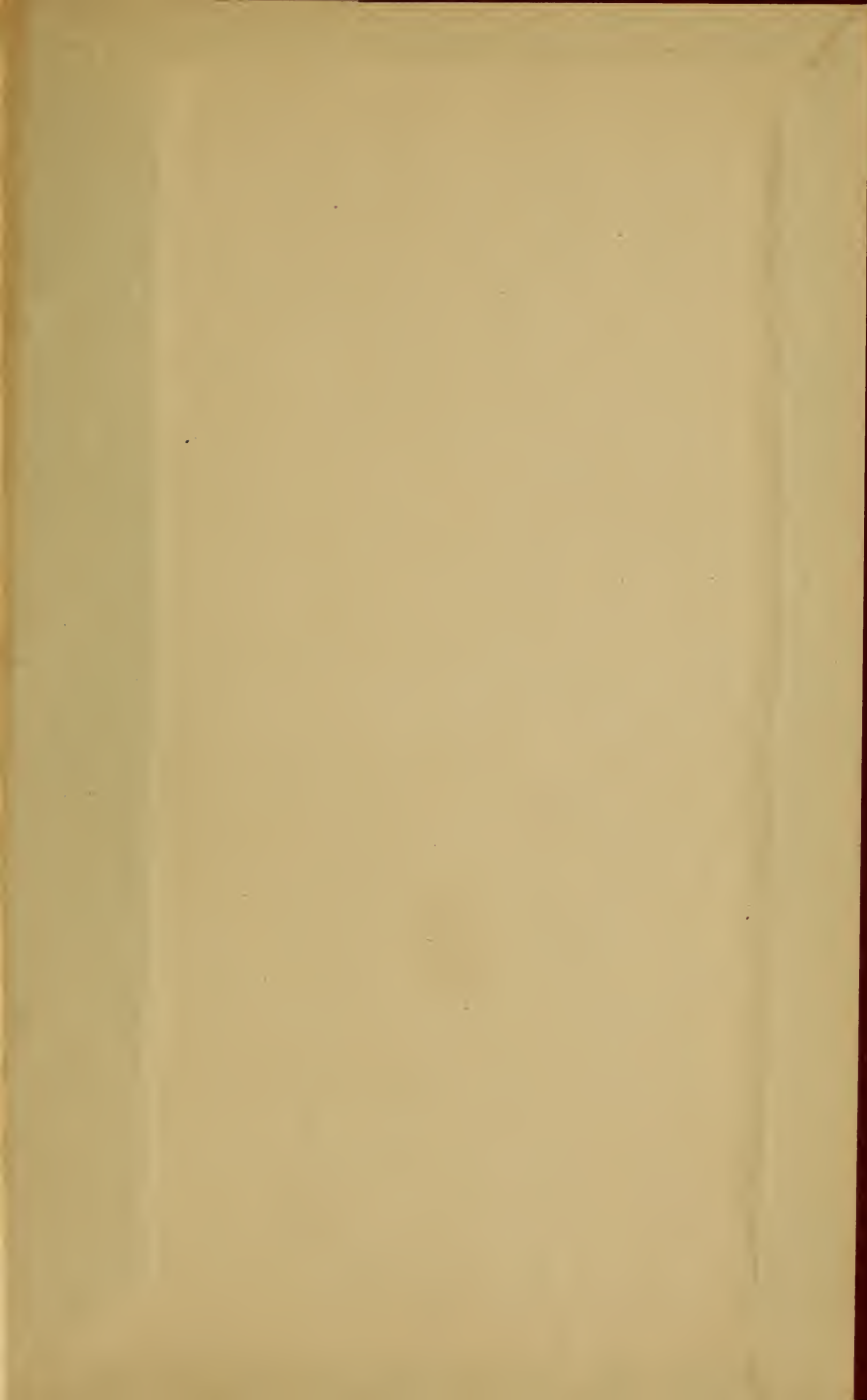
We are not to expect such miraculous power in this, our day. The principles of Christianity are now established, and all are invited to become the followers of the Lamb and heirs of Heaven; and the best thing that you can do in early life, is to cultivate a reflective mind, and always shun the path of evil, and cleave to that which is good. As you advance in life and grow up to fill some useful station, there is nothing that will give you a better recommend than a good honest name.

If you wish to engage as a clerk, your employer would want some assurance of your honesty. If you should become a telegraph operator it would be necessary that you be honest and attentive in your business, for many lives might be lost by your heedlessness. If you should feel it your duty to become a Minister of the Gospel how necessary that you be deeply pious. Youth is the time to lay the foundation for future usefulness.

The Saviour said: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." And

these promises are especially to the young. Those who seek early shall find. Then serve the Lord Jesus, obey him, follow in his footsteps, and it will lead you to the Saints' Eternal Home.





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